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HISTORICAL ANTIQUITIES
OF FIFE,

Chiefly Ecclesiastical,
CONNECTED WITH SOME OF ITS DISTRICTS.

BY THE
REV. J. W. TAYLOR,
FREE CHURCH, FLISK AND CREICH.

VOL. II.
SECOND EDITION.

EDINBURGH:
JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, & CO.
1875.

OUR OBJECT IS TO REPRODUCE THE PAST.
OUR THOUGHTS ARE WITH THE DEAD ; WITH THEM
WE LIVE IN LONG-PAST YEARS ;
THEIR VIRTUES LOVE, THEIR FAULTS CONDEMN,
PARTAKE THEIR HOPES AND FEARS,
AND FROM THEIR LESSONS SEEK TO FIND
INSTRUCTION WITH A HUMBLE MIND.

Southey.

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HISTORICAL ANTIQUITIES
OF FIFE.

II.

THE SOUTHERN, THE SOUTH-EASTERN,
THE SOUTH-WESTERN, AND THE
LOCHLAND PORTION.

“Scotland is full of beauty of a severe and grand character
There is, moreover, no country where historical traditions are preserved with such fidelity, or to the same extent. Every spot is connected with some historical fact.—*H. R. H. Albert, Prince Consort.*”

THE object of this little volume is to enable those, who visit the different parts of Fife, which are here noticed,

“To satisfy their eyes,
With the memorials and the things of fame,
That do renown the place.”

It will also help to keep in mind things that are fast fading from the memories of the inhabitants. These changes, which time is daily making, are very observable to those who can look back to even a middle-aged life-time.

When the distinguished naturalist, the late Dr Fleming, was minister of Flisk, seals could be seen in numbers, sunning themselves on the sand-banks, when the tide was out; and when the tide was in, porpoises came tumbling up the river as far as Flisk manse. Now, not a

seal nor a porpoise is visible in the whole Firth of Tay. The frequent steamer, and the fleet of ships which every tide brings in, or carries out from Dundee, have banished both seal and porpoise to deeper and to quieter waters.

Not far from Rankeilour Makgill there flows a small stream, which has assigned to it the beautiful name of Deer-drink. This name was, doubtless, given to the stream, because in former days when the "laigh of Fife" was a hunting ground for the kings of Scotland, the deer, which were then numerous, slaked their thirst at this water-brook. The stream remains, and so does its name, but the deer have all disappeared. The writer has known the district for upwards of thirty years, and only once has he caught sight of a stag, as it bounded through a copse-wood.

The progress of higher tillage is fast driving away the wild birds, which were wont to frequent the hills and moorlands of Fife. Peasweeps are every year diminishing in numbers by the drainage of the fields. The wild notes

of the curlew are seldom heard, and the heron is seldom seen wading in the burns, or sailing with solemn flight in the air.

The same disappearance marks the historical and traditional stories, which were connected with the different localities of Fife. These traditions are fading away before the engrossing concerns of commercial life, and before the fast-coming events of which the daily newspaper is daily informing us.

The object of this, and of its kindred volume, is to prolong the knowledge of these bits of history, and to connect them with the localities to which they belong. It is not a small service, which is thus done, for love to a locality is the foundation of the love of country. Attachment to the hill which rises near home, to the fir plantation with its bordering of yellow whin and broom, to the old castle with its old memories, to the passing stream, to the primitive hamlet, to the red-berried rowan tree, forms the heart-centre of the love of fatherland. It is around these individual scenes that historical

facts cluster, and attain a home-like reality in the minds of most persons.

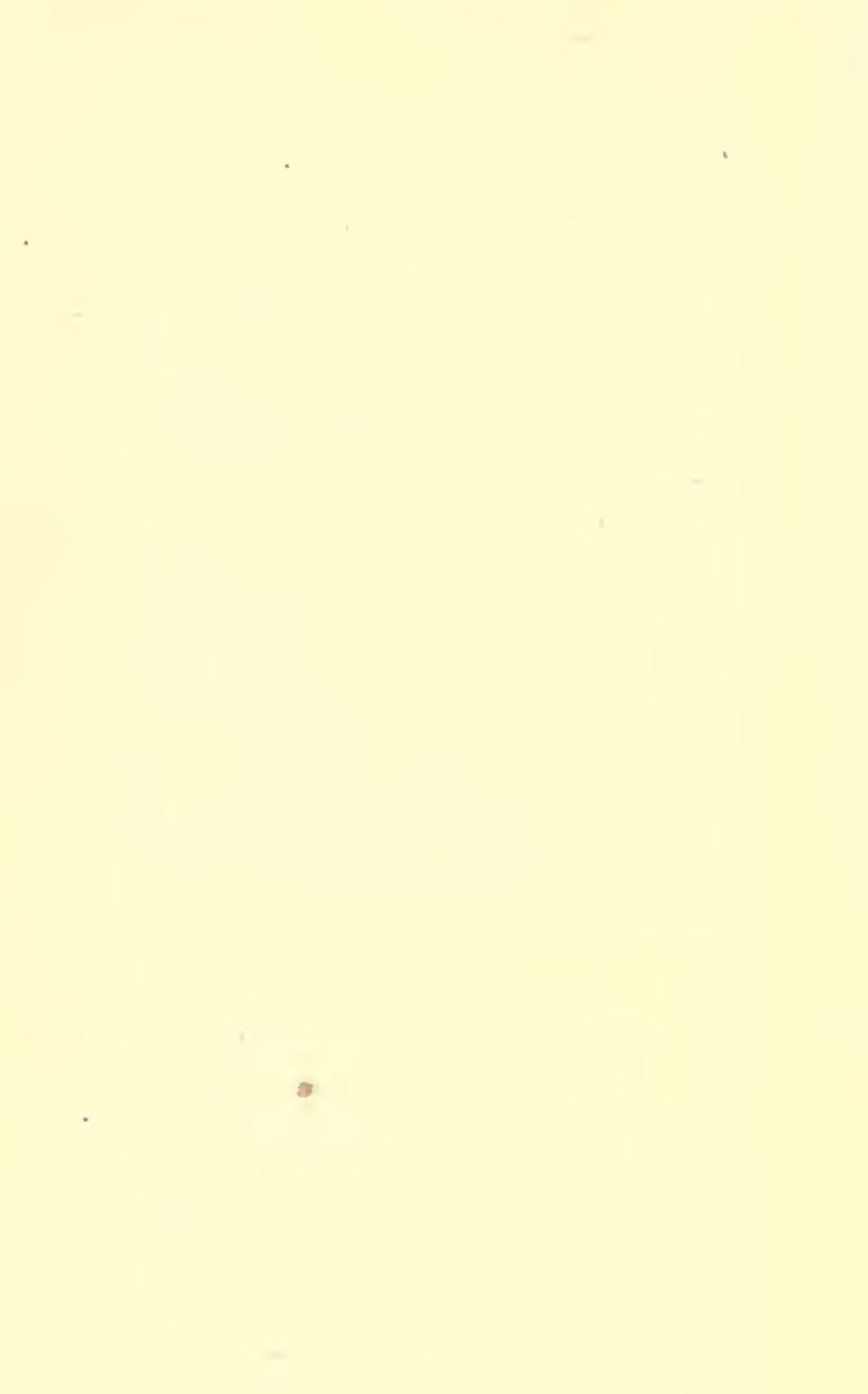
Fifeshire is fertile, beyond most counties, in those events which make the past memorable ; and this little volume may enable the humblest, as he looks from his own cottage door, to call up scenes by which his neighbourhood is dignified and the country blessed.

But the things which do renown Scotland, and are most characteristic of her people, are those connected with her church history. It is the Evangel of Christ, which has made and moulded Scotland, from the Reformation to the present time. Her inhabitants are thoughtful ; and religious patriotism has always been a strong sentiment with them. Professor Bois, at the Synod of the French Reformed Church, held in Paris in 1872, well remarked, that “ Ecclesiastical patriotism is not narrowness of mind, but a holy dread awakened by responsibility and compassion of souls.”

The common mind of Scotland has been taught to respect history—history not as pre-

sented in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, or as taught by the Broad School, for there is the Broad School in history as well as in theology. And this Broad School teaching deprives history of all principle and of all power, making it vague, and vapid, and unproductive of all great results. But the history which the common and religious sense of Scotland recognises, is her own history, as written by the author of "The Scots Worthies," and the Biographer of John Knox. Because Scotsmen have been thus taught to read history, they have been honoured to make history.

It will be an inauspicious day for the country, when the *Burning Bush* ceases to be the emblem of the chief of Scottish glories.



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PART I.



KIRKCALDY AND ABBOTSHALL.

Kirkcaldy.

I.

IT is not in regularity of feature, but in the expression which suffuses a countenance, that the highest style of beauty consists. So with a place or district. The interest and pleasure supplied by the locality, are more dependent on the associations connected with it, than on simple scenery.

The power which association exercises over the mind corresponds to the degree in which the love of country exists. With a genuine Scotsman it is very strong. Such a Scotsman will experience greater emotion in surveying a bleak heather-covered moorland, darkened here and there with a patch of tempest-worn fir-trees, and resounding with the wild wail of the peaseweep, than in looking on a rich English, or on a sunny continental landscape. The

reason is, that the moorland is associated in his mind with some tale of his country's conflicts, while the richer southern scene has only natural beauty—the beauty of feature without the charm of expression—to recommend it.

Kirkcaldy may not strike a stranger with a sense of the beautiful. Its long main street stretches out like a skeleton backbone, which has been twisted with spinal curvature, while a few abrupt side streets and closes lead down to the shore, or away back to the suburban villas which adorn the upper and country part of the town. Still no place which has a seaside is tame. The line of white wave which breaks on the yellow sand, and which, as it advances or recedes, is ever sounding forth its own solemn music, is a beauty and interest at all times. Here, too, the eye is always delighted with the beautifully curving bay, flanked at either side by the grey ruin of Ravenscraig and the tower of Seafield, and enlivened by the ships passing with spreading sail, or swinging at anchor in the offing.

The name of the town is itself an embodiment of ecclesiastical antiquity, for Kirkcaldy means the Kirk of the Culdees. It carries

back our thoughts to the early times of Columba and his scriptural faith. Here, before the sixth century had run its course, there was erected a Culdee church, with its oaken posts, its wattled sides, and its reed-thatched roof. Kirkcaldy was one of the 300 churches set up during the lifetime of Columba. Originally a simple cell or church, where a disciple of Columba lived and preached, it became afterwards a Culdee religious house or college, where youths were trained for the ministry.

It is a high heritage which Kirkcaldy thus enjoys, to have its name inseparably linked with those Culdees

“Who kept God’s truth so pure of old.”

For what was it that Columba, with his twelve companions, carried with them in their hide-covered wicker boat when they landed in Iona A.D. 563? It was a scriptural faith, and a pure worship, and a simple church order. The venerable Bede says that Columba and his disciples preached “only such works of charity and piety as they could learn from the Prophetical, Evangelical, and Apostolical writings.”

Bede also expresses his wonder that Columba

and his successors, although only presbyters or elders, should exercise the jurisdiction of bishops. No great wonder this, says the Bible-instructed Scotsman, for in Acts xx. 17, 28, the presbyters or elders are called overseers or bishops. Paul sends for the elders of the church of Ephesus to come down to Miletus; and to these elders he says, "Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers or bishops." The Ephesian elders were thus overseers or bishops of the Holy Ghost's making. The Culdee elders were overseers or bishops made after the same fashion. The elders in our Presbyterian churches, whether these elders are teaching elders or ruling elders, are all overseers or bishops to all the flock over which they are placed. No process of logic can be simpler or more conclusive.*

* Such testimonies as the following cannot be supposed to have a Presbyterian bias:—

"Presbyters or elders are one and the same with bishops—one order called by two names promiscuously in Scripture."—*Bishop Croft*.

"Both the Greek and Latin Fathers do, with one consent, declare that bishops were called presbyters, and presbyters bishops, in Apostolic times, the name being then common."—*Whitby*.

Thus it is that the Reformed Church of Scotland establishes its historic Protestant chain. The Reformers connect themselves with the Lollards; the Lollards connect themselves with the Culdees; the Culdees connect themselves with the Waldenses; the Waldenses connect themselves with the Apostolic Church.

Before passing away from this subject, we may notice that not only has Culdeeism linked itself with the names of places such as Kirkcaldy, Inchcolm—the island of Columba, and with all those places which begin with *Kil*, thus indicating that there had once been a Culdee cell there; but it has also supplied us with the names of persons. Malcolm is common amongst us both as a name and surname. Its derivation is from the Gaelic *Maol*, a votary, and *Colum*, Columba—a votary or co-religionist of St Columba.

The most prominent, if not the only monument of antiquity which Kirkcaldy presents, is its old church tower. Of what is this solid unfinished tower the symbol? Who were its builders? Doubtless Popery, which ever rejoices in its visibility, was its planner and builder. When Popery endeavoured, after long

years of plotting, to extirpate the Culdee worship in the eleventh century, its method was to erect itself on the ground which the Culdees had occupied. It took the good men, whom the pure faith of Culdeeism had produced, and placed them in the Romish calendar of saints, disfiguring their lives with monkish fables. It erected imposing edifices of stone and lime on the site, where stood of old the wattled Culdee chapel. Its aim was, by accommodation, to identify itself with the worship to which Scotland had been for centuries accustomed. With this purpose the present tower was erected, on the spot where stood at first the humble Culdee cell. Not unlikely, David I., that prodigal enricher of the church, and "sore saint to the crown," was its builder, somewhere about the year 1130. At all events David was the donor of the revenues of the church of Kirkcaldy. The church was ecclesiastically connected with the abbey of Dunfermline.

In the Covenanted times of Scotland there passed out and in, and preached under the shadow of this venerable tower, men of high name. Chief among them was Mr Robert

Douglass. In 1630 he was admitted minister of the second charge of Kirkcaldy, and continued in that appointment until 1641, when he was translated to Edinburgh. The following knacky notice of him is given by Bishop Burnet:—"Douglass was believed to be descended from the Royal Family, though the wrong way; there appeared an air of greatness in him, that made all that saw him inclined enough to believe he was of no ordinary descent. He was a reserved man; he had the Scripture by heart to the exactness of a Jew, for he was as a concordance; he was too calm and too grave for the furious men, but yet he was much depended on for his prudence." As Burnet mentions, it was a current belief that Robert Douglass was the son of one of the Lochleven Douglasses, who was an illegitimate child of Mary Queen of Scots, born by her when she was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle. In early life, Robert Douglass had acted as chaplain in a Scotch regiment, which served under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in the thirty years' Protestant war. While acting in this capacity the only book which he had was his Bible, and this he had perused so often

and so carefully as to have it almost all by memory.

But not only had Douglass that textuary acquaintance with the Bible, which is needful to the substantial theologian, he possessed in addition a scholarly acquaintance of Hebrew and Greek, and a delicate perception of the meaning and beauties of Scripture. Like the pillars of Jachin and Boaz, which supported the Temple, stately and solid in themselves, but which yet were surmounted with their wreaths of lily work, so had this substantial Scottish divine his lighter literary accomplishments. Hence we find Baillie corresponding with him from London, regarding the present poetical version of the Psalms, which was then being made, speaking of Douglass' forwardness and zeal in connection with that work, and concluding with this sentence, eloquent in its simplicity, and to which every age, as it passes along, imparts an increasing meaning—"These lines are likely to go up to God from many millions of tongues for many generations; it were a pity but all possible diligence were used to have them framed so well as might be."

Eventually Robert Douglass' high qualities

made him the man of most mark in the Church of Scotland. As Andrew Melville had succeeded John Knox, and as Alexander Henderson had succeeded Andrew Melville, so did Robert Douglass succeed Alexander Henderson as the acknowledged leader of the Church. No man was oftener in the Moderator's chair, or oftener employed on occasions of prominence and emergency. It was he who preached when Charles II. was crowned at Scone in 1651, and a preaching it was most remarkable for the clear and broad principles of constitutional government which it enunciated. Whence had these men this wisdom? In days when statesmen, and judges, and bishops, and ministers of the Church of England kissed the feet of royalty, and unblushingly proclaimed the doctrine of absolute kingship and passive obedience, the Covenanters of Scotland spake God's testimonies of freedom and of law before their kings, and were not ashamed. "It is good," said Douglass, "for our King to be wise in time, and know that he receiveth this day a power to govern, BUT A POWER LIMITED BY CONTRACT." "There must be no tyranny on the throne." The oath of God was put betwixt the King and the people, "that

he would consent and agree that all civil matters should be determined by the Parliament of the kingdom, and all ecclesiastical matters by the General Assembly of the Kirk." On these grounds they became his liegemen, and plighted truth and faith to him. Modern jurists and statesmen, could not now more accurately define the great principles on which "the loveable laws and constitutions received in the realm" rest, than did these grave, thoughtful Covenanters, two hundred years ago.

Nothing would have delighted Charles and his evil counsellors more, than to have had the aid and countenance of such a man as Douglass in their endeavours, after the Restoration in 1660, to subvert Presbytery and establish Episcopacy in Scotland. But Douglass had grace given him to be faithful in that time of unsettling. He adhered firm and unswerving to his Presbyterian convictions. In consequence, and notwithstanding his unshaken loyalty to Charles during the time of the Commonwealth, he was silenced along with four hundred of his brethren in 1662. Wodrow relates that Sharp, after being made Archbishop of St Andrews as the reward of his treachery,

met Mr Douglass and accosted him as brother. Douglass' reply was most withering: "Brother! no more brother! James, if my conscience had been of the make of yours, I could have been Bishop of St Andrews sooner than you." In 1674 this good and great man ended his life and his ministry as indulged minister of Pencaitland.

Mr Patrick Gillespie, who succeeded Mr Douglass in the second charge of Kirkcaldy in 1642, also attained distinction in his time. From Kirkcaldy he was taken, in 1648, to be minister of the outer High Church of Glasgow. He enjoyed the favour of Cromwell, and after being appointed Principal of the University of Glasgow in 1654, was the chief person through whom Cromwell's Government transacted regarding the affairs of the Scottish Church. It was very much through his influence that the time-blackened College Courts in the High Street of Glasgow were built. "Our gallant building goes on vigorously," writes Baillie; "about £26,000 are already spent upon it; Mr Patrick Gillespie, with a very great care, industry, and dexterity, managing it himself as good as alone." He also obtained from the

Protector endowments for the salaries of Professors, and for the support of bursars.

These two ministers, Robert Douglass and Patrick Gillespie, who successively occupied the same pulpit in Kirkcaldy, became the representative men of the two great parties of their time, the Resolutioners and the Protesters. A most unhappy party separation this was, both for church and country, in that seventeenth century, and the most difficult for the modern reader to understand. A few scattered hints in Baillie's letters seem to us to reveal the differences, more satisfactorily than even elaborate statements and disquisitions. The grounds of the difference were of a mixed character. The great underlying difference was the political one. The Resolutioners regarded themselves as bound by the terms of the National League and Covenant, to adhere to the interests of Charles Stuart. Most loyal was their attachment to this worthless king. They continued to pray for him as king, in the face of Cromwell's soldiery. They refused to acknowledge the Protector and his Government. The Protesters, on the other hand, had lost all confidence in Charles II. They saw

that his nature was treacherous, selfish, and at enmity with God and all good. They felt that it did not belong to Scotland, to oppose the English nation in the form of Government they set up for themselves. They thought that as God in providence had permitted the Protectorate of Cromwell to be established, and as even the Resolutioners themselves acknowledged, "The hand of power under Cromwell was not heavy on any for matters of religion," their duty was to accept the religious freedom which was given them, and on occasion of civil rights to acknowledge *the present power.*" Cromwell and his Government they did acknowledge, and in return did receive the favour and confidence of the Protectorate.

Another ground on which the Resolutioners and Protesters differed was the state of the Church and Ministry. The Protesters, stirred by the religion of excitement and of feeling which obtained among the soldiers of Cromwell, were anxious to promote a higher religious life throughout Scotland. The Resolutioners, dreading the English and everything that wore an English aspect, resisted this,

and were quite pleased that things should go on as they had been accustomed to.

The mode and style of preaching formed yet a third difference and distinction betwixt the parties. The Protesters had renounced the cumbersome method of preaching which had been borrowed from the Schoolmen, and which was general in Scotland, of multiplied and bewildering divisions, consisting of exposition, doctrines, and endless inferences, uses and application. They studied unity in their discourses, and by presenting throughout the leading truth, endeavoured to produce a distinct impression on the understanding and conscience of the hearers. Baillie thus characterises it, in writing, regarding the youthful Andrew Gray of Glasgow, who died in his twenty-third year, and who said in his dying hours, that "It was worth while to study twenty years to be allowed to preach one :"—"He has the new guise of preaching, which Mr Hugh Binning and Mr Robert Leighton began, contemning the ordinarie way of exposeing and dividing a text, of raising doctrines and uses ; but runs out in a discourse on some common head, in a high, romancing, unscrip-

tural style, tickling the ear for the present, and moving the affections in some, but leaving, as he confesses, little or nought to the memorie and understanding." The Resolutioners eschewed all innovation, and adhered to the old traditional form.

The Resolutioners were the old, grave, formal, constitutional men, whose years made them unwilling to be disturbed in their convictions and usages. Honoured names come up when we enumerate the more distinguished of the party. Mr Robert Douglass, Mr David Dickson, Mr James Wood, Mr Robert Baillie, Mr James Fergusson, Mr Robert Blair. The Protesters were for the most part much younger men. Their minds and feelings were more ductile. They were moulded by the present rather than by the past. The spirit of the stirring times left its impress on them. Their chief men were Mr James Guthrie, Sir Archibald Johnston—Lord Warriston, Mr Samuel Rutherford, Mr Patrick Gillespie, Mr Robert Trail, Mr James Durham, Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, the very flower of our Scottish worthies.

Very likely these differences betwixt the Resolutioners and the Protesters would have

grown to an outward breach and disruption in the Church of Scotland, had not the strong will of Oliver Cromwell interposed, and deprived them of the constitutional method of carrying out their variances. By Cromwell's orders, Lieutenant-Colonel Cottrell appeared at the Assembly House with some companies of musketeers and a troop of horse, on July 20th, 1653, when the General Assembly had begun their sittings, and dissolved them in the name of the Commonwealth. "For this," says one who witnessed it, "our hearts are sad, our eyes run down with water, we sigh to God against whom we have sinned, and wait for the help of His hand." And yet in the state and tempers of parties, it was the best thing that could have befallen them. The General Assembly sat not again until the glorious Revolution in 1688, a period of thirty-six years, when fiery persecution had extinguished the strifes, and many of the lives, of that generation, and when, with the return of civil and religious liberty, the reopening of the General Assemblies of the Church was hailed as life from the dead.

It would be a censurable omission to close

this notice without recording that when the cruel reign of Charles II. had baptized the Church with blood, many of the leading Resolutioners acknowledged that their brethren, the Protesters, had judged more correctly of the king and of the times than they had done. This has been a long digression. But if any reader has felt puzzled and perplexed, as the writer for a long time did, with this entangled chapter in our Church's history, this little contribution to the right reading of it may not be found altogether without its use.

On the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, such an one as Mr Patrick Gillespie, who had been so prominent in favour of Cromwell, was sure to suffer the fierce vengeance of the Royalists. Twice was he imprisoned. A threat of persecution for high treason was for a time kept suspended over him. But at last all terminated in his being confined as a silenced minister to Ormiston, and six miles around it.

Not far from this old church tower a stone cries out of the wall. It is a monumental inscription in remembrance of Mr George Gillespie, built into the wall of the south side entrance to the church, and has its own tale

to tell. George Gillespie had been born in Kirkcaldy. His father was Mr John Gillespie, minister of the second charge, and one whom John Livingstone characterises as "a thundering preacher."

After being translated from Weems to Edinburgh, Mr George was sent as one of the commissioners from the Church of Scotland to the Westminster Assembly. Here he took his place as one of the ripest scholars, as one of the most accomplished divines, and as one of the readiest and most expert debaters in that assembly of great men. But death had early marked him out for itself. Symptoms of consumption rapidly developed themselves, and he was sent by the physician to try the effect of his native air at Kirkcaldy. Here died that bright ornament of the Church, December 1648, at the early age of thirty-six. Here was he buried, and a memorial stone was erected over his grave. That arch-traitor, Archbishop Sharp, gave orders that the stone should be demolished. His little dastardly spirit could not bear the praises which were inscribed over the tomb of the brave defender of Presbyterianism, for he felt in his conscience that the

mention of Gillespie's honest and consistent testimony was a stern rebuke of his own treachery, and so he took the only revenge which his mean mind could think of, and got the memorial stone broken up. The affection of a grandson renewed the stone, and here we have it with its restored inscription :—

“Magister Georgius Gillespie, Pastor Edinburgensis, juvenilibus annis rituum Anglorum pontificorum turmam prostravit. Gliscente ætate, delegatus cum mandatis in Synodo Anglicana, præsullem ex Angliâ eradicandum, sincerum Dei cultum uniformem promovendum curavit. Eratum Aaronis germinante virga castigavit. In patriam reversus Fœdifragos Angliam bello lacescentes labefactavit; Synodi Nationalis anno 1648, Edinburgi habitæ Præses electus extremam patriæ suæ operam cum laude navavit; cumque oculatus testis vidisset malignantium quam prædixerat ruinam; eodem quo Fœdus trium gentium solenne renovatum fuit die decedens in pace anno ætatis 36 in gaudium Domini intravit. Ingenio profundus, genio mitis, disputatione acutus, eloquio facundus, animo sanctus, bonos in amorem, malos in invidiam, omnes in sul admirationem rapuit; patriæ suæ ornamentum, tanto patre digna soboles.

“This tomb being pulled down by the malign influence of Archbishop Sharp after the introduction of prelacy, Mr George Gillespie, minister of the gospel at Strathmiglo caused it to be re-erected in honour of his said worthy grandfather, and as a standing monument of dutiful regard to his blessed memory, A.D. 1746.”

The subjoined translation will help the

English reader to the meaning of the Latin inscription :—

“Mr George Gillespie was minister at Edinbrgh. While yet a youth he thoroughly overthrew the whole system of English High Church ritualism. When he was a few years older he was sent as a commissioner to the Westminster Assembly, where he laboured effectually for the extirpation of prelacy from England, and for the establishing of the purity and the much-desired uniformity of Divine worship both in England and in Scotland. By his work entitled ‘Aaron’s Rod budding,’ he scourged Erastianism.

“After returning to Scotland he discomfited those violators of the Solemn League, whose wish was to provoke a war with England. He was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly held at Edinburgh 1648, and fulfilled with approbation that his last service to his country. And when he had witnessed the ruin of the malignants, which he had all along predicted, on the very day on which the Solemn League of the three kingdoms was renewed, he died in peace and entered into the joy of his Lord, aged thirty-six.

“Profound in intellect, gentle in disposition, acute in debate, eloquent in speech, and holy in spirit, he attracted to himself the love of the good, the envy of the bad, and the admiration of all. He was an ornament to his native country, and a son worthy of his venerable sire.”

In “An Theatre of Mortality, by Robert Montieth,” there are the inscriptions of twenty-three monuments given as being “at Kirkcaldy in the churchyard.” They are mostly written in Latin, and extend from 1596 to 1699. They

record the piety and honest worth, and municipal eminence of the buried dead.

“Valiant and great; grave in his piety,
Was twelve years Bailie, and did Provost die.”

None of them specially commend themselves for transcription.

It is very much to the honour of Kirkcaldy, that during the long struggle for the constitutional rights of the country against the despotism of Charles I., Charles II., and James VII., the burgh was valiant on the side of liberty, both civil and religious. The inhabitants were to a large extent sworn Covenanters. And when the day of battle came they did not turn back, nor deal falsely. When, by the famous Glasgow Assembly in 1638, Scotland had achieved her SECOND REFORMATION, in the face of the tyranny, ecclesiastical and civil, of Charles I., that monarch having failed, by his crooked and deceitful policy, to circumvent his Scottish subjects, next endeavoured to subjugate them by force. His plan was to bring over the Earl of Antrim from Ireland, to get Huntly to rise in the North, to send down the Marquis of Hamilton with ships of war to the

Forth, and thereafter to follow with an army from England. But resolute men, contending for freedom, are not easily balked. When the Marquis of Hamilton appeared in the Forth, he found the coasts of Lothian and Fife all prepared for him. "The towns of Fife all along the shore, made up such sconces and fussions, and planted such a number of ship cannon upon batteries, that they were all in the case of tolerable defence." Kirkcaldy was not behind in this national up-rising. "Some of Kirkcaldie skippers," writes Baillie, "would have been at the trying of their fire-works on the king's shippes, bot the poore hopes yet we had of peace would not let us begin any act of warre." Honour to these brave skippers! they would rather fight than be led back to the Pope for their religion, and to the Grand Turk for their civil rights.

When Montrose was sweeping the country with his conquering squadrons, and shedding the last gleam of hope on the expiring cause of Charles I., it was Fife which chiefly sent the troops who confronted him in the ill-fated battle of Kilsyth. Kirkcaldy was largely represented in that battle. By the issues of it,

two hundred Kirkcaldy matrons were left as widows to lament their husbands, and many mothers mourned their sons who were shot down on the battle-field, or who were swamped in the bogs which surrounded it. When the Forth and Clyde canal was being formed, in the end of last century, many of the skeletons of those who fell at Kilsyth were dug up, some with armour on, and some with the bones of their horses beside them, as if horse and rider had been swallowed up together in the treacherous marsh.

The devotion of the burgesses of Kirkcaldy to the cause of constitutional government was equally conspicuous at the Revolution of 1688. The Earl of Perth, who turned to Popery to please James VII., who was appointed Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and who was the willing tool of James VII.'s intrigues and cruelties, endeavoured to escape to the continent by a ship from Burntisland. It was Kirkcaldy sailors who hurried in pursuit of the flying vessel, overtook it before it reached the Bass, and brought back the Earl to Kirkcaldy. For five days was he detained a prisoner, and then transferred to the Earl of Mar, by whom he

was consigned to the Castle of Stirling. For this patriotic act of well-timed tradition, Kirkcaldy had to underlie for months the fear of the down-coming of the Highland Jacobite clans to take vengeance.

Whether it was owing to the direct disfavour and oppression of the Court, in consequence of the staunch adherence of Kirkcaldy to the cause of the Covenant, that its trade fell off under the last three monarchs of the Stuart race, we cannot affirm. But certain it is, the decadence of the prosperity of the port was sadly visible during these reigns. When Charles I. began to reign, Kirkcaldy ranked as the sixth port in Scotland, having 100 ships belonging to it. In 1673 when Charles II. reigned, its vessels had fallen in number to 25. In 1682, when James VII., as Duke of York, acted as Governor of Scotland, Kirkcaldy's distress was so great that it applied to be relieved from the payment of public burdens. "When the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."

There has always been a Sabbath question in Scotland from the Reformation downwards. The piety of the Church and of the country

has always been forced to stand up in defence of Sabbath sanctity against the encroachments of business or pleasure. The mode and form of encroachment are always varying, as gain-seeking or pleasure-seeking change. At present the giant evil which the friends of the Sabbath have to encounter, is railway traffic. Two hundred years ago, round about Kirkcaldy, it was the Sabbath working of the Salt-pans, with which both sides of the Forth were lined, that had to be opposed.

Here is an injunction of the Synod of Fife. "Salt pans. The Presbyteries of St Andrewes, Kirkcaldie, and Dunfermline are ordained to deale with the masteris of the Salt pannes not to require the sext draught, that the whole Sabbath may be kept unprofaned." The date of this injunction is 5th October 1641. At the April meeting of Synod, 1642, the subject is again referred to: "The Presbyteries of St Andrewes, Kirkcaldie, and Dunfermline being inquired of their diligence in dealing with the masteris of the Salt pannes not to require the sext draught, it was answered by the Presbyterie of St Andrewes that they had done nothing anent that matter as yet; they

are ordained yet to use their diligence, Kirkcaldie and Dunfermline reported that they had used diligence. Kirkcaldie also declared that the restraint of the said draught would not suffice for eschewing of the break of the Sabbath, bot of necessitie the fyre behoved to be put out fra 12 houres on Saturday at night, till 12 houres on Sunday at night; which my Lord Synclar had condescended unto, and promised it should be done for his part. The Assemblie desired the other Presbyteries to assay their diligence in effectuating the like." At the meeting of Synod, 4th April 1643, when Samuel Rutherford was chosen Moderator, it was ordained "that the Moderator of this Assemblie write ane letter in the name thereof to the Assemblie of Lothian, for restraining the going of the Salt pannes on the Sabbath day in respect of the offence given to the Presbyteries within this boundis."

In April 1669 we find the burgh of Kirkcaldy applying to the Church for a collection to enable them to finish the building of the new harbour. It was at the time when forced Episcopacy was maintained in Scotland, and when Sharp was Archbishop of St Andrews.

“The Lord Archbishop and Synod taking to their consideration the supplication of the magistrats and toun counsell of the burgh of Kirkcaldie, for a collection to the building of a new harbour of the said burgh, which work was interrupted throu the troubles of the time; they grant the said supplication provyding the petitioners find security that what money is collected for that end, and deliverit to them, sale be expended on the same work, and appoint that all the ministers within the dioces collect for the said harbour as soon as conveniently they may.”

The harbour continued to make its wants known, and to get them in part supplied, for in George II.'s time there was an Act passed to repair the harbour, which was in a ruinous condition, by a duty of two pennies Scots.

It was in a vessel belonging to the port of Kirkcaldy, which foundered in its passage from London to Scotland, that the earlier Scottish Registers were lost. The matter was in this wise. As Edward I., in 1292, when he sought to subjugate Scotland, carried its records south, and deposited them in Berwick, so did Cromwell. He had the Registers of Scotland trans-

ferred to London, that thus the dependence of Scotland upon England should be the more secured. This act of Cromwell was immediately reversed at the Restoration of Charles. Eighty-five hogsheads of these Scottish Records were put on board a Kirkcaldy vessel, at the London Docks, on December 18th, 1660, with the intention of being brought back to Edinburgh; but the vessel went down on its passage, and thus the National Records perished, leaving many an historical event misunderstood or but partially explained.

II.

THE English historian Froude, with an estimate of the truth which might shame many a vapouring Scottish novice, observes: "The Covenanters fought the fight and won the victory, and then, and not until then, came the David Humes with their Essays on Miracles, and the Adam Smiths with their political economies, and steam-engines, and railroads, and philosophical institutions, and all the other blessed or unblessed fruits of liberty." The

course of our subject illustrates the truth and justice of this observation.

If it is the birth and the residence of great men which ennobles a place, Kirkcaldy may take rank with the most illustrious towns and cities of the British empire, for Kirkcaldy was the birth-town of Adam Smith, the great Nestor of political economy; and it was here that his great work on the "Wealth of Nations" was composed. A little way south of the old church tower, and in the High Street, there are two modern blocks of building, with a narrow close betwixt them; "Adam Smith's Close" is inscribed above the entrance. The house to the east, which is occupied as the Bank of Scotland, stands on the site of the house in which Adam Smith was born, and where he dwelt. In that house there was a room which the incoming tenants, at the end of last century, found very much bespattered with ink, as if thrown from the pen of a careless writer. This was the room in which was prepared "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."

It was on the 5th June 1723, that Adam Smith was born. His father, who was Con-

troller of Customs at Kirkcaldy, had died before the young philosopher saw the light.

It is worthy of being remarked, how soon and how imperceptibly the training of anyone for their great life work begins. All their surroundings, sights, sounds, occupations, tell on the receptive mind of youth, and lie in the dormitory of the mind as the sleeping images of things, until in due time they are summoned forth into life and activity. The child Adam Smith, while residing with his mother, saw at the harbour of Kirkcaldy a miniature of the world's commerce, ships freighted and sent out to sea, ships arriving and giving out their foreign cargoes, which by porters and carts were conveyed to the warehouses and stores, thence to be transferred to village merchants; and close by, the Custom-house, in which his father was wont to have his place, keeping a vigilant out-look for the king's dues. And then he got familiarised with the other phase of human life, the agricultural, when he went inland to Strathendry, in the parish of Leslie, the residence of his mother's brother, Mr Douglass. There the ploughman, the farmer, the miller, the blacksmith, the cartwright, and

all the ongoings of rural life came daily within the observing range of the future political economist.

Adam Smith was fourteen years of age when he left his mother's house to study at Glasgow College; from there he went to Oxford, and entered at Baliol College. In the beginning of 1747 he returned to Kirkcaldy, and resided there for two years, seemingly undecided as to his future course. After reading lectures on Rhetoric in Edinburgh, he filled the chair of Logic, and subsequently that of Moral Philosophy, in Glasgow University. This he resigned, that he might fulfil the Hon. Charles Townsend's plan of acting as travelling preceptor to the young Duke of Buccleuch. In 1766 he came back to the old home at Kirkcaldy, and there he steadily remained until 1776. These ten years were probably the happiest, as they were without doubt the most importantly employed, years of his life. It was a period of philosophic retirement and tranquillity, spent in the quiet society of his mother and his aunt, Miss Douglass, absorbed in his own thoughts and in the fellowship of his books, and in steadily elaborating that

great work which has guided more influentially than any other the thoughts of philosophers, of statesmen, and of merchants, and which has directed equally the course of legislation, the tide of commerce, and the relations of trade.

Smith composed slowly and with difficulty, and well it was he did so, for that alone which costs labour in composition will repay the pains of perusal. It is prolonged thoughtfulness, and precise language, and truth, which make a book enduring. Ten years' study did this "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" cost Adam Smith.

In 1776 it appeared. We have the original edition before us—two handsome quarto volumes, issued from the house of W. Strahan and T. Cadell, in the Strand.

The method of "The Wealth of Nations," as it is presented in the book to the reader, is very different from the method in which it took shape and form in the mind of the author. The form of the book is deductive. The process in the author's mind was originally inductive. The book deduces its practical teachings from primary principles. The author first

learned from practical men the great commercial facts which the book embodies, and then traced these up to the general principles in human nature with which they are connected. Dr Alexander Carlyle supplies us with the evidence of this in his "Autobiography," for he tells us that there was a Club of Glasgow merchants, who met weekly to discuss questions of trade and commerce, that Provost Cochrane was the founder of that Club, that Adam Smith was a member of this Club, and that he "acknowledged his obligations to Provost Cochrane's information, when he was collecting materials for his 'Wealth of Nations.'" This Club of merchants was thus the inspiring source of this great work on political economy. Adam Smith was not a German dreamer, who seeks to evolve his subject from the depths of his own thoughts, but a common-sense Scotsman, who evolved the philosophy of life and of business from the actual experience of practical workers in the world.

In his nature Adam Smith was eminently simple, unsophisticated, and amiable. It was a nature, the very instincts of which would seem prepared to hail the wonderful adaptation

of the Gospel to man's wants. And we have a conclusive evidence of this in the following passage from his pen, regarding the necessity of a Mediator, and of an atonement:—"Man, when about to appear before a Being of infinite perfection, can feel but little confidence in his own merit, or in the imperfect propriety of his own conduct. In the presence of his fellow-creatures he may even justly elevate himself, and may often have reason to think highly of his own character and conduct compared to the still greater imperfection of theirs.

"But the case is quite different when about to appear before his infinite Creator. To such a Being he fears that his littleness and weakness can scarce ever appear the proper object either of esteem or of reward. But he can easily conceive how the numberless violations of duty, of which he has been guilty, should render him the proper object of aversion and punishment; and he thinks he can see no reason why the Divine indignation should not be let loose, without any restraint, upon so vile an insect as he imagines that he himself must appear to be. If he would still hope for happiness, he suspects that he cannot demand it from the

justice, but that he must entreat it from the mercy of God. Repentance, sorrow, humiliation, contrition at the thought of his past conduct, seem, upon this account, the sentiments which become him, and to be the only means which he has left for appeasing that wrath which he knows he has justly provoked. He even distrusts the efficacy of all these, and naturally fears lest the wisdom of God should not, like the weakness of man, be prevailed upon to spare the crime, by the most importunate lamentations of the criminal. Some other intercession, some other sacrifice, some other atonement, he imagines, must be made for him, beyond what he himself is capable of making, before the purity of the Divine justice can be reconciled to his manifold offences. The doctrines of revelation coincide, in every respect, with those original anticipations of nature; and as they teach us how little we can depend upon the perfection of our own virtue, so they show us, at the same time, that the most powerful intercession has been made, and that the most dreadful atonement has been paid for our manifold transgressions and iniquities."

This remarkable passage, prompted by Smith's own thoughts and feelings, and so satisfactory in its statement of great scriptural principles, appeared in the first editions of his "Theory of Moral Sentiments." But the scepticism of Hume, and the companionship and ridicule of the careless worldly ministers, whom he met in the literary convivial meetings in Edinburgh, and whose whole sentiments were those of men, not separated for the gospel, but separated from it, led him ultimately to suppress it. The result was such as might have been feared; for the law in the spiritual world is irreversible, that light once wilfully renounced, returns not, but terminates in deeper darkness. After this falling away, there is no symptom of renewing again. All the evidence is of a contrary nature.

It was from Kirkcaldy that Adam Smith wrote the letters in which he furnished an account of the death of Mr Hume. Mr Hume's death took place in Edinburgh, on the 25th August 1776. Adam Smith's letter is dated November 9, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, 1776. It is addressed to Mr Strahan, the publisher, and is evidently intended for publication. The letter

will fill every Christian reader with sadness. There is an attempt to throw an air of philosophical calmness and constitutional equanimity over the last scenes of his friend's life, and accompanying this there is a cool and resolute ignoring of the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved. He who once wrote on behalf of Christ's mediation and atonement, now sports with his friend's and his own delusions; and, in the presence of death, is merry with the thoughts of encountering Charon, the ferryman of hell, and inventing jocular excuses for not stepping into his boat.

Let us contrast with this most melancholy levity the grave words of one greater in the walks of philosophy than Smith or Hume. "The first principle of right reason," writes Lord Bacon, "is religion. After all my studies and inquiries, I dare not die with any other thoughts than those of the Christian religion."

It is as the great political economist that Dr Adam Smith can be most pleasantly remembered, and it is in this connection that Kirkcaldy stands related to him. His native townsmen have not, by any means, been over-demon-

strative in reference to him. They have placed a bust of him in their council-room. They have called a close by his name. But if a public and market-place recognition is suitable to any man, it is surely due to him, whose writings have regulated the commercial transactions of the world. Kirkcaldy might do worse than erect a bronze statue of him, as if engaged in writing his immortal work, and place it in the open space, fronting the very spot on which stood the house in which this book was actually composed. This would be an outward symbol, known and read by all strangers and passers-by, and would be becoming alike to the town, and to the subject of it.

Contemporaneous with Adam Smith, there lived in Kirkcaldy a man, whose belief and whose manner of life were at the farthest possible remove from those of the retired philosopher. The Rev. Robert Shirra had come to the town in 1750, as a minister of the Secession Church. His name and fame are, not like Adam Smith's, "enrolled in the Capitol." They are written in a higher register. His whole philosophy was Christ and His unsearchable riches.

His life work was to relieve his conscience and to fulfil his ministry; and this he did in testifying for God with a bold impartiality, whether in reproving the profane swearing of the Laird of Raith, or the thoughtlessness and thriftlessness of the weavers of Pathhead.

Mr Shirra was no grim divine, over whose pale, wrinkled countenance a smile passed like a caricature. On the contrary, he was a jolly man, of a large build, and whose rosy face was resplendent with the rich juices of health. His soul naturally overflowed with humour; and, had it not been for the high and serious aims which were ever present to the man, he would have lived the life of a joker, a kind of Rev. Sidney Smith of the eighteenth century, modified with a touch of the Seceder. But the most vital, real, and earnest elements of his character were devotedness to God and to His service, and this consecrated the wit which naturally overflowed in him.

In Mr Shirra's time the Scotch language still held its place in the upper circles of society. It was spoken in drawing-rooms; it was used on the judicial bench, and in the pulpit. The accent in which it was spoken was not the

broad Doric. Quite otherwise. There was a sharp, silvery, refined tone of utterance; and the words were pure and classic Scotch. The writer remembers an old clergyman, who retained this mode of address; and in his lips it was attended with a gracefulness and a terseness quite unique. This style of speech Mr Shirra employed in the pulpit; and it brought him, and the very humblest of his hearers, very near each other.

A traditional history of Mr Shirra still floats throughout the locality. It chiefly consists in little anecdotes of the pithy way in which the good man reproved, rebuked, and exhorted. We may add one, which has no great point in itself, but it never has appeared in print, and is quite characteristic of the man, illustrating the homeliness and kindness and simplicity of his ways. It was witnessed and told by a near relative. Mr Shirra was delivering a table address at the celebration of the Lord's Supper in Dunfermline. A communicant, who had a large brown wig, sat near where Mr Shirra stood. A wave of his hand struck the brown wig off the man's head, and caused it to fall on the passage. Mr Shirra, without paus-

ing in his address, picked up the wig, replaced it on the man's head, and then gave the head two or three kindly claps, as if to say, it was all a mischance, I did not mean it; do not, my good friend, let this interrupt the solemn current of your thoughts.

Mr Shirra did not think, with Archbishop Leighton, that preaching for eternity precluded him from preaching to the times. He felt that he could do both. Let us instance, in illustration of this, a famous discourse which he delivered on Equality, and which is still spoken of by some of the older inhabitants of Kirkcaldy. All that we can do is to give the substance of the story. Any attempt to imitate the style and diction of the speaker would be vain.

When the cry of "liberty and equality" was brought over from France, and met with many sympathisers in this country, Mr Shirra intimated that he would discourse on the subject from the pulpit. The church was crowded with an eager audience. When he saw such a large congregation, he thought it was a precious opportunity to be improved, and he preached an earnest gospel sermon. At the conclusion,

he told them he could not forego such an occasion of preaching Christ, and as the time was exhausted, he would delay what he had to say "on Equality" until next Sabbath. Next Sabbath came, and the congregation was even larger. Again the old man was pressed in spirit when he saw the multitudes, and again he delivered the gospel message. But before closing, he said, "I must now redeem my promise. I have had some difficulty in discovering where equality is to be found. I have looked into the history of the past, and I do not find equality there, for in all ages there have been the oppressor and the oppressed. I have looked over the earth, neither have I found equality there, for there are the high mountains and the little hills, and no two trees in the wood grow alike. If I consider the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea, there is the large elephant and the small mouse—the mighty whale and the little fish. If I look up to the sky, there are the greater and the lesser lights—the sun, and the moon, and the stars, differing from each other in magnitude. Ascend I into heaven, there I find angel, and archangel, and the least in the

kingdom of heaven. Descend I into hell, Beelzebub the prince of devils, is there, and there are those who are beaten with fewer stripes, and those who are beaten with many. There is no equality there. Only in one place can I find equality, and that is in the grave. There, are kings and counsellors of the earth. 'There, the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.' Let us not deceive ourselves, by expecting among men an equality we will never find, but let each of us contentedly improve the position which a wise Providence has allotted to us."

It was an episode which might appropriately have occurred in the history of an old Hebrew seer, when Mr Shirra went down to the sands, and amid groups of anxious citizens, prayed Paul Jones, the naval adventurer, out of the Forth. Paul Jones, under a commission from the Congress of the United States, was harassing with an American Squadron the British coasts during our war with America. About the middle of September 1778, the "Ranger," the "Revenge," the "Pallas," were seen bearing

up the Forth, to the terror of the towns and villages on both sides. The ships were nearing Inchkeith, when Kirkcaldy turned out on the sands, watching their movements with eager eye. Mr Shirra knelt on the wet sands, and prayed fervently to the Lord that He would interpose on behalf of the defenceless towns, and send Paul Jones and his privateers by the way by which they had come. The prayer was visibly and speedily answered. The wind veered round, and blew freshly from the west. The hostile ships hovered about for a time, uncertainly, and then, turning their prows, bore down the Forth and outwards to the ocean. The people bowed their heads and worshipped; and returned each one to his own home, pondering the strange things he had seen that day. This response of the universal spiritual instinct from a broad mass of human beings, is somewhat more to the purpose than the reasonings of speculative philosophers, or the disquisitions of abstruse divines regarding prayer.

It is of great use to note how the simplicity and directness of the faith of these old Scotch ministers proved their strength and shield. They never reduced the force of a particular

promise or truth by extended general reasoning. "Dim, vague generalization is the work of the man who knows least, thinks least, feels least, and is furthest away from the beating heart of truth."

With them particularization and appropriation was their strong tower. Thus was it with Mr Shirra. With him it was a fixed principle, "the Lord will hear when I call unto Him." He did not doubt this, whether it applied to things natural, things moral, or spiritual. He knew that all those things were equally in God's hand. He did not preplex himself with the question, whether the answer would be immediate or ultimate. He knew that the times and seasons were with God, and that God's time would be the best. What he did, was "to direct his prayers unto the Lord, and to look up." As it happened to Aristides the just, who was obliged to leave Athens, so did it befall Mr Shirra. Circumstances obliged this faithful reprovcr to remove from Kirkcaldy, and to end his days in Stirling. This is not to the credit of the town.

As not inappropriate to the line of thought which the event in Mr Shirra's life has sug-

gested, we may mention an anecdote of one of these old ministers in the North, which we have heard a friend relate, and which is worthy, on its own account, of being preserved. In 1745 the Earl of Cromarty, after hesitating for a time, made up his mind to join the Pretender. On learning this, his minister, Mr Porteous of Kilmuir, called for the Earl, and strongly and affectionately remonstrated with him as to the sin and danger of the course he was about to follow. At last the Earl got irritated, and rising up, ordered Mr Porteous to leave the castle. Whilst going out of the room, Mr Porteous turned round and said, "My Lord, I came to you as God's servant, and as your minister, to tell you the truth, and you have turned me out of your doors; it won't be long until the grass will be growing in the room out of which you have ordered me." The Earl did join the Prince. He crossed the Dornoch Firth, and took possession of Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Earl of Sutherland, who was loyal to King George. The Sutherlands and Mackays mustered, and after a skirmish at Little Ferry, succeeded in capturing the Earl of Cromarty. He was sent as a prisoner to the

Tower, was tried for high treason, and was condemned to be beheaded along with Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock. On the Earl of Sutherland's intercession his life was spared, but his estates were confiscated. His castle was untenanted, and soon fell into ruins. The owl nestled in its walls, and the grass grew in its rooms. Mr Porteous lived to see his prediction literally fulfilled. When the subject was spoken about, and he was asked regarding the prediction, his reply was alike sententious and solemn, "It is quite true that I said it, and God did it."

In our days of railways and telegrams, it is curious to look back to the primitive mode of travelling, which existed about an hundred years ago. A gentleman, who published a tour through the island of Great Britain in 1761, thus describes what he found in the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy: "The method of riding post in this country is, you have an horse for yourself, and a man runs on foot before you for a guide, and to carry the horse back again; for both which you pay only twopence a mile. Some of these fellows will hold running for a whole day, as fast as you can well

ride; a dram of whisky always quickens their pace."

The course of these Notices brings us within the remembrances of the living, to the days of Dr John Martin—a grave, earnest, Covenanter-looking man, "whose pulses kept pace with solemn things above;" having a mind full of learning and solid thought, the extempore outgivings of which were meat sufficient even for strong men. During his pastorate, Edward Irving came to Kirkcaldy—a tall muscular youth, not out of his teens. During the week he taught in the "Kirkcaldy Academy" in Hill Place. On Sabbaths he regularly occupied his seat in church, thinking much within himself how conventionalities retarded life, and asking himself whether there might not be a more direct and a more effective way of reaching the heart, and the understanding, and the consciences of men, than then obtained in Scottish pulpits.

On Saturday half-holidays he was often seen going out and in to the manse. After spending seven years of his life in this way, Irvine left Kirkcaldy in 1819, to enjoy the genial companionship of Chalmers, and to share his

Glasgow work, and thereafter to achieve for himself a metropolitan position among the foremost of British orators.

In June 1828, Irvine visited Kirkcaldy. All the town was moved about him. He was to preach on the evening of Sabbath, from the pulpit of Dr Martin, his father-in-law. Long before the hour of service, the church was filled. One of the galleries gave way under the living burden, and in the rush to the doors twenty-six persons were killed, and one hundred and fifty were more or less injured. It was a night of wailing in Kirkcaldy, and amid the mourners, no heart was sadder and more perplexed than Irvine's own.

It was at that time we saw him for the first and only time. After thirty-eight years the impression is as fresh as on the day it was made. Those raven-black locks, flowing down to his broad shoulders. His magnificent erect figure. His limbs, which might have been models for the Elgin marbles. The high look which he flung from his fine features, distorted and confused by his squint. He had a large cloak thrown over his arm, and he marched with the air of a giant. It was to us the days of young

college learning, and it appeared to us as if Jupiter Capitolinus had come down from his seat on the citadel, and were walking the streets.

About the time of Edward Irvine's sojourn in the town as a teacher, Thomas Carlyle became one of the teachers in the Burgh School of Kirkcaldy—one no less distinguished, though after a different sort. It is in the stillness of the study that Carlyle has laboured. Like Mahomet, in his cave in Mount Hara, he nourished the ardours of his mind in silence, until he came forth as the prophet and high priest of earnestness, dazzling the world, and taking it captive, by his burning thoughts and words. But it is an earnestness blind and indiscriminating, which he uplifts; it is an abstract quality of the human mind, which he deifies, and which is worthless or valuable only as it is rightly or wrongly directed. The altar it is which sanctifies the gift. This universal canon Carlyle forgets. But by this rule will every common-sense mind judge of earnestness, and will pronounce it true worship, as it is laid on the altar of the God of truth, or mischievous zeal and fanaticism, as it is offered on the altars of untruth and falsehood.

Would not the world be a mighty loser if Thomas Carlyle's dream were realized, if his "measureless froth ocean of literature" were to supplant the Gospel, and were to occupy, in the thoughts of men, the place of the Sea of Galilee, with its deep blue wave, its sacred memories of Christ, and its simple gospel teachings!

Few writers have left their mark more sharply on the literature of the day than Thomas Carlyle. With young and ardent minds his influence has been very great. It has penetrated even within the staid sphere of the Church and the pulpit, and it has fostered, if not to a great degree formed, that Samaritan kind of religion which is prevalent, wherein all the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel are obscured, and are gradually being withdrawn. The broad, or non-theological school, is largely the product of his teachings. This broad school is, in its first stages, like opiates, fascinating and bewildering, and for a time it veils even from its votaries its evil power. But in its more advanced stages, it is fatal to truth and all spiritual life. It is smoke at first, but it is smoke out of which the locusts come. It

is non-theological in its early history, but as it advances it is anti-theological, and proves the fertile source of heresies and infidelities.

Kirkcaldy has not yet had time to forget the broad smile, and kindly voice, and substantial worth of the late Dr John Alexander. "No man delights me more in church courts," we have heard MacGill Crichton of Rankeilour say of him, "or disappoints me more in the pulpit." This sententious estimate, like most things epigrammatic, must be received with great allowance. Dr Alexander's sagacity in church courts was very conspicuous, but his preaching also possessed many excellencies of its own kind. His was no perfumed oratory. But there was much warmth in it, and much simplicity in it, and much direct dealing with plain gospel truths in it. One thing he did which will make his name memorable. He was a witness for Christ. Some future Wodrow will have it to record of him, that at a period of life when men do not like to be disturbed, and when accustomed comforts have become necessaries, he gave up his living, that he might assert his devotion to the freedom of the Church, and his loyalty to the Saviour.

And "one legend of conscience is worth more to a country than hidden gold and fertile plains."

Thus, in many and important points, has Kirkcaldy, in times gone by, touched the big outlying world, and has contributed, with uniform fidelity, to that historic testimony which for upwards of three hundred years has been maintained by the Church; in this way securing to Scotland the high honour of being regarded by foreign churches as the Zion of scriptural and energetic Presbyterianism.

Abbotshall.

ABBOTSHALL is not, like Abbotsford, a mere fancy name. It is a true one, descriptive and historical. As Kirkcaldy, by its name, connects itself with the Culdees when Culdeeism prospered, so Abbotshall connects itself with Popery. Popery had stamped out and supplanted Culdeeism, and had secured the best of the land for itself, when the ease-loving Abbot of Dunfermline built his lordly hall in the Raith grounds, that he might enjoy the breezes of the sea coast, and might dine and doze in undisturbed enjoyment, away from the cares of his abbey.

The site of the Hall of the Abbot is known to have been where the Raith gardens are now, and these gardens were wont to be generally called the Abbotshall gardens. The property of Abbotshall passed into possession of the Scots of Balwearie. Scot of Abbotshall was the title of one of the sons of the Laird of Balwearie, about the time of the Reformation.

In 1658, Sir Andrew Ramsay, a Lord of Session and Provost of Edinburgh, was proprietor of Abbotshall. Baillie writes thus regarding him:—"Sir Andrew Ramsay, a right sharp young man, but very proud, had carried himself for two years in the place of Proveist, very haughtilie; and in his abode in London had been at vast charges to the towne, for no profit; yet was still in hope to have gotten from the Protector what might have done the towne good in their exceeding low condition." Sir Andrew seems to have been enamoured with the sweets of office, for, at a later period of his life, we find him involved in a law-suit with certain of the inhabitants of the town, "for his having continued to hold the office of Provost of Edinburgh for the space of no less than twelve successive years, during part of which time he was also a Lord of Session." Sibbald mentions Abbotshall, in his own time, as "a large and fine new house, with gardens and enclosures, the property of Mr Andrew Ramsay, a grandson of the Laird of Whitstoun in the Mearns, and nevoy of Sir Andrew Ramsey."

Houses and heritages are subject to the

same vicissitudes as man. The property of Abbotshall was overshadowed by the neighbouring property of Raith, and is now absorbed into it as part of the same domain. Right noble was the house of Raith in its dawn. It furnished a Reformation martyr in the person of Sir John Melville, Knight. John Knox styles him "the faythfull Laird of Raith." Twice was his name entered into Cardinal Beaton's death-roll, because of his known attachment to the Reformation; but both times he escaped out of the mouth of the lion. At last, on a charge of treason, said to be contained in a letter to his son, he, in the winter of 1548, "did most innocently suffer." "Theis cruell beastes, the Bischope of Sanctandrews and Abbot of Dunfermling, ceassed nott, tell that the head of the said noble man was struckin from him; especiallie becaus that he was knawin to be ane that unfearedlie favored the treuth of Godde's word, and was a great friend to those that war in the castell of Sanctandrews." His sons were Sir James Melville of Halhill, and Sir Robert Melville of Murdochcairnie, both eminent as ambassadors and as true patriots. Sir Robert was made

first Lord Melville. His eldest son had the title of Viscount Kirkcaldy. In his enumeration of some of the professors in the Church of Scotland, of my acquaintance, who were eminent for "grace and gifts," John Livingstone mentions Lady Raith.

Going westwards and uplands, we pass the stream of the Tiel, gliding cheerily down the brae after doing its work at Balwearie Mill, and soon come upon the ruined Tower of Balwearie. It is worthy of notice, how well engineered is the site of these old towers for the enjoyment of the sun's rays. Around this castle of Balwearie the sun could travel from its earliest rise to its latest setting, warming and illuminating the walls, and looking with bright rays into the rooms through the deep-set windows. For many centuries a loch surrounded the castle, and guarded it against surprises.

A large measure of legendary interest has rested on this Balwearie Castle, from the very time that it was built. The old ballad of Lammikin, is connected with its building. Like the other castles, and abbeys, and old churches of Scotland, Balwearie was the product of a

foreign architect and foreign masons. The brotherhood of Freemasons protected these foreign tradesmen, and allowed them to pass unmolested, and to work unmolested anywhere, even in time of war. Lammikin seems to be the Scotticised and corrupted form of the name of the foreign undertaker who built Balwearie.

“Lammikin was as gude a mason
As ever hewed a stane;
He biggit Lord Weirie's castel,
But payment gat he nane.

‘O pay me, now, Lord Weirie,
Come pay me out of hand,’
‘I cannot pay you, Lammikin,
Unless I sell my land.’”

The disappointed Lammikin vowed revenge. Lord Weirie went to sea, and left his lady, with strict injunctions to guard the castle, and to be on the watch, for Lammikin lay concealed, biding his opportunity.

“He said unto his ladye fair,
Before he gaed abroad,
‘Beware, beware o’ Lammikin,
For he lies in the wudde.’”

The doors and windows

“Of castle, ha’, and tow’r”

are all firmly secured ; but Lammikin knew a little shot window, by which he crept in, and gaining a treacherous nurse as his accomplice, he murdered the ladye and her youngest child. When Lord Weirie returned it was to a desolate home.

“ Nae voice was there to welcome him,
Nor nae licht to be seen.

O dowie was Lord Weirie's heart
When he cam to the door,
But bitter dowie was his heart
When he saw his chamber floor.”

Justice, however, got hold of Lammikin, and “ the fause nurse,” and both of them were put to death.

“ O sweetly sang the blackbird
That sat upon the tree,
But sairer grat the Lammikin
When he was condemned to dee.”

O bonnie sang the mavis
Out o' the thorny brake,
But sairer grat the nourice
When she was tied to the stak.”

The fame of Balwearie is, however, associated with its famous possessor, Sir Michael Scot, the peerless wizard. Sir Michael was born at Balwearie about 1214. His mother was a

daughter of Balwearie of Balwearie, and through her he inherited the property. It was from his country that he was called Scot.

Sir Michael lived in the same age with Sir Thomas Learmont of Ercildoun, whose fame is conspicuous in the popular lore of Scotland, under the appellation of "Thomas the Rhymer" —a man of sagacity and forecasting, whose poetical prophecies are often repeated even at this day. He was contemporary also with the distinguished philosopher, Roger Bacon, who studied at Oxford, and to whose patient experiments in optics, mechanics, and chemistry, true science was much indebted.

There can be no doubt that Sir Michael Scot was one of the foremost scholars of his time. He travelled far and studied much. At Oxford, at Padua, at Salamanca, at Paris, he studied and taught. He intermeddled with all knowledge, alchemy, astrology, medicine, mathematics, and languages. For some years he lived in high honour as philosopher and astrologer at the Court of Frederick II., Emperor of Germany. The question naturally arises, how was it that one so learned and so honoured should be transformed into the detested charac-

ter of a wizard? As a scholar he is forgotten; as a wizard he lives. Tenant thus characterises him in "Anster Fair:"—

"With her resided that famed wizard old,
Her uncle and her guardian, Michael Scott,
Who there, in Satan's arts malignly bold,
His books of dev'lish efficacy wrote."

A double reason may be assigned for this transformation. In the days he lived the people were taught superstition upon principle. Those who were trained to believe all the monkish legends which Popery then delighted to publish, could very easily, as they sat at their cottage fires, and talked with alarm over their ghostly stories, magnify the deeds and acquirements of Sir Michael, into something uncanny. Very likely Sir Michael himself could not conceal the contempt he felt for many of these silly legends and false miracles, which the Popish church patronised. In his own mind he would be a thorough Protestant, and at times he may have made his protest audible; and the priests, to neutralise the influence of his sentiments, may have originated and spread the foul charge that he was an evil magician, in league with the Wicked One. Had it not been for the eminence

which Sir Michael Scot had attained in continental kingdoms, the priests might have dealt with him as they did with Roger Bacon, his illustrious contemporary, and have incarcerated him, and otherwise have cruelly persecuted him.

One cannot help seeing how superstition repeats itself. Its stock of wild legends is not very varied. The "warlock" doings near Melrose, which were ascribed to Sir Michael, are very similar to those which are told of him in Fife. "He cleft Eildon hills in three." This work of cleavage he also practised in the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy. That den which runs up from the town, and which the railway crosses near Dunnikeir foundry, was produced by Sir Michael. He had offended a fiend, and was pursued by him. To stop the pursuit, or to get in advance of his enemy, the wizard caused the earth to yawn at that spot, and its yawning mouth has never been closed.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as was said to me."

Local tradition connects the road which leads up to Balwearie with Sir Michael. It is generally said to have been of his making. Very

likely, in engineering it, he had taken advantage of the opening in the Windygate or West Mill Brae, for the sake of having the road easier. But this simple act of engineering skill popular superstition converted into a work of wizard power, and the intersection is said to have been accomplished by demons.

It is when Sir Michael is reduced to the ordinary proportions of humanity, that one has pleasure in regarding him. It is not when he sits on his black steed, the tread of whose foot made all the bells of Paris to ring, and caused palace towers to fall; or, when he repairs to the Bell Craig, near to Balwearie, to gather inspiration from the devil; or, when he hunts a poor old woman, transformed into the shape of a hare; or, when he opens his clasped book, and sends forth all his hellish imps on their errands of mischief, that we think of him aright; but it is when we see him improving his property, studying with avidity in his thick-walled castle, some foreign work, or surprising some neighbouring laird after dinner, with the speculations of his "mensa philosophica," or disputing with some priest, or prosecuting, in his laboratory, the researches of a delusive alchemy.

It is surprising how readily common circumstances in the life of a great man become exaggerated in the popular imagination. Let me mention a modern instance, which will illustrate our present subject. Dr Chalmers, in his early years at Kilmany, was returning on horseback from St Andrews, and was carrying with him some chemicals wherewith to carry on his philosophical experiments. The cork of the bottle got loose, and the acids made their escape, discolouring his clothes and marking his horse's flank. This took place shortly before the illness which terminated in the change of that great man's views and life. The popular mind contrived to put these two things together, and thirty-six years ago we met with it as a common tradition in Fife, that Dr Chalmers was struck with lightning when returning home from St Andrews, that he and his horse were both scorched by it, and that, as in the case of Luther, this lightning in the field was the first means of awakening him to thoughtfulness. If in this nineteenth century such a trival occurrence was thus magnified into a sign and interposition from heaven, need we be at a loss to explain how, in the thirteenth

century, when alchemy was regarded as belonging to the black art, Sir Michael Scot, the scholar and philosopher, was metamorphosed into the popular and all-powerful wizard.

For sixteen generations did that house of Balwearie exist in unbroken succession.

John Knox, in his History of the Reformation, names "Maister Thomas and Maister William Scottes, sonniss to the Laird of Balwerie, quha for faynting of the brether's hairtis, and drawing many to the Quenee's factioun against their native cuntrey, have declarit themselves ennemies to God and traytouris to their commune wealth." This Thomas Scot, who is designated "of Pitgorno," was one of the profligate courtiers of James V., joining with the king in all his abandoned ways. He was made Justice Clerk in 1535, and died in 1540. Knox thus relates the awful and warning dream which King James had the night that Scot died. The spelling is modernised. "How terrible a vision the said prince saw lying in Linlithgow that night that Thomas Scot, Justice Clerk, died in Edinburgh, men of good credit can yet report; for, afraid at midnight, or after, he cried for torches, and raised all that lay beside

him in the palace, and told that Tom Scot was dead, for he had been at him with a company of devils, and had said unto him these words, 'O woe to the day that I ever knew thee or thy service, for, for serving of thee against God, against his servants, and against justice, I am adjudged to endless torment.' How terrible voices the said Thomas Scot pronounced before his death men of all estates heard, and some that yet live can witness; his voice was ever, 'Justo Dei judicio condemnatus sum;' that is, I am condemned by God's just judgment."

The House of Balwearie afterwards acquired the lands of Strathmiglo. It was by them, as superiors, that the original feus of the village of Strathmiglo were granted.

Unfortunately, the character which Knox gave to the descendants of Balwearie, at the time of the Reformation, "of being enemies to God and traitours to the common wealth," clave to their later representatives. Sir James Scot, in the end of the sixteenth century, sided with the Popish Lords Huntly and Angus. His estates were ruined by heavy fines, and his last male representative died in Flanders about 1641,

his only means of support being the pay which he had as a colonel in the army.

We have the last local trace of the family of Balwearie in the subjoined entry of Lamont in his Diary :—

“ 1666, August.—Robert Whyte, provest of Kirkcaldie, departed out of this life, at his howse ther, and was interred at the said church, August 6, in the daytime. That same day also a daughter of the deceased Balweirry, surnamed Scot, above sixty years of age, never married, was interred in the said place.” Very likely the maiden, Miss Scot, was reduced to the tenancy of some self-contained house in Kirkcaldy, where, with straitened means, but with a brave heart and good management, she contrived to maintain a kind of state, which reminded all who came near her, that the long pedigree of Balwearie still lived in her.

Standing beside this ruined castle, and hearing, in the stillness of a summer day, the sharp rattle of the railway train, as it hurries along through the opening in the hills, and looking forth to the tall smoking factory stalks in Kirkcaldy, one cannot help reflecting—what a change from the times when this fortalice was

built, and inhabited by the earlier knights of Balwearie! This feudal tower, silent and in ruins, and these busy, resounding, smoking factories, are the symbols of the past and of the present. And what a contrast do they represent! The well-to-do artisan is better housed than were these castled nobles. He has his room-walls lathed, its floor carpeted, its window glazed with transparent glass, his hearth warmed with a coal fire; while they had their plastered walls, their rush-covered floor, their small windows, with wood shutters below, and plates of horn above, and their yawning fire-place, filled with logs, for they had not yet reached the time which Pitscottie mentions, when, because their wood "is geasone and scant, their common fuel is of stones, which they dig out of the earth." The well-to-do artisan is more comfortably clothed than the thirteenth century knight, for a felt hat and a tweed coat is an easier wear than an iron helmet and a coat of mail. He is better educated, for he can read and write, which many of the feudal lords could not do; and in place of the rare manuscripts, he has his well-selected library, which ministers instruction and

enjoyment in his leisure hours. Above all, he lives under the protection of law, and breathes the air of freedom, while the feudal lord himself, armed with despotic powers, which he used at his own sweet will, lived in constant terrors of some lawless neighbour stronger than himself.

But not only are social and domestic contrasts suggested by the retrospect; ecclesiastical contrasts present themselves as readily. To go no farther back than the times of the Reformation, it was from these castles that the influence came which gave force and direction to infant Protestantism. Many of the nobles and the gentry lent their aid to that great Revolution. Theirs was the prevailing power of the time, and God employed it for His own work. The Lords of the Congregation were prominent in uprearing the Presbyterian Kirk.

Defection came when the Royal favour was turned towards Episcopacy. The ranks of the Presbyterian nobles thinned during the reigns of James VI., Charles I., and Charles II.

Yet, during these unsettling times, a large remnant of the nobles continued firm. The lesser barons, for the most part, along with

their tenantry, were faithful to their country's faith. They fought the battles of the Covenant, and the substantial burgesses supported it with their means.

In the present day God has entrusted the maintenance of scriptural and historic Presbyterianism in Scotland, to the piety of the middle and working classes. These must always be the mainstay of a nation. And every year is seeing them, in Britain, growing in intelligence, wealth, and influence.

The maintenance of our national Presbyterianism is thus established on a broad base; for, while in Great Britain the upper class may be reckoned as below a million, the middle class numbers its six or seven millions, and the working-class can count up its fifteen or sixteen millions. But the strength of this base depends upon the firmness of the foundation on which it rests. If it rest on the unchangeable principles of law and gospel, and upon an acquaintance with those struggles by which, in this land, a pure gospel has been maintained, its strength is the munition of rocks.

It is Lord Bacon's observation, "that in the

declining age of a nation, mechanical arts and merchandise do flourish." Whether this be the declining age of our nation or not, it is pre-eminently an age of mechanical arts and merchandise. What alone can make the soul of the people strong, amid the materialism of the arts and the selfishness of merchandise, would be the high principle which dignifies action, and the cherished remembrance of that contest "of bearing Christ's cross, and of guarding Christ's crown," which has ennobled Scotland from generation to generation. So long as this forms part of the national mind, it will prove an unfailing source of national greatness.

PART II.



DYSART AND WEMYSS.



Dysart.

WITHIN the Roslyn grounds, near Dysart House, there is a ledge of yellow sandstone, in which there are two sea-worn caves. These caves were frequented by the Culdees of Kirkcaldy, as appropriate retreats for meditation and prayer. Such places of seclusion were common among the Culdees. The name given to a place of this kind was, in Latin, *desertum*, and, in Gaelic, *deseart*. Hence the name of Dysart has been assigned to this town and parish.

In a book of Scottish Nomenclature, published by Christopher Irvine about 1639, we have the Latin name applied to the town: "Desertum, the town of Dysart in Fife, situate betwixt Kirkcaldy and the Weymes: it is a royal burgh."

In the simple times of the Culdees, these caves were resorted to as favourable for contemplation, from their quiet seclusion. But when Popery supplanted Culdeeism; an air of superstition was thrown around them. Tra-

dition associated them with the residence of some eminent saint, and invested them with strange and startling legends.

The saint with whom the Dysart cave is principally connected, is Sanctus Servanus, or St Serf. This St Serf lived somewhere about A.D. 440. He was the disciple of Palladius, and spoke Gaelic. It was from him that the Inch or Island of St Serf, in Loch Leven, received its name. This island was the seat of a Culdee establishment in A.D. 700. In the days of Popery it got conjoined with the Abbey of St Andrews, and was erected into a Priory. Of this Priory Andrew Wynton was Prior betwixt the years 1395 and 1419. Andrew employed his leisure hours in composing his "Oryginale Cronykil of Scotland." A vast range does this Chronicle embrace, for it extends from the creation of the world on to the captivity of James I. As might be expected, the chronicler does not leave unrecorded the doings of the patron saint, St Serf. A thousand years had passed from the time that St Serf lived, until Andrew committed his deeds to verse. Tradition had thus scope enough to magnify them into marvellous legends, and to

transform the humble missionary into a worker of miracles. One of these will serve as a specimen. St Serf had a pet ram. This ram was stolen and eaten up. The suspected thief, when brought into the presence of the saint, stoutly denied the theft, and offered to purge himself by oath ; when, to his dismay and confusion, the ram began to bleat in his belly.

It may interest the readers to have the account in the original, as Wynton's Chronicle is one of the oldest of Scottish writings :—

“ This holy man had a ram,
 That he fed up of a lam ;
 And oysit him til follow ay
 Quherever he passit in his way.
 A theyf this sचेppe in Ackham stale,
 And et hym up in pecis smalle.
 Quhen Sanct Serf his ram had myst
 Quha that it stal was few that wist.
 On presumption, nevertheless,
 He that stal it arestyt was ;
 And till Sanct Serf syne was he brought.
 That sचेppe he said that he stal noucht ;
 And tharfor, for to swer an athe,
 He said that he wolde nocht be laythe ;
 But sone he werthit red for schayme,
 The sचेppe that bletyt in his wayme.
 Swa was he tynctyt schaymfully,
 And at Sanct Serf askyt mercy.”

But that which binds St Serf so intimately to Dysart is the legend, that the devil had taken up his abode in the cave, and resolutely refused to leave it, until St Serf, by the force of prayer, cast him out. In this way was the saint's name associated with Dysart. There was an elevation, known in early days, as St Serf's Hill, though no one now is certain of the place. The church of Dysart was dedicated to St Serf as its patron saint.

The solemn ruins of the old church, convey at one sight, the impression, that Dysart must have been a place of ecclesiastical importance. The site is well chosen for effect, as looked at whether from sea or land. The height of the tower, its graceful proportions, and its solid masonry, bespeak the consequence of the church. Its Gothic aisles, now tenanted by the dead, contained three altarages, where the priest muttered mass, and drank from the uplifted chalice. It had its rector, its vicar, and its chaplains, for the three altarages. In addition to this, there was the chaplain of the Spelunca, or Cave ; and another chapel, known as that of St Denis, would also have its officiating priest.

A life, which has bridged two important historical periods, is always an object of interest. We have such a life in George Strachan, or, to give him the title by which priests were distinguished before the Reformation, Sir George Strachan, Vicar of Dysart. In 1546 he was chaplain of the altar of St James, in the parish church of Dysart. Afterwards he became vicar of the parish. Lindsey of Piscottie, names this George Strachan along with Hew Currie, another Popish priest, as the parties who apprehended Walter Mylne, at Dysart, "in ane poor wyfe's hous, teaching hir the commandementes of God, and learning hir how shoe should instruct hir bairns and hir household, and bring them up in the fear of God." They had him conveyed to St Andrews, where he was burned to death. After the Reformation Sir George Strachan became a manufacturer of salt. He died in 1587.

At the Reformation, Dysart declared itself early and resolutely on the side of Protestantism, and suffered not a little on this account. When Mary of Guise was Regent, the Reformation was struggling into life. The Lords of the Congregation looked to England for Pro-

testant aid. Mary of Guise depended upon France for the maintenance of Popery. French soldiers were sent over. It was in the towns on the Forth that they were chiefly quartered. Dysart, being then a flourishing seaport, had a heavy part of this burden to bear. To quote from a proclamation of the Lords of the Congregation in 1559—"Thousands of strangers are laid here and there upon the necks of the poor members of this commonwealth, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldie, Dysert, with the depaupered souls that this day dwell therein, can testify."

For the last months of 1559, there was frequent skirmishing betwixt the French troops and the Lords of the Congregation, along the south coast of Fife. The Earl of Arran and Lord James Stewart, afterwards known as the "good Regent Moray," occupied Dysart as their headquarters. "For twentie and ane dayes thae laye in thair clothes; thair boots never cam aff. Thai had skarmissing almost every day, yea, some dayis from morne to evin. The French were four thousand souldiers; the Lordis war never togidder four hundred horsmen, with a hundred souldiers."

By sea as well as by land the poor sea coast

towns were harassed. One Captain Cullen, bearing the commission of the Queen Regent, assailed and "spoilzied Kinghorn, Kirkcaldie, and so much of Dyserte as he mychte."

No inconsiderable amount of ecclesiastical interest attaches to Dysart from the fact, that the Synod of Fife held three of its meetings here, at a very critical period in the history of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. These Synods are known as "the three Synods of Dysart." It was in the year 1607 they were held, and at that time the Synod of Fife exercised a preponderating influence in the councils of the Church.

The first of these three Synods is memorable from the singular place where it met. It was on the sea-sands, betwixt Ravenscraig and Dysart, and on the last Tuesday of April, that the Synod was held. The members had been interdicted, by a letter from the King (James IV.), procured at the instance of Mr George Gladstones, Bishop of St Andrews, from meeting in the town of Dysart, as had been appointed. The day of meeting was also, by the King's authority, changed. But the Synod held by their own appointment; and, although shut

out from the town and church, they gathered in full numbers, and adjourned to the seashore. There, under a drenching rain, they stood for two hours, "reasoning and advising."

Thus was Presbyterianism in its polity baptized to the Lord in the cloud and in the sea, as it had formerly been baptized in its doctrine. In this nineteenth century we have seen congregations worshipping God within tide-mark, when shut out by interdict from assembling on the moor or public road; and in the seventeenth century we find the church courts similarly tried. Having thus by their assembling vindicated the liberties of the Church, which the laws of the land had secured to her, and having resolved that a complaint should be drawn up and presented to the Council against this unconstitutional interference with their rights, they so far acknowledged the proclamation as to adjourn to the second Tuesday of June—the day which the King's proclamation named.

When the second Tuesday of June came round, the town and church of Dysart were open to receive the Synod; for three Lords of Council were present as Commissioners from

the King. Their object was to have Archbishop Gladstanes appointed *constant Moderator*. Letters of horning were in readiness against any member who should vote against the appointment of the Archbishop. But the Synod acted valiantly. They confronted the threats of horning with resolving to excommunicate Gladstanes, as the Synod had formerly excommunicated Archbishop Adamson. The fears of Gladstanes rose in proportion as the courage of the Synod rose. He quailed before the resolute attitude of his brethren; and the Synod adjourned, having protected the Church against the unconstitutional encroachment with which she had been threatened.

A third time—in 1607—did the Synod assemble at Dysart. It was on the 18th of August. A Parliament had been held in Edinburgh on the 1st of August. At this Parliament Archbishop Gladstanes was present, and took precedence of the Earls. Being emboldened by the proceedings of Parliament, he resolved to act with determination in Church matters. He obtained Commissioners more, and more honourable than he had got before. Lords Lyndsey, Holyrood, Scone, and the Lord

Collector came upon the Balak-like call—
“Come! curse me this hated Presbyterianism.”
And, in the matter of cursing, none was more
copious than the coarse and profane Lord Scone.

The plan of the Archbishop and the Commissioners was to set aside the retiring Moderator, Mr William Cranstoun, and to have Mr John Mitchelson, minister of Burntisland, to preach; but the firmness of Mr Cranstoun defeated their scheme.

The scene is graphically given in the records of the time. According to the then order of service, and which is still followed in different parts of the continent, the precentor had gone to the desk, and had given out a psalm. The psalm was being sung by the congregation, and Mr Cranstoun was walking in the session-house, “at his meditation.” Feeling “the closeness of the air,” or, probably, the excitement of the occasion, and thinking that his spirit would be more composed by being present and joining with the congregation in the singing of the psalm, he went into the church, and took possession of the pulpit. A messenger ascends the pulpit stair, and hands him a paper. It was an interdict from the Commissioners and the

Bishop. Mr Cranstoun puts it into his pocket unread. Another messenger comes, and in the name of the Lord Commissioners enjoins him to come down. Mr Cranstoun replied,—“I am here in the name of a greater Lord, whose message I have not yet discharged.” A bailie of the town is next sent, to tell him again, that the Lord Commissioners order him to come down. “And I command you,” replied Mr Cranstoun, “to sit down in your own seat and hear what God will say to you.” Last of all, the Netherlands Consul tried his influence, and desired Mr Cranstoun to desist, “as the Lords had appointed another to preach.” “But the Lord and His Kirk have appointed me,” replied Mr Cranstoun; “therefore, beware ye trouble that work.” This seasonable firmness had its immediate reward; for, as the contemporary account testifies, “in the hail doctrine it was most evident that the Lord had sent him: all was so mychtilie moving and stirring that the hail people and auditorie were astonishit, and the rest in admiration.”

Archbishop Gladstones absented himself from the sermon. For this the Synod sharply censured him. The Moderator said,—“An atheist

could not have done worse." On which, "the great Bishop kindled sae in a rage of foul flyting, that even the Lords Commissioners were fain to tell him that he was unworthy to be in the number of ministers, far less to be a Bishop and constant Moderator over them, seeing he could not moderate himself nor his ain passion."

When the business came to the vote,—“ Shall Archbishop Gládstanes be accepted to be constant Moderator of that Synod, yea or not?” —the Commissioners ordered the officer-at-arms to charge the Synod to accept, under the pain of rebellion, and putting them to the horn. But the brethren answered severally,—“ We will rather abide horning, and all that can follow thereon, than do against our conscience to the wreck of the liberty of the Kirk. The office is unlawful; the man is unworthy.” The Archbishop, seeing the stout courage of the Synod, intimated to the Lord Commissioners that it would be as well not to press matters farther. And thus the Assembly, after hearty thanksgiving unto God, was dissolved.

Such was the ending of the three notable Synods of Dysart. But the rage of Archbishop Gladstanes did not take end. He had been

baulked in his ambition by the resoluteness of his reverend compeers in open court; and now, under the impulse of his cowardly and cruel nature, he applies to the King and the Council, and brings down upon his brethren the infliction of civil pains and penalties. Mr Cranstoun, as he had been the most prominent actor, so was he chief sufferer. He was put to the horn, and was closely warded. After hearing of his sentence, he went to Archbishop Gladstanes, and said to him, "Suppose I be an aged man, and very unmeet to undergo troubles, I may live yet either to see you repent or God's judgment fall upon you." On the petition of the parishioners of Kettle, Mr Cranstoun had the horning relaxed, and the sentence of close ward was commuted into confinement to his own parish. Others were confined to their own presbyteries. Among these was Mr John Scryngeour of Dysart, but whether he was minister or elder we have not discovered. Mr William Murray, parson of Dysart and minister of the first charge, went in with the measures of the King and Council, and voted that Archbishop Gladstanes should be appointed constant Moderator. His time-serving contrasts disadvantageously with the

self-denying faithfulness of Mr Thomas Hog, who was then minister of the second charge of Dysart. Mr Hog continued to resist the unconstitutional and anti-Presbyterian encroachments of the King and Council, when they took shape into the well-known Five Articles of Perth. On two grounds he resisted all these Episcopalianising tendencies and arts. The first ground was, that "they swerved from the doctrine of faith, because they wanted the warrant of the Word of God." The second ground was, that "they swerved from the doctrine of love, because by them a fearful schism had entered into the Church of Scotland." For this Mr Hog was deposed in 1620, and threatened with banishment. It was not until 1638, when the famous Assembly met at Glasgow, that he was restored to the functions of his ministry, and appointed minister of Kennoway.

Archbishop Gladstones died in 1615, and was succeeded by Archbishop Spottiswoode. During Spottiswoode's archiepiscopate, the following entries regarding Dysart occur in the Ecclesiastical Record :—

"Bell of Dysart.—The quhilk day it was apoynted be my Lord Archbisshop of St

Androis, and brethren assembled in Synod, that for sa mickil as the inhabitants of the town of Dysart hes, theis divers yeirs bygane, detained ane bell quhilk did belong to the parochie of Markinshe, they sal redelyver the said bell again to theis of Markinshe, and sal have theis monayes refundit to them allenerlie, quhilk they gave for the sam.

“*Supplication of Dysart.*—Anent the application maid and propend in name and behalf of the burgh of Dysart, making mention that they ar far infirmed and weakened in their estait, be reason of the gryt chairges quhilk they have bestowed in laburing to build and repair ane sufficient and competent harboire, both for their awin ease and trade in shipping, and for the benefite and commoditie of al uthers quhom it may happen to be drawn thither; and ar not abil be ther awin privat meins to effectuat so important and necessar ane work, except lairge subsidie and help be impaired and contributed to them for that effect. Therefoir, my Lord Archbishop and brethren assembled, being moved with ane tender regard to their present distress, and to the honest and industrious cair and endeavour quhilk they

have to accomplish that commendable inter-
pryse, have recommendit, and be theis presents
recommend, their distressed condition to the
charitable support of the hail brethren within
the precinct, and that pairt of the diocie of
St Androis quhilk lyes benorth Forth, ordain-
ing them to traivail earnestly with their several
congregations, and to steir them up cairfullie
to consider such ane profitable and wechtie
business, and to extend their speedie support
and relief to that effect. And that al the
brethren to quholm their commissioner sal
happen to cum, imploy themselves for their
furtherance with all convenient expedition.”

Most commendable, on many grounds, were
these efforts of the Episcopal Synod to advance
the secular improvement of the province. In
this direction the Popish Church before them,
had largely and successively put forth its exer-
tions. The Presbyterian Church was not a
whit behind either of them in this matter, for
the acts of Assemblies and the Minutes of
Presbyteries and of Kirk-sessions show that
collections were often given for roads, and
bridges, and harbours, and for the setting up of
printing-offices. But it was in the spiritual

and educational forces that the Presbyterian Church invested her strength ; and it is by the sustained action of these forces that, as the statistics of revenue prove, Presbyterian Scotland has made, and is at present making, the largest advance in material prosperity of any country in Europe.

“ *Supplication of Lathrishe and Kirkaldie.* — Anent the supplication maid and propend in name and behalf of Alexander Lathrishe in Dysart, and David Kirkaldie in Kinghorn, quha were first taken and led into captivities be the merciles Turks, and detained in miserable bondage among them for the space of three years ; and sinsyne are redacted to as gryt slaivrie and bondage in ane Spaneshe gaillie, quhair they have remained for the space of aught yeirs in a most lamentable captivitie and slaivrie, and cannot be delyvered from their bondage except they be redeemed be the payment of ane thousand merks of Scots money, quhilk soumes they are altogether unabil be themselves to pay. My Lord Archbischoep and brethren assembled, being moved with compassion of their comfirtles and distressed estait, have, for the speedie relief thereof, apoynted

the hail brethren within the precinct of this Synod to be stented and rated particularlie for the payment of the said soumes ; and that ilk one of them, out of their several congregations, uplift and ingather the sam with al convenient expedition, that it may be send to them for their tymous comfort and relief."

The Turks were then, and for years afterwards, the terror of the nations of Europe. The entry in the Records of Kirk-sessions is very common : " For the redemption of a man from the Turks, — lbs."

In the time of the Covenant, Dysart is again found taking the side of Christ's and of the country's cause. The Burgh Commissioner, in 1638, signs that solemn bond in name of the burgh. The name of the Burgh Commissioner, is Sympson. The Sympsons seem to have been a family of standing in the place. They were shipowners, for, in 1651, we have William Sympson of Dysart, " craving of the King and Parliament, letters of reprisal against the English, who supported the rebellious commonwealth, in respect that they had taken a ship of his and made her pryce (a prize), shoe being in the publicke service." This William

Sympson represented Dysart for many years in Parliament.

These NATIONAL COVENANTS of Scotland, to which Dysart, to its great honour, appears as a subscribing party, stand alone in the records of the world. Unless it be Israel of old, no other people of the earth have ever bound themselves, and their country, in such close and sacred conjunction to God and to each other. These covenants of Scotland were the most influential agencies in the most critical periods of Scottish history. They did more for the religion, the liberties, and the laws of the land, than any influences that can be named; and the sublimest attitude which Scotland ever assumed was when, amid tears, and with uplifted hands, she vowed to be the Lord's, in the stately and solemn language of these documents.

Courteous reader, begrudge not to ponder the few arguments in which we would fain acquaint you with the spirit and import of these covenants.

Most solemn is the threefold protestation which every one who signs the Covenant makes at the outset. 1st, That he has made diligent

and conscientious search after the truth. 2d, That he has found it. 3d, That it is by the Word and Spirit of God that he has been thus assured. "We all, and every one of us underwritten, protest that after long and due examination of our consciences in matters of true and false religion, we are now thoroughly resolved in the truth by the Word and Spirit of God; and therefore we believe with our hearts, confess with our mouths, subscribe with our hands, and constantly affirm it before God and the whole world."

No nation is more sagacious and less fanatical than the Scotch; nor is Scottish sagacity at fault here. The vastness of the subject, and the sureness of the foundation, warrant all their zeal and confidence. "It is God's eternal truth, and the only ground of their salvation; it is God's undoubted truth and verity, GROUNDED ONLY ON HIS WRITTEN WORD." These despised and maligned Covenanters, are willing to be judged, as to all they believe and as to all they reject, by the written Word of God. This appeal to the written Word, is the basis and test of all true religion, as it is most surely the destruction of all extravagances.

Nothing is here, then, but what is in agreeableness with the most calm and enlightened Christianity.

But how will this sentence, which follows, stand the light of this nineteenth century, and its spirit of toleration? "And therefore we abhor and detest all contrary religion and doctrine." Can any defence be offered for sentiment and language so outrageously offensive to all the modern ideas of charity and liberality? The defence is not far to seek. Every truly earnest man who, after much honest and careful search, has reached a conclusion which he believes to be true, will of very necessity regard an opposite and contrary opinion with aversion. In science, philosophers denounce with warmth, principles which they see to be contrary to scientific truth. In politics, men do not hesitate to express their abhorrence of sentiments which are unconstitutional and unpatriotic. On what grounds should matters of religious belief be made the exception to this universal rule? "*Maxima charitas est veritas.*" The love of truth is the highest charity; and any indiscriminate toleration of truth and error is but an evidence that religious earnestness is

waxing cold, and religious indifference is in the ascendant.

This strong feeling of aversion has a fixed direction assigned to it. It is pointed "against all kind of Papistry in general, and particular heads. But in special we detest and refuse the usurped authority of that Roman Anti-christ upon the Scriptures of God, upon the Kirk, the civil magistrate, and conscience of men." Here let it be specially noted, that the enmity of the National Covenant is dead set, not against the persons of men, but against the evils of a false and unscriptural religion. These evils it specifies in the above particulars, and all Protestants would do well to ponder the enumeration. And then, in opposition to all the evils named, it pledges the engagers "to this true Reformed Kirk, to which we join ourselves willingly in doctrine, faith, religion, discipline, and use of the holy sacraments, as living members of the same in Christ our head."

There is yet another most important department on which the Covenant utters no uncertain deliverance. It is the intimate connection betwixt the quietness and stability of

the Church and State, and the civil government, “as a comfortable instrument of God’s mercy granted to this country.” Here the Covenant leads the van of all advanced, well-defined, and constitutional views of civil government. It is no blind lawless absolutism, it is no anarchism which the Covenant advocates; it is power defined by law, it is liberty regulated by law. “We shall defend the King’s person and authority with our goods, bodies, and lives, *in the defence of Christ, His evangel, liberties of our country, ministration of justice, and punishment of iniquity against all enemies within this realm or without, as we desire our God to be a strong and merciful defender to us in the day of our death and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*” The motto of the Covenant was the great constitutional principle, “*Lex facit regem*”—the law makes the king.

Then follows, in the National Covenant, an enumeration of the Acts of Parliament, which had for their object: 1st, The abrogation and annulling of all laws, canon, civil, or municipal, which had been passed in former times in favour of Popery and against Protestantism. 2d, The maintenance of the religion of the Reformation,

both in doctrine and policy. 3d, The defending of the King's majesty, royal person and authority, and the power of Parliament.

It is in this portion of the National Covenant, that the spirit of the times, and the contrariety betwixt the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the nineteenth century, appears. These Acts of Parliament ordain "that all Papists and priests be punished with manifold civil and ecclesiastical pains, as adversaries to God's true religion." No friend of these National Covenants now approves of these pains and penalties. We lament their existence. These "civil pains" only reflect the spirit of the times which then swayed all nations, and to urge them with triumph, is only to remind us that our worthy and religious progenitors, who framed and subscribed these Covenants, were still subject to the infirmities of the age in which they lived. Such a charge of persecution cleaveth to the Covenanters no more than it cleaveth to all men of that time.

These were the great objects which the National Covenant had in view. Let the Covenanters themselves tell the spirit in which they prosecuted them, in their own words, for their words are marked by a gravity and a weight

which language but rarely reaches. "We, noblemen, barons, gentlemen, burgesses, ministers, and commons under-subscribing, from the knowledge and conscience of our duty to God, to our King and country, without any worldly respect or inducement so far as human infirmity will suffer, wishing a farther measure of the grace of God for this effect, we promise and swear, by the great name of the Lord our God, to continue in the profession and obedience of the foresaid religion; and that we shall defend the same, and resist all the contrary errors and corruptions, according to our vocation, and to the uttermost of that power which God hath put in our hands, all the days of our life. Neither do we fear the foul aspersion of rebellion, combination, or what else our adversaries, from their craft and malice, would put upon us, seeing what we do is so well warranted, and ariseth from an unfeigned desire to maintain the true worship of God, the majesty of our King, and the peace of the kingdom, for the common happiness of ourselves and our posterity."

These times of the Covenant were times of great commotion. The country was stirred to

its lowest depths. From peer to peasant, all joined in the movement, and every step was taken with the solemn gravity of a people who were thoroughly in earnest. As in the great hurricane of wind, which swept over Edinburgh and along the basin of the Firth, on the 24th of January 1868, when the waves rolled to the shore one dark mass of sea, without any crest-foam to lighten their edges, so was it with Scotland then. But amid all the sternness of the struggle, the Covenanters were comforted with the consciousness, that they were banded together for the highest of all ends—the glory of God in the purity of His religion, and in the preservation of their own liberties. “And all Scotland rejoiced at the oath, for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought the Lord with their whole desire; and he was found of them.”

This digression has been long, but an acquaintance with these National Covenants, is a needful key to the understanding of Scottish Church history.

It was in the days of the Covenant that Dysart enjoyed the ministry of Mr Mungo Law, in the second charge. He was a man of

intrepidity and force of character—one to leave his mark on the place. He was sent by his Presbytery to the famous Glasgow Assembly of 1638, as an assessor to the usual commissioners from the Presbytery. In 1640 he accompanied, as chaplain of a regiment, the Covenanting army led by the Earl of Leven into England; and, in 1644, he was translated to Edinburgh. He was in the Castle of Edinburgh in 1650, when it was surrendered to Cromwell. For some time he was a prisoner in England, and died in 1660.

We may relate here, as what Sir James Balfour would, in his annals, classify as “ane of some short memoirs,” that in the Muir of Dysart there was a celebrated thorn-tree, well known as a place of rendezvous. It was one of three great places of military muster in the eastern division of Fife; Drumcarrow Crag, and Pitlair Leys, being the other two. Thither, by an order of his Majesty and of the Committee of Estates, the regiments often assembled.

From the Church we may now pass over to the Court, for Dysart gave title to an Earl and a Countess. In this case it is a clerical link which connects the Church and the Court.

A son of Mr William Murray, parson of Dysart, had, through the influence of the Tullibardine family, to whom his father was related, gained admittance to Charles I.'s household in 1626. The lad had the art of rising. From being a page he got up to be groom of the bed-chamber. In this capacity he had ready access to the King, whose confidence he gained. "He was well trained for a Court," writes Bishop Burnet, "very insinuating and very false." From the following supplication by the Commissioner of the General Assembly, in 1641, to the King, it appears that William Murray's credit was as great with the Church as it was with the King. "And seeing William Murray, whose faithful service has had long proof, and of whose abilities and good affection we have lairge experience at this tyme in the publick affairs of the Kirk, hath the honour to attend your Royal person in your bed-chamber, therefore we doe, with all earnestness and humilitie, intreat that your Majestie may be pleased to lay upon him the chaarge of the agenting of the affairs of the Kirk about your Majestie." His Majesty's reply was equally complimentary. "We haiving had long prooffe of the faithful-

ness of William Murray, who attends us in our bed-chamber, doe hereby declare that We most willinglie accept of their recommendation of him for his receiving of these lists, and agenting the other affairs of the Church."

In 1646, William Murray had gone to Italy, on what purpose it is not known. But the Parliament suspected that it was on negotiations from the King against their actings. On his return he was apprehended and lodged in the Tower. In July he was tried and acquitted. Mr George Gillespie writes to Mr Robert Murray, minister at Methven,—“ I was yesterday at your nephew's final trial. The Martial Court, being a double jury of twenty-four, have acquit him. The Lord grant that he may be acquit at the tribunall of Heaven, and may be a better man in his life.” Robert Baillie, the journalist, writes to William Murray on the occasion of his acquittal,—“ God will not ever be mocked. You shall never be a happie instrument for good to yourselfe, or your friends, or the publick, if, after so fair warnings and great spareing, you will again run in rebellion against God's clear commands, and into treason against your own soul.”

This William Murray was created Earl of Dysart. The family claim Charles I. as the granter of the title, and 1646 as the year when it was bestowed. Lamont, in his Diary, names 1651 as the year, and Charles II. as the sovereign by whom the peerage was conferred. "1651.—This yeare ther were sundrie of the gentrie nobilitate, as, the Laird of Kleish made Lord Colvin; William Murray, of the bed-chamber, Lord of Dysart; the Laird of Friland, Lord Ruthven, with several others."

William Murray culminated as Earl of Dysart, and thereafter disappears. His eldest daughter assumed the title of Countess of Dysart after her father's death. She had been married to Sir Lionel Tollemache of Helmingham, in Suffolk, and "was a woman," says Bishop Burnet, "of great beauty, but of far greater parts." After her husband's death, she attached herself, somewhat equivocally, to the Earl of Lauderdale, who, in the reign of Charles II., had risen to the chief government in Scotland, by the renunciation of his early religious principles and professions. Over Lauderdale the Countess of Dysart exercised a most uncontrolled sway, disposing of all applica-

tions to him, and determining him in private as well as in political friendships. In 1671 she became his wife. Her descendants by her first marriage inherit, through her, the titles of Earl of Dysart and Baron of Huntingtower.

The sight of the old Castle of Ravenscraig, reminds us of an older and higher-born nobility, than that of the Earl of Dysart—

“The lordly line of high St Clair.”

Let us look for a little on the noble ruin beetling from its high cliff. Many eyes have for many generations gazed upon it. And in its decay, itself looks forth on the same grand scene of sea, and island, and distant hill, which it surveyed in its prime. The diversified form of the name—Ravenscrag, Ravensheugh, and Ravenscraig—means the same thing,—the crag of the raven,—and suggests those times when there was no steam-boat on the water, and no steam-factory on the land; when Kirkcaldy was a small quiet haven for boats, and when the chief sound which broke upon the stillness, was the noise of the rooks and ravens, as they wheeled in busy circles around the newly-erected battlements of the castle.

Ravenscraig was originally a possession of the Crown, built to lodge royalty, when even for royalty there was no other conveyance across the Firth but only the open barge, and when tide and weather might not be suitable for the voyage. It was given by James III. to Sir William St Clair, Lord of Orkney, in exchange for the principedom of Orkney.

The minstrelsy of Sir Walter Scott has invested this old keep with the poetry of romance, in the ballad of Rosabelle.

“Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.”

A feast was to be held at Roslyn. Young Lindsay was to be there. Rosabelle, who was staying at Ravenscraig, had also set her heart on being present; but all signs portended a storm nigh at hand. Her attendants besought her not “to tempt the stormy Firth.” Her love was, however, stronger than her fears. She sailed, and the barge went down in the storm.

“The sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.”

Lord Henry St Clair accompanied King

James IV. to the fated field of Flodden, with a following from the town and barony of Dysart. From "this sorrowful battell, which was stricken and endit at Flowdene-hill, the nynth day of September, the yeir of God 1513 yeires, and of the regne of James IV. the twentie-fyve yeir," Lord Henry returned not. He fell with his "stout and manlie prince, who not only was the caus of his awin death, but of all his nobilitie and barrones." This "als cruel ane field for on as evir was stricken betwixt Scotland and England," filled the country, from the highest to the humblest, with lamentation and woe.

"The flowers of the forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay."

Yet, by this fell sweep of the King, the nobility, and barons, God was preparing the way for the entrance of the Reformation into Scotland. These men, of middle life and confirmed views, would have withstood and thrown back the Reformed faith; but they were removed. Their heirs and successors were minors for many a long year, and during their minority, the doctrines of the Reformation had a freer course.

Another scion of St Clair, was Oliver St Clair, a favourite of James V. He it was who was elevated, near Lochmaben, on the platform of spears and shields, which was laid on men's shoulders, and proclaimed general of the army. The war was unpopular; for it was called "the priests' war," having been compassed by them to sow dissension betwixt England and Scotland, and thus to prevent the inroads of the Reformation. The general was no less unpopular. The nobility refused to serve under him; and all that he did was to lead his army to flight and disaster at the Solway Moss. It was over his ill-fated name that the King mourned in his last days of "great dollour and lamentation." "Oh, fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? Oh, fled Oliver?" And these words, in his melancholie, and, as it were, caryed away in ane trance, repeated he from tyme to tyme, to the verray hour of his death."

John, Master of St Clair, was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715; but the cause he espoused was against his country's best interests, and the conduct he displayed was not to his own credit. He commanded

the Fife cavalry, and fought, if he did fight at all, on the side of the Pretender. In the Jacobite ballad, entitled "The Marquis of Huntley's Retreat," he is thus satirized:—

"The Master, with the bully's face,
 And with the coward's heart, man,
 Who never fails, to his disgrace,
 To act a traitor's part, man,
 He joined Dunbog,* the greatest knave
 In all the shire of Fife, man;
 He was the first the cause did leave,
 By counsel of his wife, man."

The Master of St Clair fled to the continent, afterwards quitted the rebel cause, was restored to his patrimonial property, and died at his seat in Dysart, November 1750.

Passing westwards from Ravenscraig, the next object of antiquarian interest, which arrests notice, is the Old House of Dunnikier, situated at the head of the path. It bears on its front the date 1692, and the initials J. W. and E. O. These initials represent the names of John Watson, the then Superior of Dunnikier, and of Euphan Orrock, his wife. The es-

* Major Henry Balfour of Dunbog, whose estates were forfeited for his part in the rebellion.

tate had been purchased, about the year 1660, by John Watson, burgess of Burntisland. His name occurs in a list of those who had been fined, in 1684, for refusing to attend the ministrations of the Episcopalian incumbent; thus indicating his firm Presbyterian principle, which chose rather to suffer than to conform. He it was who disposed to the inhabitants, "the possession of a burying-place." In 1689 he bequeathed the estate of Dunnikier to a cousin's son, whose name was John Watson, and whose wife was also a namesake of his own wife—Euphan Orrock; so that the initials indicate two John Watsons and two Euphan Orrocks, who successively occupied this house and possessed the estate.

The name of Dunnikier may be derived from *dun*, a hill, and *ciar*, pronounced keir, dusky, dark brown, and may have thus described the appearance of the hill when it formed part of the farms of Netherton and Overton; or, it may be composed of *dun*, a hill, and the old British word *caer*, a fort, and may thus signify the hill of the fort.

The village of Pathhead, which is feued from the estate of Dunnikier, is directly connected

with the Porteous Mob, one of the strangest episodes in our national history. Andrew Wilson was a native of Pathhead, and a baker by trade. Smuggling was, in his day, very common all along the Fife coast. Merchants and traders, and farmers, all engaged in it. Wilson was a man of more than ordinary bodily strength, and of great resolution, so that he took readily to the daring life of a smuggler. On the 9th January 1736, he and George Robertson, who was an innkeeper at Bristo Port, Edinburgh, had gone to East Anstruther on one of their smuggling expeditions, and had brought two men with them to take care of the goods. After drinking pretty freely in East Anstruther, they set out, all four in company, betwixt 10 and 11 o'clock, to Pittenweem. Here, in Widow Fowler's inn, they had more drink; and having learned that the Collector of Customs, and the Supervisor of Excise, and their clerk, were lodging in the house, Wilson, who had suffered much from the seizures of the revenue officers, formed the mad design of reimbursing himself, by robbing the Collector. Robertson entered as an active accomplice into the robbery, and stationed

himself, with a drawn cutlass, at the foot of the outside stair. The other two men seem to have been passively involved. Wilson took the active part upon himself. He assailed the door of the room in which the Collector slept, and drove a panel out of it. The terrified Collector got out of the window in his night-shirt. Wilson entered, and finding about £200 of money, took possession of it, when all the four again took the road to Anstruther.

Looking at the whole affray, it bears few of the marks of a preconcerted robbery. It looks rather like a reckless adventure, extemporized in a fit of drunkenness. And what confirms this is the fact, that the men took no precautions for their escape and safety. Next morning, Wilson and Robertson were found by a company of soldiers, whom the Supervisor had got hold of, in the house of James Wilson, in bed, and the greater part of the stolen effects with them.

They were seized, and conducted to Edinburgh, where, on March 2, 1736, they were indicted at the instance of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord Advocate, before the High

Court of Justiciary. They were found guilty, and by the then criminal law, which, Draco-like, was written in blood, they were condemned to death. Through the aid of some other prisoners, means were devised for their escape. Spring-saws were conveyed to them, and an opening was made in the stanchioned window. Wilson insisted on going first, and, being a burly man, stuck fast. The result of this failure was to have them secured with double vigilance.

An unlikely occasion was improved with more success. When the unhappy men were conducted to the Tolbooth church, to engage in the death-service, on the Sabbath before the execution, Wilson, watching his opportunity, made a desperate effort to escape. But failing in this, he seized two of the City-guard with his hands, and a third with his teeth, calling out to Robertson, "Run, Geordie! flee for your life!" Robertson, disentangling himself from the fourth, sprang along the tops of the pews; and, as the congregation willingly opened up a way for him, he made his escape.

Wilson was carried back to his now solitary cell, and on Wednesday was placed under the keeping of John Porteous, Captain of the

City-guard, to be conveyed to the place of execution in the Grassmarket. Meanwhile, the sympathy of the city was roused on Wilson's behalf. The crime of smuggling, for which he was to be executed, did not appear a very heinous offence in the eyes of Scotsmen; and "the strict statutes and most biting laws," which applied to it, were regarded as an evil consequence of the Union with England, which was by no means a popular measure with the nation. It was well known that no blood was shed, and even no violence offered to any one, at the Pittenweem robbery; and the generous and successful effort which Wilson made to secure Robertson's escape, had won the hearts of the people. All these things had combined to collect to the Grassmarket a large crowd of persons of all classes; and the mood which pervaded them was one of pity for the sufferer.

It was when the compassion of the crowd had been wound up to its highest intensity, by witnessing the death-struggles of poor Wilson, that an incident occurred, which aroused a very different set of feelings. The executioner was engaged in cutting the body down, when some boys began to pelt him with mud and

stones. The stones had struck some of the City-guard, and Porteous, their captain, when Porteous himself, in a fit of irritation, seized the musket of one of his men, and fired it into the crowd, accompanying his action with an order to his men to fire. The order was obeyed. Four persons were killed. Eleven were dangerously wounded, several of whom afterwards died. The fury of the crowd was roused. The whole city joined in the cry for vengeance.

Porteous was imprisoned, and on the 25th May was tried for murder, inasmuch as his conduct on the day of Wilson's execution was the cause of the death of thirteen innocent persons. He was convicted by the unanimous verdict of the jury, and was condemned to die on the 8th September.

Before the end of August, a letter came down from Government, "respiteing the execution of the sentence" for six weeks. This respite was, in the excited state of the public mind, regarded but as the forerunner of a pardon. And as Porteous was alike the object of fear, from his severities as Captain of the Guard, and of detestation for his loose and

wicked life, no commiseration was felt for him, so as to stem the tide of popular rage. The depth and extent of this was apparent from what followed. A company of resolute men, whose appearance was effectually disguised, assembled outside the city on the night of the 7th September—the eve of the day which had been at first named for Porteous' execution. They entered the city, secured the gates, and, by tuck of drum, roused the inhabitants, summoning them with this call: "Here! all ye who dare avenge innocent blood!" Their following rapidly gathered in every street they passed through. They disarmed the City-guard, and possessed themselves of the arms which the guard-room contained. "To the Tolbooth!" was their next cry. After trying in vain to batter-in the strong door of the prison, they called for fire, and burned out an entrance. They forced their way to Porteous' cell, and, seizing on the wretched man, they carried him to the place of public execution. There at midnight they hanged him over a dyer's pole. And, having executed this act of retribution, the actors separated, and were never afterwards discovered.

The wrath of Government was greatly stirred when they heard of this Porteous' insurrection, and of the determined and systematic way in which it was accomplished. George II. was away in Germany, and Queen Caroline, who acted as Regent, regarded it as a personal offence. Violent measures of punishment were proposed by Government. But they only showed the weakness of Government in the matter; for the conscience of Scotland, uniformly amenable to what is right, judged of the whole case, from Wilson's condemnation to Porteous' death, not by the erring rule of Acts of Parliament, but by the broader standard of natural right, of justice, and of Scripture. The feeling of national independence was evoked, and before it the threatenings of Parliament gradually gave way. Among other irritating measures, was the unwarrantable one, known in ecclesiastical history, as "the Porteous' Act," enjoining ministers, each Sabbath, for a year, to read, before sermon, a proclamation calling upon their hearers to use their exertions for the discovery of the murderers of Captain John Porteous. This Act came direct from the civil authorities, without

being communicated to the church courts; and it enjoined compliance by declaring, "that every minister who should neglect to read this Act should, for the first offence, be deprived of a seat in church judicatures; and, for the second, be declared incapable of holding an ecclesiastical benefice in Scotland; and that these ecclesiastical penalties should be immediately inflicted by the civil courts."

Although none of the judicatures of the Established Church were faithful enough to testify against this unconstitutional violation of their Presbyterian privileges, many of the evangelical ministers felt aggrieved, and did not read it. The ministers, who were in a state of Secession, rejoiced in the freedom which their separation from the Established Church gave them, and saw, in the tame submission of the church courts, another evidence of backsliding and unfaithfulness. The reader of the Acts of the Secession Church, will meet with frequent allusions to the Porteous' Act.

The "Porteous Mob" has been illustrated by the painting of Drummond; and Sir Walter Scott has, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," invested it with an enduring interest.

The reason of this long but interesting narrative is the fact, that Pathhead was the birth-place and burial-place of Andrew Wilson, with whom the Porteous Mob originated; for his relatives claimed his body, and buried it in their own sepulchre.

In the days of Adam Smith, Pathhead was a village of nailers. To almost every house there was connected a small soot-begrimed smithy, where, from morn to night, was heard the harmonious tinkling of the hammer on the tiny forge, making good the daily tale of nails. Thither in his saunterings Adam Smith was wont to walk; and from the nailers of Pathhead, the great political philosopher gathered such lessons as the following, which, in his "Wealth of Nations," he has made valuable to the world. In the chapter on "The Division of Labour," he writes,—“A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if, upon some particular occasion, he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and these, too, very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but

whose sole, or principal business, has not been that of a nailer, can seldom, with his utmost diligence, make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys, under twenty years of age, who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves; could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day."

Wemyss.

THE language of the common people is oftentimes conservative of the meaning of a place. It is so in the case of Wemyss. In the language of the district, Wemyss is generally spoken of as "the Weems."

The marked peculiarity of the parish is the succession of red sandstone caves, which line the sea-coast. It was this natural feature which struck the eye of the Celt, and he named the place from this. *Uaim*, in Gaelic, means a cave. In old English it is *Weim*. Latterly it passed into *Weem*. Its present form is *Wemyss*.

Recent visits of geologists and antiquarians have awakened interest in the formation and history of these caves. Sea-scooped they evidently are. When did the sea, rolling up the shingly beach, reach these rocks at every tide, and with its soft wave hollow out these caves for itself?

Some geologists, with that profusion of centuries which they seem to have at command,

throw back the formation of these caves to an indefinitely remote period. They represent the recession of the sea as being long anterior to Julius Cæsar's visit to Britain. Others assign to them a much more recent age. It was the opinion of the late Professor Fleming, who had visited them, and whose attention was arrested by them, that it was not by a gradual receding of the sea, or by a gradual elevation of the land, that the caves and the sea were separated, but by the action of such high tides as Boece mentions to have occurred in 1266, when both the Tay and the Forth were thrown high above their ordinary channels. The ground which now separates the caves from the sea, Fleming regarded as a sea-beach thrown up by one of these inundations. Instead of being the silent work of centuries, it might have been accomplished by one mighty flood in a single day.

Wordsworth sings truly—

“Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.”

And one does breathe with a sense of relief, when, instead of being bewildered by the action

of innumerable centuries, we have a common-sense cause assigned which we can estimate. The awful disasters which occurred in 1868, in the West Indies, and in the Sandwich island of Hawaii, have made us acquainted with the instantaneous and stupendous changes which the tidal wave can effect in four-and-twenty hours.

The recent explorations of Professor Sir J. Y. Simpson, have connected a new curiosity with these caves. He has discovered various figures sculptured on their sides, and any one, with the aid of a lighted candle, can verify the correctness of the description and representation which the Professor has given of them. The questions which naturally arise to every mind are, When and by whom were these figures sculptured. On this subject Sir James observes a most philosophic reserve, offering no explanation of what he so minutely records.

It occurred to the writer, when visiting the caves lately, as something worthy of note, that no sculptured figures have been discovered in the Castle Cave. In itself this cave is as well adapted for receiving these sculpturings as any of the rest; yet it is destitute of them. And if so, why so? Was it because the cave was

guarded by the castle, and by the still existing barbican? If this is accepted as the reason, then does it conduct to the conclusion, that the sculptures in the other caves were subsequent to the age of the castle. The pictorialists, who scratched the figures, had access to the other caves, while they were shut out from the Castle Cave. If this fact is accepted as a principle of interpretation, it will greatly reduce the antiquity of these rude carvings.

Doubtless, these caves have witnessed many very different tenants. The Scandinavian sea-rover may have found refuge here, and so may the reckless smuggler and the wandering tinker; and tradition says, that James V., in his search of adventure, spent a night in the Court Cave.

Are these stone-carvings symbolical? We have often fancied that the commonest of all of them—the spectacle-figure, with its two circles and connecting link—may have represented the two eternities, with time as intermediate,—a vision of Mirza cut in stone. Or, are they tribe marks? Or, are they only the passing amusement of the scratcher's leisure hour—the imitation of what is elsewhere seen on standing stones?

Leaving these questions to the professed antiquarian, as subjects too deep for us to deal with, we gladly escape from the unsavoury atmosphere of the caves, to the bright air of heaven, and to surface things, which are known and read of all men.

The principal object of interest which meets the eye from all points, is the red-stone, square-towered, ruined castle. "This castle has a pleasant seat." From its sea-braes it surveys the Firth from Edinburgh to the Bass, and, landward, looks upon the Lomond Hills and Largo Law, until again the view meets the Firth in the sand-circle of Largo Bay, and in the green point of Ruddon.

Local tradition is, in a general way, tenacious of the truth, and tradition has assigned to this castle the name of MacDuff's Castle. No one thinks that these same walls have stood since the eleventh century, when MacDuff drew his sword against Macbeth, and discomfited him at Lumphanan; but on this very site MacDuff's castle may have stood. His castle may have been the predecessor of the present one. Here the Thane of Fife may have dwelt, doubly provided against danger; the strength of the wall,

protecting him against surprisals from the land side, and the sea-cave, connected, with the castle by a secret passage, and opening out to the Firth, allowing entrance and egress with every tide.

Whatever genius touches, it renders illustrious. In the tragedy of Macbeth, Shakespeare has thrown a spell over Fife, over MacDuff and the Castle of MacDuff. This part of the country, and these red ruins, are thus invested with a world-wide charm; and travellers from other and very different lands, gaze upon them with feelings of classic interest.

Two memorials of MacDuff are preserved in Wemyss Castle. The one is a painting of the Thane in a yellow jerkin. Sandy locks and gentle features, give to the picture an air, which we might suppose to belong to "the good MacDuff." The other is an arm-chair made of oak, with part of the back moveable by hinges, so that when thrown down, it forms a table, or when thrown back, it answers the part of a modern fire-screen.

"The strength" of this old and now ruinous castle would, in the days of its prime, "laugh a siege to scorn." Bows and arrows, and cata-

pults could have made but small impression on it; but it is forced to acknowledge even the reverberation of modern artillery. The Volunteer artillery corps have, unfortunately, selected an adjoining knoll for practice, and the sound of the heavy guns, caught by the hollow caves, is bringing down part of the roof and portions of the strong masonry of the castle.

Equally prominent towards the west is Wemyss Castle. A close relationship unites MacDuff's Castle and Wemyss Castle, for the house of Wemyss is a scion of the house of MacDuff. The lineage runs thus. Gillimichael MacDuff, was the fourth in descent from the great MacDuff. Gillimichael's second son was Hugo. Hugo's son was a man of great size and enterprise, and got the name of *Jahn Moran Uaim*—Great John of the Caves. From this Great John of the Caves the Wemyss family derive their name and descent.

Wemyss Castle is itself a memorial of the past. Even an inexperienced eye can easily detect the original portion of the building, in the round towers and connecting wall and projecting corbels which lie to the east. This part of the castle must be very old. It may have

been inhabited by the great John himself. The various styles and subsequent additions are readily traced.

Here dwelt for many generations the Lairds and Lords of Wemyss, fulfilling each in his own day his work, and then retiring into the catacombs of oblivion. Some accomplished high work, such as Michael de Wemyss, who was associated in 1290 with Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, in the honourable mission of bringing home from Norway the grand-daughter of Alexander III. Some accomplished useful work, Sir David Wemyss, whose sagacious and mild portrait is preserved in the castle, arrayed in his fur-lined toga and high conical hat, and who busied himself in doing good to his Barony Burgh of West Wemyss—improving its harbour and building its town-house. Others, again, mistook their calling and the signs of the times, like Sir John Wemyss, who joined with Mary of Guise and her French soldiers, against the Protestant religion; while we have David, the first Earl of Wemyss, retrieving the honour of the house, and testifying his own enlightened patriotism and Christian principle, by affixing his name to the National Covenant

of Scotland. His name is written in a large, bold character, and is prominent among the names of the chief nobility "which are written in this writing of Israel."

It is one life-incident in the history of Queen Mary, which imparts its chief interest to the castle and "place of Weems." Here it was where Mary first saw Darnley. The Queen was making her first progress through Fife, and on a February day in 1565, she rode along from Lundie to Weems. The royal cavalcade reached the castle by the coast-road, and among the company who welcomed Mary, as she rode up by the eastern approach, was Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley. First impressions were favourable and abiding. "The Queen took well to him," writes Sir James Melville, "and said that he was the properest and best-proportioned long man that ever she had seen, for he was of a high stature, long and small, even and straight."

The castle is well pleased not to forget its connection with Mary, for outside, a rude medallion figure, with a Queen Mary cap, is placed over the built-up door by which, probably, she entered. Inside, the picture-gallery contains one of the finest and most truth-like

paintings of Queen Mary, which is anywhere to be found. It bears the date of 1566, and represents her in a red, quilted, close-fitting jacket, with an up-standing collar, surmounted by a frill. Her countenance is very beautiful. The lips are full, while the mouth is small; the eye is mild and expressive; the features are regular, and sharply defined; the complexion has the bloom of youth; the hair is black and glossy, and one of her own becoming caps rests on it. There is an air of unforced grace about it. It is just the kind of likeness, which a person of average fancy, would accept as descriptive of the beautiful Mary. A similar painting is at Naughton. It is evidently a copy from this, but the rendering is much inferior. Close by the oil-painting of Queen Mary, hangs the portrait of Darnley—"yonder long lad," as Queen Elizabeth designated him. It also bears the date of 1566. Darnley had not then reached his twentieth year, and he appears, as a contemporary speaks of him, "handsome, beardless, and lady-faced." It bears the look of one irresolute in purpose, and subject to sulky humours.

Not far apart is their son's (James VI.) like-

ness. The Scottish Solomon must have been near middle life when this painting was taken, and looks rather as the father, than the son, of Mary and Darnley. "Chief of the little soul," there he stands, surrounded with an air of pedantry, which contrasts strangely with the sceptre which he holds in his hand, and with the ball and the crown, which lie near him. Author of king-craft, and hater of Presbytery, thou didst inaugurate a policy which brought troubles to the land and ruin to thy race!

No one can help noticing how unlike in feature James VI. is either to Mary or Darnley. The Stuart look, which disappears completely in him, is as strikingly restored in his son, Charles I. Turn into the adjoining room, and there you will find a painting of Charles, and, not far off, one of his son, Charles II. Even in the profligate Charles II. you can trace the remains of the Stuart likeness.

Closely associated with these Stuart Charleses I. and II., is the Duke of Lauderdale, whose appearance, associated with the Countess of Dysart, who became at last the Duchess of Lauderdale, Sir Peter Lely has preserved in a

beautifully-finished painting, which hangs in the dining-room, above the mantel-piece.

It is with perplexed and sorely-distressed feelings a Presbyterian looks upon that heavy, coarse-featured, dark-complexioned countenance. He reads in it a sad history. No young nobleman started more promisingly. At his first outset he took rank among "Scotland's prime nobles." He was honoured by his country; he was trusted by the Church. While yet a youth, he was sent as one of the Commissioners to the Westminster Assembly in 1643. Thus does Baillie mention him:—"I think it reasonable and necessarie that, come who will, Maitland (Lauderdale) should be adjoined to them. Forget not this, for if this be neglected it would be ane injurie and disgrace to a youth that brings, by his noble carriage, credit to our nation and help to our cause." But the early dawn, which was like a morning without clouds, was succeeded by a glaring, scorching noonday, and a disastrous sundown. He forsook his first faith; for we have Bishop Burnet's authority "that in his long imprisonment he had great impressions of religion on his mind." He attached himself to Charles II.,

abetting him in his high-handed persecution, and imitating him in his voluptuousness. The gold had become dim. This painting represents him in the height of his glory. All that the art of Sir Peter Lely could do for him, is done for him here. It softens his defects; for Burnet says of him, "he made a very ill appearance." Then, he had attained what no Maitland had before or since enjoyed—the title of Duke; and in the name of Charles he managed the affairs of Scotland. And what was the result of all? A name distinguished by a bad pre-eminence; for this was the classification which the language of his times has preserved,—“A Charles on the throne, a Lauderdale in the state, a M'Kenzie at the bar, a Jeffries on the bench, a Dalziel in the army, and a Sharp in the church.”

The mention of the Duke of Lauderdale leads us away from the Castle of Wemyss to the village of Easter Wemyss, to contemplate George Gillespie, who was a contemporary of Lauderdale, who was well known to him as a fellow-commissioner to the Westminster Assembly, and whose life and death were in all points the reverse of the Duke's. This village

of Easter Wemyss, nestling so secludedly in its sheltered nook, has the distinguished honour of having been the scene of the early ministry of George Gillespie. On the 26th April 1638, was he ordained over this parish. By two memorable circumstances was this ordination attended. It was the first that was solemnized for many years by the Presbytery, without the intervention of a Bishop. "He was admitted to the Kirk of Weems, maugre St Andrew's beard, by the Presbytrie." Another noticeable incident was, that the distinguished Robert Douglass, then minister of Kirkcaldy, was the Presbyter who presided at the ordination. East Wemyss thus became to George Gillespie what Leuchars had been to Alexander Henderson. It was the place where his opening powers were nursed. Here, in the quiet seclusion of his manse, and by the sea-beach, he read, and meditated, and prayed, surveying calmly, in their first beginnings, and in their great leading principles, those questions which were to shake to their foundations both Church and State. Here, too, the fresh, green spring-time of his life was given to the preaching of the Gospel, and to the cares of the pastorate.

But these quiet home duties were of short duration. George Gillespie was early thrust forward to the front. He had been known, while yet a tutor in the Earl of Cassil's family, and only twenty-four years of age, as the author of "A Dispute against the English Popish Ceremonies obtruded on the Church of Scotland,"—a book as seasonable in our day of ritualism as it was 200 years ago. This led to his being chosen to preach before the memorable General Assembly, which met in Glasgow, November 1638. "In his sermon," writes Baillie, "the youth, very learnedly and judiciously, as they say, handled the words, 'The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord.'" Thereafter we find him acting as chaplain to the army of the Covenanters, and as Commissioner from the Church of Scotland to the Westminster Assembly. For the space of four years he was minister of Weems, though, for the greater portion of that time, he was in London, in attendance on the Westminster Assembly. In 1642 he was translated to Edinburgh, Old Greyfriars' Church; and, after serving as five years as minister of that congregation, he was chosen, in 1647, to succeed

Mr Alexander Henderson, in the High Church. Here his active labours were short, for he died 17th December 1648, aged thirty-six, and in the eleventh year of his ministry.

It is a good thing when the life-lessons of a great man, instead of being diffused over volumes, can be gathered up into a few portable sentences, and thus infused into the sentiments of a people. This is the case with George Gillespie. A summary can be supplied in a page or two. He was the child of prayer. When an infant, his father would take him up in his arms, and, regarding him with fondness, would say, "Many a brave promise have I got for you, my boy." His father's prayers were the early dew which nursed this olive plant.

Another great principle, which himself gathered from his life, and which he enunciated on his death-bed, was this, "Let no one mistrust God for help, when God, in providence, calls the person to do anything for Him." This saying was the fruit of his experience at the Westminster General Assembly. When he uttered it, he had in view that memorable reply which he made to the learned Selden, in defence of Christ's Church as an institute of God, diverse

from the civil powers, and which, instead of being governed by politicians, on the principles of political economy, is subject to Christ alone, and to be governed entirely by the principles which Christ has laid down in His Word. The learned Selden had overwhelmed and perplexed the Assembly by the numerous authorities he quoted, and by his special pleading. George Gillespie was seen to be writing during Selden's address. A brother said to him, "Rise, George, and defend the right of your Redeemer to govern the Church which He purchased with His blood." Gillespie arose, and the effect of his speech may be best judged of by the remark which Selden himself made:—"That young man," said he, "by his single speech, has swept away the labour and the learning of ten years of my life." When Gillespie's note-book was examined for the jottings of Selden's speech, the only marking which it contained was the prayer, "Da lucem, Domine"—"Give light, O Lord."

Another Westminster Assembly incident may be given in confirmation of the remark, that God's help is always forthcoming to those who, in providence, are called to any work. The

Committee of Divines, who were appointed to draw up the Shorter Catechism, were non-plussed by the question, "What is God?" Gillespie was asked to pray for guidance in the treatment of this great question. He began his prayer by addressing God "as a spirit infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." The Committee were struck with the terms of the address, and at once accepted them as the best definition which could be given of the nature of God.

Thus will it be always found that prayer is the best teacher and test of theology.

In this connection we may record another life-lesson of Gillespie. When asked on his death-bed, by two ministers regarding his experience as a minister, this quick-witted and ardent student answered, "I have little experience of the ministry, having been in it only nine years; but I can say, that I have got more assistance in the work of preaching from prayer than study, and much more help from the assistance of the Spirit than from books."

Gillespie's distrust of himself is also most instructive. He wrote and spoke much both

against malignants and sectaries; but instead of looking upon himself as proof against these false courses, he said, "he was afraid that God might leave him to fall in with their ways, and that it was to God alone he looked for upholding."

To the troubled experience of this good man, on his death-bed, as well as to his clear-sightedness, we are indebted for another utterance, which has brought light and comfort to many a struggling spirit. "Let us," said he, "cleave to God with the faith of adherence, when we are deprived of the comforts of assurance." Whether it was owing to the sinking of exhausted nature, when, under the rapid decays of consumption, his flesh and heart fainted and failed him, or whether it was owing to the restlessness of his own metaphysical mind, ever analyzing its own actings, and ever dissatisfied with them, the fact is sure, that Gillespie did not enjoy that sweet composure and recumbency which simple faith begets. Hence, he himself was thrown back on the faith of adherence, and to that he was made to cling. "I would not desire a more noble life," he said, "than the life of pure and single dependence upon God."

Samuel Rutherford, in St Andrews, heard that George Gillespie had been brought to Kirkcaldy in great weakness, and that he was laid down on what was likely to be his death-bed. Rutherford knew the heart of a stranger, and had learned of his Master to speak a word in season to him that is weary ; and he wrote him. The letter is dated St Andrews, 27th September 1648. Here are a few sentences from it :—

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot speak to you. The way ye know ; the passage is free, and not stopped ; the print of the footsteps of the forerunner is clear and manifest. Ye will not sleep long in the dust before the day break. It is a far shorter piece of the hinder end of the night to you than to Abraham and Moses.

“Be not heavy ; the life of faith is now called for. Doing was never reckoned in your accounts (though Christ, in and by you, hath done more than by twenty—yea, an hundred—gray-haired and godly pastors) ; believing now is your last. Look to that word, ‘Nevertheless, I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ Ye know the *I* that liveth, and the *I* that liveth not. It is not single ye that liveth ; it is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Christ

in you. If ye look to yourself as divided from Christ, ye must be more than heavy. All your wants, dear brother, be upon Him. Stand not upon items, and small or little sanctification. Ye know that inherent holiness must stand by, when imputed is all.

“I fear the clay house is a taking down. Look to the east, the dawning of the glory is near. Your guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles, and the ups and downs in the way. Some travellers see the city twenty miles off, and at a distance; and yet, within the eighth part of a mile they cannot see it. Let Christ tutor you as He thinketh good. Want is an excellent qualification; and ‘no money, no price,’ to you (who, I know, dare not glory in your own righteousness) is fitness warrantable enough to cast yourself upon Him who justifieth the ungodly.”

Thus wrote Rutherford to the dying Gillespie. None ever knew how to touch the springs of faith and of Christian feeling like these Covenanter divines.

A likeness of George Gillespie, the only one known to exist, has been procured through the Rev. George F. Knight, of East Wemyss, to

whom, in many ways, the author acknowledges his great indebtedness. The likeness has been taken from a painting belonging to the late Mrs Sibbald, who had bought it at a furniture sale of an old residenter in Wemyss, on the assurance that it was a genuine portrait of Gillespie. By her bequest the painting has been left to the Free Church College in Edinburgh. The autograph signature was kindly supplied by Dr Laing, of the Signet Library.

These notices of the godly and learned George Gillespie, may be concluded not inopportunately, by mentioning the fact, that as the Free Church is the lineal representative of the principles and faith which Gillespie advocated, so the Free Church buildings have this additional bond of association with him, that they stand on what was part of the glebe when Gillespie was minister here.

-From 1696 to 1699, there was a youth, little and spare in person, of a sprightly countenance and a springy step, whose appearance was well known in the parish of Wemyss. When, some years after, he was known throughout Scotland as the godly and learned Halyburton, the villagers recalled with pride the remembrance

of him, and were accustomed to say, "We kent him weel when he was chaplain at the Castle." Young Halyburton was the son of a faithful minister, who, in 1662, was ejected from the parish of Dupplin. He had found a refuge with his mother in Holland, and had attended the Erasmus School at Rotterdam. He was twenty-two years of age, and a student of divinity, when he came to Wemyss Castle to act as chaplain. Here he passed through deep and sifting experiences; and if, as Carlyle phrases it, "each man's life is a strange emblem of every man's," the recorded exercises of these years cannot fail to interest and benefit the careful reader. To him that studies this portion of Halyburton's life, as himself has pictured it, the Castle of Wemyss, and its grounds, and the whole neighbourhood, will be invested with an interest which, to thoughtful minds, is always "the welcomest."

Briefly to indicate it. It was in this Castle of Wemyss that he felt the desolateness of a stranger's heart. It was his first real separation from his mother's house—his first setting out in the world. "When I came to the Wemyss, August 1696, a stranger among

strangers, and persons of considerable quality, by my natural bashfulness, the consciousness of my auditors, the publicity of the appearance I was obliged to make, to which, formerly, I had not been accustomed, my want of breeding, and the like, I was, for a time, in a very great strait, forced to retiredness, and to petition for help how to carry. The Lord did not fail me in my strait, but helped so far as was necessary to maintain the respect due to the station I was in, and to obtain kindness."

Here he encountered the conflict with infidelity and atheism, which most earnest minds have to pass through. The great concern terminated in the great change. When he came to Wemyss, he was seeking that principedom over the kingdom of thought which he expected philosophy to give. "I had studied philosophy," he says, "three years. I was tickled with it, and somewhat puffed up with what progress I had made. But now the truth of religion, and the divinity of the Scriptures, and the most important doctrines delivered in them, Deism assailed. Its words ate as a canker into his soul. He was defenceless, for he tells us, "he was neither notionally in-

structed in the grounds whereon the Scripture is received, nor acquainted practically with its power." It was a time of grievous disquietment. "By the extremity of this anguish, I was for some time (about the close of 1697 and beginning of 1698) dreadfully cast down. I was weary of my life."

God's method of deliverance was, what it almost universally is, not a theoretical, but a practical dealing with the subject. It was not so much an intellectual, as an experimental and heart solution. The chapters in his Memoirs, in which he retails what he passed through, are full of intense interest, and disclose an insight into the far-reaching spiritual principles which underlie the simple statements of Scripture, compared with which, the speculations and disquisitions of the modern pulpit are but spray and moonshine.

Many of his utterances, when he was pressed above measure, are most affecting: "I had heart to nothing," he says; "I was laid aside from my studies, and could not read, unless that sometimes I read the Scriptures, or some other practical book. I had no friend to whom I could with freedom, and any prospect of

satisfaction, impart my mind. Most of the converse I had, was with such as helped forward my trouble. I wished often that I had been in other circumstances, and had been bred to the plough, or some such employment."

But the outgate came. "I cannot be very positive about the day or hour of this deliverance, nor can I satisfy many other questions about the way and manner of it. But this is of no consequence, if the work is in substance sound. However, it was toward the close of January, or the beginning of February 1698, that this seasonable relief came; and, so far as I can remember, I was at secret prayer in very great extremity, not far from despair, when the Lord seasonably stepped in and gave this merciful turn to affairs; 'When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercy held me up!'"

While at Wemyss Castle, Mr Halyburton was sent forth by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy to preach the gospel. If by any one it could be said, in the full force and meaning of the word, that he was moved by the Holy Ghost to seek the ministry of the gospel, it could be said of Mr Halyburton. But the Holy

Ghost is not the Head of the Church. The inward movements of the Holy Ghost will always be found in harmony with the outward order of the Church, which Christ, the Head of the Church, has ordained, and with the conspiring movement of God's providence. By the exercise of soul through which he had passed, his design was broken of following the study of philosophy, which, for a while, did rival it with the study of divinity. His heart was engaged to the knowledge of Christ and Him crucified. And while, like Peter, he was pondering these things, the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy sent two of its members in May 1698, to urge him to enter on trial. Friends pressed him to the work, among whom was Mr Riddel, minister of Wemyss, Principal Forrester of St Mary's, and, chiefly, worthy Mr Shiels of St Andrews, author of the "Hind let Loose," "who did urge me with that gravity and concern, that had more weight on my spirit than all that had been spoken to me." On June 22, 1699, faithful men committed the ministry of the gospel to Thomas Halyburton, whose career, though short, secured for him a high place in the

roll of great preachers and faithful ministers of Jesus Christ.

One other event, and that of a tragical kind, falls to be mentioned in connection with Wemyss castle. Lady Anna Elcho, daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, and wife of David, third Earl of Wemyss, had risen in a cold February morning, betwixt five and six, in the year 1700, and was engaged in secret prayer, when a spark from the fire fell upon her, and in a moment she was in a flame. She ran to the next room, where her maid was, and by her help and that of the under-butler, the flames were got under. But the fire had done its work. She lingered a few days in great suffering. It was during this time of excruciating pain, that she uttered the sayings which have been preserved. She had witnessed, for the first time, the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in Kirkealdy, according to the Presbyterian form, and was deeply affected by it. When Mr Wardrop, minister of Kirkealdy, whom she sent for, came to see her, the remembrance of the sacrament came up first to her thoughts. "I designed to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the first time

the Lord should give me occasion and opportunity, but God has disappointed me. It was long ere I came to it, but now I die in the faith that the Presbyterian Church is the true Church of God. Mind my Lord (Lord Elcho was absent from home at the time of the accident) to educate the children under the strictest Presbyterianism. I deserve this punishment for my sins, yet I was on my knees when I got it. But I hope to be pardoned for the merit of Jesus Christ."

Mr Halyburton was sent for by her, and he arrived on the 14th. To him she said at different times, "How much an interest in Christ would be worth to me now! Lord, I am a lost sinner; seek me and find me! Tell my Lord Elcho that it is a hard thing to die well. Tell my Lord Elcho that I command that the salt-pans go no more on the Sabbath-day." Again she asks, "Will Christ never come to such an one as I am?" To this Mr Halyburton replied, "If you are willing to come to Him, He is willing to come to you. To this she answered, with great fervency, "Oh, I fly, I fly, I fly!" At an after time, what she desired was granted with assurance. With a

great deal of tenderness and affection she was enabled to testify, "Oh, He is come in the twinkling of an eye, He is come!" Her prayers were copious, special, and full of faith. They related to her own spiritual condition, and the fulness, suitableness, and efficacy of Christ's salvation. She prayed for her family, casting her children on the Lord, and begged for her absent husband, that the Lord would enable him to devote himself and his family to God, and to be an exemplary pattern in his station and generation; and, if the Lord should give him another yokefellow, she prayed that she might be of more use to him in engaging him to God's ways, than she had been. She asked Mr Halyburton, "Is there anything more I should order?" He replied, "I think, indeed, the greatest part of your work is done." Whereupon she said, "I would not come back again into a vain world for millions, tripled millions." Words are weighty when they come from under the shadow of an eternal world. Lady Elcho died on Wednesday, 22d February 1700.

In passing East Wemyss, we are reminded that Mr William Tullideph was translated from

the ministry of the parish to be Principal of St Leonard's, St Andrews, in 1691.

Another suggestive item of intelligence presents itself in this fact, that it was these new spinning mills in East Wemyss, that lately supplied the contract of linen for clothing the Pasha of Egypt's troops. Egypt's fine linen used to be one of Tyre's standing exports. Now it is this retired Scottish village, that supplies Egypt itself. The shadow has gone back on the dial-plate. Progress will ever be found in connection with the Gospel of Christ.



Buckhaven.

APPROACHING Buckhaven from East Wemyss, the appearance of the village is very pleasing. There is a combination of whitened wall, red roof, of level sea, of houses clustering on the cliffs, and of the masts of fishing-boats overtopping the walls of the harbour. The harbour itself has a grace of its own. It was engineered by an officer of marines, and has a naval-forti-

fication look about it, as seen from the west. Every Buckhaven man is proud of it. If you meet a fisherman and say to him, "A fine harbour yours!" "Yes, sir," he will promptly reply, taking his pipe out of his mouth; "it is the best harbour on the coast. You can take it in any wind. No weather can keep you out."

Shelving rocks stretch out from the village shore away into the depths of the Forth. When the tide makes or ebbs, there is a constant commotion, and the sound of the waves. In a storm, the swell and roar of the breakers, as they tumble in over these skerries, is very awful. It is probably from this that the place receives its name. *Buc* or *beuc* in Gaelic, signifies to yell, to roar. The large shell in which the sea is heard sounding is also called *buckie*. To make this more evident, the English explanatory epithet is often added, and it is styled, *the roaring buckie*. This haven or harbour, may thus have been called Buckhaven, or the stormy, raging harbour. And the significance of the epithet is more appreciated, when one knows that *the haven* is not where the present harbour is, but is situated among the rocks which front the centre of the town. We

meet with the same word in Buckie, in Banffshire, and it is the same loud roar of the violent sea along that coast, which also originated the name there.

The crew of 'the Netherlands vessel, which was wrecked here in the reign of James IV., somewhere in the early years of 1500, might well connect the place with the sound of the surge, which drove them on the rocks. They found, however, a harbour of safety, and, unwilling to trust themselves again to the faithless sea, they applied to the superior for feus for cottages. The presence of these foreigners gave to Buckhaven its being and character. They brought with them the solid qualities of their countrymen—industry, steadiness, and sobriety; and they have prospered. The boast which was made regarding the reign of Henry IV. of France, that then every Frenchman had a fowl for his pot, has been substantially fulfilled for 300 years in Buckhaven. They have been a well-to-do population, and can well afford to smile at the little pleasantries with which they have been lampooned in the chap literature of former times. Any one can see, in the rows of clinker-built boats, which lie

high on the shore, awaiting the herring-fishing, or in the smaller craft, with their erected masts, in the harbour, ready to go out with the morning tide for haddock-fishing, and in the assuring names of "Enterprise," "Accord," "Amity," which they have affixed to their boats, indications of the worth and industrious ways which attach to this people.

But in other things than the names affixed to their boats, we may read the true-heartedness and simple faith of the population. The attachments which end in marriage are almost always formed at school, and to these attachments they are leal and true. Here the high-toned feeling of the old Scotch song meets with a general and literal response,—

" I lo'e na a laddie but ane,
He lo'es na a lassie but me ;
He's willin' to mak' me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.

While this constancy of affection is creditable to the young, a spirit of honourable independence characterises the old. Scarcely ever has the Poor Board been burdened with the maintenance of a Buckhaven fisherman.

In the houses, both outside an inside, we see

how unchanging fishers' tastes are. Most of their houses are two-storeyed; they have the outer stair, with its stone ledgings, and they are planted in the most picturesque confusion, as close by the sea as they can stand. Internally they are all after one pattern, from the style and pattern of the bed-curtains to the rows of jugs on the wall.

But the College of Buckhaven, what of it? Its name and site are still known. To the east of the village, and retired from the main road by a few feet, with a gateway formed of whales' bones, stands a two-storeyed house. This house still retains the name of "The College." In other towns and villages of Fife, you meet with buildings which were dignified with the high-sounding title of "The College." Probably they were schools of a higher grade, where two or three branches of learning were taught. Whether this was the case with Buckhaven or no, one thing is certain, that in this house, for many years, was held the chief, if not the only school, in Buckhaven.

Very likely the title of "The College" of Buckhaven was assumed by the satirist to give pungency to his ludicrous representation. And

the writer gained his end. The history of Wise Willie and Witty Eppie, was hawked through almost every part of Scotland, and became part of the familiar literature of the cottage. The present inhabitants have the good sense to laugh at the whole affair ; but the following quotation will show how any allusion to it was resented by a former generation :—

“I had heard of a pamphlet,” writes Mr Hall, “which sells for a penny, describing the village of Buckhaven, and the manners, customs, and notions of its inhabitants. I wished to see it, and told the landlord of the inn that I would, as he had it not himself, pay him well if he could get me a sight of it. I heard no more of it till an hour after, when, as I was mounting my horse, I saw a number of savage-looking men and women gathering around me, demanding who and what I was. In order to get the pamphlet, my hostess had set the bell through the town, offering a shilling for the book ; and as it represents them in a ludicrous point of view, and they think nobody reads it but with a view to laugh at them, they had determined to give me a drubbing. The truth is, I was obliged to stop ; and it required all my address,

as well as the aid of my purse, to get of with a whole head, which I at length effected by distributing money among their children, and giving them plenty of porter."

One who was a young alumnus of the College,—for he was born within its walls,—supplies this account of its later history. It came, seventy or eighty years ago, into the possession of a sailor, who engaged in smuggling. The smuggled goods were concealed on the premises; and the gin, which was a principal article, often gave rise to drunken brawls. In one of these, the sailor's wife, whose name was Maillie, met with her death. Thereafter, her ghost haunted the spot. It became a dreaded place; and, instead of passing it in the dark, many, both old and young, within the last thirty years, preferred giving it a wide offing, by going down along the sands.

The ecclesiastical history proper to Buckhaven is of recent date. It begins about 1792, is entirely of a Secession character, and gathers around its first minister. This was the Rev. Mr Telford, whose primitive simplicity of character and Christian kindness of nature, obtained for him the honoured appellation, of *the Apostle of*

Buckhaven. The church, which stands in the Links, was built for him. The originators of the congregation contributed not only of their means—they also gave their labour to its erection; for all the stones were quarried by the fishermen from the sea-rock known as “the Braid Hill,” and conveyed by them in wheelbarrows.

Mr Telford’s ministerial experiences were often of an uncommon kind. A fisherman waited on him for baptism to his child. When asked how many commandments there were, the man replied, “Twelve.” The baptism was delayed until his Christian intelligence was improved. On his way home, he met with a fellow-fisherman, who was going to the manse on the same errand. The rejected applicant tried his acquaintance with the question which had stumbled himself, and asked “how many commandments there were?” His friend unhesitatingly answered, “Ten.” “Ye needna gae farrer,” was the confident reply: “he wadna tak’ my dozen; and I’m sure he’ll no tak’ your ten.”

Methil.

PASSING along by the boulder-strewed shore, we reach Methil. From an old charter, granted by John Boswell of Balmuto, it appears that Methkill was the original name of a large property here, which, in conjunction with Cambron, or, as it is now called, Cameron, was transferred to John of Wemyss. "Omnes terras meas de Nether Cambron et de Methkill." The name was likely derived from the Culdee cell or church whose site is still preserved by the little burying-ground which stands conspicuously on the slope of Methil Hill. From this Culdee church, Methil Mains, Methilhill, and Methil, have derived their names—for Methkill is easily changed into Methhil; and, if any additional evidence was wanted to support this conjecture, we have it in the English name of Kirkland, which is close at hand.

When alluding to the derivation of names, we may notice, in passing, that Cambron, which, in popular language, has been transformed into Cameron, may be derived from the two Gaelic words, *cam*, a crook or bend, and *bron*, mourn-

ing or murmuring, and is descriptive of the bend which the Leven takes here, and of its murmuring sound. A little to the west of this, the Lochty and the Ore, and other smaller streams, have joined their waters. The foam-speckled current thus formed, falls, a little farther on, into the Leven. The Leven, thus largely increased, bends towards the south, and flowing over a stony bed, like an instrument of varied strings, emits a continued and mournful murmuring. Here we have both the bend and the mournful music of the waters—the *cam* and the *bron*. Hence the beautiful and expressive Celtic name Cambron, which unthinking provincialism has debased into Cameron.

The seaside village of Methil is but a dingy and decaying place. And yet one bright incident in its history sheds an honourable lustre upon it. About one hundred years ago, a planter, having made his fortune in the West Indies, returned home, bringing a negro servant with him, and resided in the neighbourhood of Methil. Here the negro was instructed, embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized by the Rev. Harry Spens, minister of the

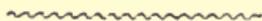
parish, assuming the name of David Spens. His master, some time after, was desirous to have him returned to the West Indies, and there transferred as a slave to another master. David Spens was apprized of this; and, having tasted the sweets of liberty, he revolted against the thoughts of being again reduced to slavery. The sympathy of his neighbours at Methil, and of the whole parish of Wemyss, gathered round the poor negro. They made his cause their own; and, collecting the money which was needed, engaged able counsel to defend him in the Court of Session. The case was pled in 1770. Meanwhile, the retired planter died, the case dropped, and Spens retained his freedom.

Cowper has nobly sung,—

“ We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed,
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing.”

It was in 1784 that Cowper penned these stirring lines. But the inhabitants of Methil

had anticipated the poet. It was in 1770 that they had taken up Spens' case, and had thus, fourteen years before the poet sang, embodied in fact his lofty strains. If the poetry of song is good, surely the poetry of action is better. And this honour is due to the people of Methil.



Dubbieside.

It would be a good thing if etymology could rescue this pleasant village, with its beautiful links, from the corrupted name of Dubbieside, which, to a Scotch ear, is suggestive only of puddles, and ditch-water, and mire.

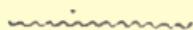
“ There lay a deuk dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door ;
There lay a deuk dub before the door,
And there fell he, I trow.”

So runs the Scotch song. But to no place is the description less applicable than to Dubbieside ; for its soil is sandy, porous, and dry, and consequently, intollerant of “ deuk dubs.” Besides, this is an old village, and dates its existence from those far-back times when Fife was

inhabited by a Celtic race, and when all its localities were called by Celtic names. It is in this direction, then, we must look for the origin and significance of the name. *Dubhagan*, in Gaelic, means a dark, deep pool, and is truly descriptive of the deep, dark water where, close by, the Leven and the Forth meet. Or, the name might be derived from *dubhan*, a hook, and might indicate the place to be what, in early times it was—a fishing village.

Dubbieside forms part of Markinch parish. And the reason of the connection is very obvious. At Markinch there was, in the times of Popery, a Priory; and as it was needful that, in days of fast, fish should be supplied to the monks, every monastery had, where it was possible, a bit of seacoast where fishers dwelt, whose business it was to supply the fraternity with fish. This spot was assigned by some Popish landowner to the Priory of Markinch; and there arose here, in the middle ages, a hamlet of fisher's huts, where hooks were baited and nets were knitted, to make the needful provision for the convent.

PART III.



SCOONIE, KENNOWAY, AND
MARKINCH.

Scoonie.

CROSSING the Leven, we arrive in the parish of Scoonie. The name of the parish is derived from the Gaelic *Sgain*; or, as pronounced, *Skoen*, a rent, and the descriptiveness of the name is seen in the east side of the parish, where the Athernie burn forms a winding hollow for itself, and where it assumes the name of Scoonie burn, as it curves round that water-formed mound where the church-yard burial-ground is, and where the church formerly stood. The eye of the passer-by is at once arrested by the prominent mound and the winding burn; and it is this marked feature, all the more visible when the locality was bare of houses and of trees, which suggested to the Celtic mind *Skoen*, the rent or ravine, as the name by which to designate the parish.

The Registry of the Priory of St Andrews records that the church of Scoonie was conveyed by Tuathil, Bishop of St Andrews, to the Culdees of Lochleven.

But it is with post-Reformation times that

these notes have to do, and the name around which most interest gathers, is that of the Reverend Alexander Moncrieff. He witnessed boldly and suffered much in the days when he lived, and should not now be forgotten. Mr Moncrieff was ordained minister of Scoonie in 1643. A cotemporary account of him is, that he was "a godly, sincere, and painful minister, and fixed to his principles."

We make way for a short memorial of his life, by introducing two entries from *Lamont's Diary*, as illustrations of the way in which communion seasons were conducted in his time.

"1650. April 21. The communion was given at Sconie in Fyfe. Mr Kenneth Logie, min. of Kirke kaldie, did preach the preparation sermon; his text was Zech. 13, 1. Mr Sa. Rutherfoord, min. of St Androus, did preach in the forenone in Cant. 5, 2; and Mr Alex. Moncriefe, min. there, did preach afternone in Prov. 4, 23. Mr Sam. had a lecture on the Monday following on the 20 c. of Mat. Gospell. At this tyme both Durie and his lady was debarred from the tabel because of their malignancie. Also at this tyme ther was no collectione fur the poore at the tabel, as was ordinar; this custom was discharged by the last Gener. Assemb. holdin *An. Do.* 1649, and therefore in stead of this ther was a collection at the church dore, both forenone and afternone."

"1651. July 13. The foresaid day the communion was given also at Sconie. Mr Alex. Moncriefe, min. ther, did preach the preparation sermon. His text was Luc. 1, 53;

and on the Sabath in the afternone his text was Luc. 1, 79. In the forenone of the Sabath and on Moneday morneing Mr Sa. Rutherfoord did preach; his text att both occasions was Luc. 7, 36 till 39 v. All this time in Sconle was present, beside M^r Sa. Futherfoord, Mr Jas. Gutherie, and Mr David Bennet, Mr Ephraim Melven, and Mr Will. Oliphant, m. in Dumfermling. Hither did resort many strangers, so that the thronge was great, for Mr Ephraim and Mr Da. Benet both of them did sitt within the pulpit whille the minister had his sermon, Mr Ephraim on the Sabath and Mr David on the Moneday."

Here is a notice of a special Fast, and of the way in which it was observed:—

"1653. Agust 11—being Thursday—ther was a fast kelped at Sconle kirke. The day before—being Weddensday—Mr Alex. Moncriefe, min. ther, did preach; his text Ps. 119, 49. On the morrow, being the fast-day, ther was thrie sermons—two in the forenone and one in the afternone. Mr Samuel Rutherfoord, minister att St Androus, did preach in the morning; his lecture the 2 chap. of Jonah, his text Revel. 3. att the end of the first verse. In the forenone, Mr Alex. Moncriefe; his text Ps. 119, 49-50. The one came doune from the pulpit and the other went up, in the tyme that the psalme, after the first sermon, was singing, so that ther was no intromission of the exercise, nether wer the peopell dismissed till both sermons were ended. And in the afternone M^r Samuel did preach in the same words, viz. :—Rev. 3, 1; his lecture, Ps. 130 and Ps. 131; he did read and expone both."

A day of thanksgiving, and the occasion of it, is entered.

“1654. Jan. 14—being Saturday—ther was a preparation sermon for a thanksgiving preached att Sconie in Fyfe, for the continuance of the gossell in the land, and for the spreading of it in some places of the Hygh-lands in Scotland, wher in some families two, and in some families one, begane to call on God by prayer.”

As on the day of fasting, so on the day of thanksgiving, there was this preparation service on Saturday. On Sabbath forenoon Mr Moncrieff lectured and preached. Mr Samuel Rutherford, his usual assistant on such occasions, preached in the afternoon. Public worship was also observed on the Monday, for the minute chronicler adds, “On Monday morning Mr Samuell had a lecture on the Ps. 88. He did read the whole psalme.”

Now for the outline of Mr Moncrieff's life. It is well worth being known and considered.

The Westminster Assembly had finished its sittings and sent forth its compiled standards by the beginning of 1649. One would have expected, that after being thus furnished with a well-pondered Scripture creed and constitution, the progress of the Church would have been steadily onward. But instead of this, there followed one of the saddest strifes which ever darkened the annals of the Church. The

contentions of the Revolutioners and Protesters arose. Brethren contended with the bitterness of enemies against each other. "The mighty man stumbled against the mighty, and they fell both together." Christ was wounded in the house of His friends, and the most flourishing Church in christendom was made desolate.

It is not very easy, even with the calmest study, to understand the complications of the controversy. And at the time, it would be very difficult for an upright mind to satisfy itself, in all circumstances, as to the path of duty.

There were good Christian men arrayed on both sides. The Protesters took their stand on high principles; and, had their temper been as good as their principles, the difficulties of an understanding with their brethren would have been diminished. But ofttimes they mistook temper for faithfulness. The Revolutioners looked to the practical and the workable side of things, and were very apt to lower their principles and to trim. That is the impression of the two parties, which an impartial student of the times gathers. And equally

strong is his conviction, that if party passions had not overborne the good, that to a large extent existed on both sides, and that if, instead of disputations and mutual denunciations, meekness, conference, and prayer had been resorted to, the Church of Scotland would never have had cause to weep over this dark and perplexing chapter in her history.

It was to the Protesters that Mr Moncrieff chiefly attached himself, although in many particulars we find him acting an independent part. In common with the Protesters he was willing to submit to the Protectorate of Cromwell. Yet we find him suffering from the annoyance of Cromwell's soldiers. "1652. Jul. 25. Some days before they did beginne to quarter some of their foot upon Mr Alex. Moncrieffe, min. of Sconie, this being the first time that ministers quartered either foot or horse in this shyre."

It was, however, when Charles II. was restored in 1660, that Mr Moncrieff was subjected to real persecution. As far back as 1650 he had been convinced, along with Mr James Guthrie and Mr Samuel Rutherford and the leading Protesters, of the perfidious character of

the second Charles. In that year the Western Remonstrance was drawn up, demanding clearer evidence of the righteousness and sincerity of Charles' principles and feelings, before entrusting him with kingly power. These attempts at personal dealing, Charles ever resented with greater malice than any reflections on his government. The abettors of this Western Remonstrance were selected as the chief objects of his cruel wrath. In 1660 Mr Moncrieff was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, along with Mr James Guthrie of Stirling, and several others of the Protesters. In 1661 darker measures were determined on. The Marquis of Argyle was beheaded on May 27. Mr James Guthrie was led forth to execution on June 1st. Mr Moncrieff, being Mr Guthrie's fellow-prisoner, looked for nothing else than that his turn should come next. He was summoned before the Lords of the Articles, and, with death before him, refused to acknowledge any fault in the Remonstrance, either in "respect of matter, manner, or timing of it." But a milder sentence, through the intervention of the good Earl of Crawford, satisfied their Lordships. They discharged Mr Moncrieff having any em-

ployment, ecclesiastical or civil, in the parish of Scoonie for all time coming. They prohibited him from coming within three miles of Scoonie, and silenced him from preaching.

The next step followed in 1662, when an Episcopal incumbent was ordained at Scoonie in Mr Moncrieff's place. "Augt. 11th. The Archprelate (Sharpe) came to St Andrews, and before he returned to Edinburgh he filled honest Mr Alex. Moncrieff's place at Scoonie, by intruding Mr Jo. Ramsay, a minister of Angus, in that parish; none of the other heritors (Athernie and Finges) countenancing the intrusion, save Durie, the avowed enemy of Mr Moncrieff. Mr Joshua Meldrum, min. of Kingorn, preached on the day of admission. After sermon ended, he took his promise to be faithfull in his charge of that flock, and ther was delivered to him the Bibell, the keys of the church doore, and the bell-tow."

But the cruel resources of persecution were not yet exhausted. We are informed by a cotemporary writer, "the Archprelate Sharpe came from court by sea in one of the king's pleasure boats, being made vicar-general of Scotland, and commendator of Arbroath, two

Popish titles very suitable to the man." He came down, bringing with him the gall and wormwood of intercommuning. The sentence of intercommuning was hurled against Mr Moncrieff in 1675. By this he was cut off from human kind. No subject of the king dared receive him into their house, or supply him with meat or drink, or hold intercourse with him by word, writing, or message; and all were enjoined to apprehend and imprison him. He was outlawed and estranged from human beings, and a brand was set on his forehead. Under these accumulated cruelties of Episcopacy, this good man was forced to groan for thirteen years, hiding in corners, preaching the gospel to a faithful few who heard it at the peril of their lives, and often delivered by striking providences from the grasp of his persecutors. Such are some of the fruits of Royal supremacy in things spiritual, goaded on by usurping bishops, which Scotland has to tell of.

At length death delivered him, and he got the crown of glory. He died in Edinburgh, in the 75th year of his age, was buried in Greyfriar's churchyard, near the south front

of the church, and on his tombstone can still be read the following truthful inscription regarding himself and Ann Murray, his wife, daughter of Murray of Woodend :—

“*Ehuel siste viator, luge et mirare. Dei amicus, Christi athleta fidelis, grande ecclesiae ornamentum, hic jacet Dominus Alexander Moncrifus, sanguine nobilis, apud Scoonienses per annos xviii pastor, praeco insignis, pollens Scripturis, spiritu prophetico non raro afflatus; fide, spe, charitate plenus; Boanerges alter, alter Barnabas, integer vitae scelerisque purus, fidei reformatae tenax, disciplinae purioris assertor strenuus, Prelatorum ira, malignantium furore multa perpressus, grege depulsus, carcere inclusus: denuo liberatus ministerium, sibi a Domino commissum, pessimis temporibus exercuit, implevit, decoravit; suavique triumpho Christo rebelles trahebat animas. Ex oriente tandem libertatis luce, in lucem coelestem migravit anno dom. mdclxxxviii, Octob. die vi. Aetatis lxxv. Nec non conjux charissima Anna Moravia, quae pietate infucata, patientia infracta, prudentia singulari, charitate vere christiana, Deum colendo, Christi crucem ferendo, rem familiarem administrando, fidelibus afflictis succurendo, vitae stadium percurrens, Deo animam reddidit anno dom. mdcciv, Octobris die xxv. Aetatis lxxxiv. Monumentum hoc, in perpetuae observantiae memoriam utrisque posuere generosi sex liberi patri simillima proles. Abi viator, luge.*”

Non moritur, vivit, vitam qui morte redemit;

Est mihi mors vita, ut mors mihi vita fuit.

Nom mitra aut miles, non sanguinolenta draconum

Turba potest, requiem contemerare meam;

Haec requies, haec una sedes, haec sola voluptas,

Esse, pati, Domino vivere, velle mori;

In Domino vixi, vici, morior, requiesco;
 Ergo Incrum Christus commoda cuncta dedit.
 Ipse ego, deliciis divini raptus amoris,
 Gaudia summa cano, non peritura. Vale."

Robert Monteith, from whose *Theater of Mortality* this inscription is copied, supplies the following translation:—

"Aias! stay, passenger, mourn and marvel. The friend of God, Christ's faithful champion, the great ornament of the Church, here lies Mr Alexander Moncrieff, of honourable parentage, minister at Scoonie for the space of eighteen years, a notable preacher, mighty in the Scriptures, not seldom inspired with a spirit of prophecy; full of faith, hope, and charity; another Barnabas, another Boanerges, upright in life and pure from wickedness, keeping fast to the Reformed faith, a stont maintainer of the most pure discipline; who, having suffered many things from the ire of prelates and fury of malignants, being thrust from his charge, shut up in prison. At length being set at freedom, he exercised, fulfilled, and adorned the ministry committed to him by the Lord, in the worst of times, and by a sweet triumph, drew rebellious sons unto Christ. At last, at the dawning of the day of liberty, he was removed unto heavenly light, 6th October 1688. Of his age, 75. Here also lies his dearest spouse, Ann Murray, who, running the course of her life by unfeigned piety, unshaken patience, singular prudence, true Christian charity, worshipping God, bearing the cross of Christ, managing her lawful affairs, and helping the faithful in affliction, surrendered her soul to God 25th October 1704. Of her age, 84. In token of their perpetual respect, their six generous children—an offspring

very like their father—erected this monument for both their parents. Reader or passenger, begone and mourn.

He lives, dies not, who life by death redeem'd;
 I life as death, and death as life esteem'd.
 My rest cannot be troubled by dragoons
 Nor soldiers, nor by prelates in their gowns.
 My sole repose, my seat, my only joy,
 To suffer, die, and live to God, thought I.
 In Christ I liv'd, o'ercame, I die, I rest;
 Of Christ's rewards and gains I am possess't.
 Hence, ravish'd with delight of divine love,
 I sing eternal songs, the stars above."

Matthew, the eldest of Mr Moncrieff's sons, succeeded his uncle in the estate of Culfargie, parish of Abernethy. His son, Alexander, became proprietor of Culfargie, and minister of Abernethy. He was associated with Messrs Ebenezer Erskine, of Portmoak; Wilson, of Perth; and Fisher, of Kinclavin, in originating the Scottish Secession of 1733. He married a daughter of Sir John Clark, of Penicuik, and their son, Matthew, inherited Culfargie. The late Matthew Moncrieff, Esq., of Barnhill, near Perth, was Culfargie's lineal descendant. In his son, the venerable minister of Scoonie finds, in the sixth generation, a present representative; and a worthy representative he is, for Captain Moncrieff is the inventor of the gun-

carriage. By this skilful invention he has brought credit to himself and benefit to the nation, for his gun-carriage can effectually supply immediate defence to any part of our extended coast; and it saves to the country the monstrous expenses which the stone breast-works of the late Lord Palmerston would have entailed.

In treating of Scoonie, our curiosity is naturally quickened to know something of the much discussed personage who wrote *Lamont's Diary*. It was with the parishes of Scoonie and Largo that he was chiefly connected, and with which he is most abundant in his recordings. No book is more instructive of the seventeenth century from 1649 to 1671, the years which it traverses. It is more graphic than Lord Macaulay's elaborate descriptions; for its homely touches are pictures. There is a satisfaction in recalling, while we linger in the neighbourhood, that this was the locality where the observant journalist lived. This was "the retreat, through the loopholes of which he peeped forth upon the world," and where he penned his daily markings. Here he managed the factorship of the Lundin estate. Here he

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alternated his attendance betwixt the churches of Largo and of Scoonie, chronicling the most minute incidents. Every Fife person should endeavour to get a reading of the book. Of the writer the little that is authentic may be gathered from the book itself.

Away north from the site of the old church, stretches out the property which supplies the family surname of Durie. The house is nearly hid with trees, and is situated close to some pleasant streamlets of water, which flow behind it. It is from this the estate is named, for *dur* is an old British word for water. Durie, of Durie, ranks old among Scottish titles and names. It goes as far back as the times of Alexander II., about the beginning of the twelfth century.

Our chief concern is with one or two ecclesiastical cadets of the family. Prominent among them was John Durie, minister of Edinburgh. He was cotemporary with John Knox. It was he whom James VI. banished from his flock in Edinburgh, because of his censures of some of the despotic doings of the Court, in 1582. But four months had not passed, until his expulsion from Edinburgh was compensated

by a return, unprecedented for the affecting circumstances attending it. On the 3d of September he had landed at night in Leith. Next day he proceeded to his Edinburgh home. His return was made known, and his people assembled to welcome him. When he reached the Gallow Green, half way betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, 200 persons met him. Before he arrived at the Netherbow Port, the 200 had increased to 500. As he entered the Port, the multitudes gathered until the whole street was filled to St Giles Church. Two thousand formed into procession, and with Mr Durie in front, and with uncovered heads, they walked on, singing the 124th Psalm :—

Now Israel
May say, and that truly,
If that the Lord
Had not our cause maintain'd;
If that the Lord
Had not our right sustain'd,
When cruel men
Against us furiously
Rose up in wrath,
To make of us their prey.

* * * *

Ev'n as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare
Escapes away,
So is our soul set free :
Broke are their nets,
And thus escaped we.
Therefore our help
Is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
By his great pow'r did frame.

They sung it to the tune of what has been since known in Scotland as Durie's 124th "They sung it in all the four parts of music, which," says Calderwood, "in the state of the psalmody of that time, were well known to the people."

Never in any land was a nobler anthem ever sung. The Marseillaise of France, Reago's Hymn of Spain, the Divina Carita of Italy, pall before the solemn sublimity of this 124th Psalm, as sung by these Scottish burgesses. The vast multitude of beholders who looked forth from the shotts (the windows), and who crowded the street staircases, were moved to tears. The Court minion—the Duke of Lennox—was in town, and witnessed it; and tore his beard in anger, writes Calderwood, whose

account we have followed. He was more afraid at this sight than at anything he had seen before in Scotland.

The property of Durie passed into the possession of the Gibsons, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Gibson family had been connected with the College of Justice from its first institution by James V. Sir Alexander Gibson, both father and son, took high rank in the law, and they were no less conspicuous in the struggles of the Covenant for constitutional liberty.

Baillie, under the year 1639, has this sentence in one of his letters : " Our first care was to send in a true information to England of all our purposes. This piece, as was thought, old Durie's hand chiefly, did us good service, for it satisfied fully the hearts of that nation." Old Durie was Sir Alexander Gibson the father, who was President of the Court of Session, and author of *Durie's Practicks*, which is still valued by Jurists as the earliest digest of decisions in Scottish law. It is this fact, that the highest legal authorities, such as Lord President Durie and Sir Thomas Hope, ranged themselves on the side of the Covenant, and employed their

counsel and their pen in guiding the Covenanters, and in vindicating the Covenanters, which imparts to the doings and documents of the Covenant that wonderful breadth of constitutionalism, which educated and honest minds cannot fail to discover throughout the whole struggle. In truth, every great conflict of the Reformation Church of Scotland, down to 1843, has been sanctioned by the judgment and pen of her greatest jurists.

While old Durie was aiding with advice and writing, Durie younger was in the field. We find him thus honourably posted at Dunse Law. "Our captains, for the most part barons and gentlemen of good note; our lieutenants, almost all soldiers who had served over sea in good charges: every company had flying at the captain's tent-door a brave new colour, stamped with the Scottish arms, and this ditton, FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT, in golden letters. Our general (Alexander Leslie) had a brave royal tent, but it was not set up. His constant guard was some hundreds of our lawyers, under Durie's and Hope's command, all the way standing in good arms with cocked matches, before his gate, well apparalled."

We find Durie younger representing the gentry in the tables of nobles, gentry, and burgesses. He figures as a conspicuous member in the memorable General Assembly of 1638. In the Covenanting army he acted as chief of the commissariat. But personally and in his official position as Clerk of Parliament, Lord Register, he contributed an honourable and loyal influence to the cause of liberty and of truth, against the despotism, both in Church and State, of Charles I. He died 1656. It was his successor in the property of Durie, who was the personal enemy of Mr Alexander Moncrieff, and who was followed with misery upon misery in all his affairs.

We now go on to Athernie. Meeting often with the name of William Rigg, of Athernie, in the Presbyterian records of the seventeenth century, our interest warmed up as we approached the place. It was a day of mist and of small rain in the early winter. The ferns were brown on the hill-side. The trees were dropping their leaves, as we came in sight of the grey fragment of Athernie House, standing in its hill-hollow. A solitary crow was sitting on a broken ash tree, which has been left standing in the

field. The burn was in flood, and its rush was the only sound which disturbed the brooding silence. The eye speedily took in all that was left, down to the park wall, which had been formed of round stones gathered from the fields. But the thoughts were with the past, and busily employed themselves in recalling the former proprietor and occupant of the place, whose solid worth, and liberality, and enduring meekness and devotion, were all of the Scottish type.

William Rigg was a merchant in Edinburgh. He inherited various properties from his father, but Athernie, in Fife, was his own purchase. John Livingstone, who knew him personally, characterises him as "one much exercised in spirit, and experienced in the ways of God, and most zealous in the cause of God." This additional note does Livingstone give: "I have been often with him at private meetings when he hath prayed, and observed that always he began with most heavy and bitter complaints and confessions, deeper than any that I have heard, and sundry times before he ended he expressed unspeakable assurance and joy and thanksgiving; but sometimes also he continued and ended just as he began." We see this

prevailing spirit in the opening remarks of one of Samuel Rutherford's letters to him. "Your letter, full of complaints, bemoaning your guiltiness, hath humbled me. Whatever your guiltiness be, yet when it falleth into the sea of God's mercy, it is but like a drop of blood fallen into the great ocean." Rutherford purposely assumes an air of cheerfulness in his correspondence with him; and with a view to hearten him, often gives us a sentence of his own experience. "I see that if Christ but ride upon a worm or feather, his horse will neither stumble nor fall." "I would have Christ, but I cannot get him; and my best cheer is black hunger:—I bless him for that feast."

William Rigg was one of those who, in his day heroically contended "to keep the Kirk of God in her ancient and godly liberty." He refused to address the Episcopalian Bishops as "My Lord," feeling myself restrained therefrom by the words of Scripture,—"neither as being lords over God's heritage:" "the princes of this world exercised dominion over them, but shall it not be so among you." He stood out against the Perth Articles, and other exercises of Royal supremacy in matters of religion. For

this he was fined, imprisoned in Blackness, and banished from his home.

He was a succourer of many, employing his large fortune in liberal and seasonable donations to them in their distress. At a time when rent was paid in kind, because money was so scarce in Scotland, he spent yearly betwixt 8000 and 9000 merks in charitable uses—a sum which, when considered in connection with the altered circumstances of the times, will compare advantageously even with the munificent contributions of our merchant princes. But while his liberality was thus munificent, it was at the same time as patriotic and discriminating as was Fletcher's of Salton—"he would hardly ever give anything at all to the vagrant sturdy beggars."

His high principled piety reappears among his descendants. His granddaughter, Dame Catherine Rigg, was married to Sir Wm. Douglas, of Cavers. After she became a widow, she endured a hard fight of affliction because she resolutely adhered to the Reformation faith of Scotland, refusing to conform to Episcopacy. Ruinous fines, separation from her children, and long imprisonments, Lady Cavers bore

for Christ's sake and conscience sake. But she found what Rutherford had written to her grandfather, that "faith hath cause to take courage from our very afflictions, and that the devil is but a whetstone to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints."

It was at Athernie that William Rigg died, in January 1644. Sir Thomas Hope, the founder of the Hopetoun family, thus writes in his diary: "This day my worthy cousin, William Rigg, of Athernie departed at his house at Athernie, having taken bed on Sunday before, and died on the 3d day. The Lord prepare me, for this, next to my dearest son, is a heavy stroke."

Those that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, call their lands after their own names. Then comes a new proprietor, and he alters the name. But the memory of the just hovers over the place where once they dwelt, and abides there. Although Athernie has often changed proprietors, it is still associated to the reader of the side chapters of Scottish history with William Rigg. This fragmentary ruin, and the surrounding fields, are still suggestive of his name and sterling worth.

Kennoway.

COME we now to Kennoway.

The curiosities of spelling, if treated of by an expert pen, might form an amusing record. A notable illustration of this was discovered some years ago by a book-hunter, who found in an old book-stall in London, a manuscript volume of 400 pages, the title of which was, "Thirty-three thousand, five hundred and thirty-five ways of spelling the word *Scissors*."

In the case of names of persons and of places great latitude of spelling is allowed. Kennoway seems to have used this licence very freely. In the charter of the Priory of St Andrews it is styled Kennachin, Kennachyn, Kinaken, Kennakin, Kennauchyn, Kennaukin, Kennachi, Kennawin, Kennochy, vel Kennoway. The later orthography is Kennuay, Kennowie, and Cannoquhie.

As there is great variety in the spelling of the name, so is there also as to its meaning. Some trace the name—Kennethsway—to Kenneth, a Culdee, who was cotemporary with

Columba, and who is said to have resided and taught here. The Gaelic form of Kenneth is *Cainneach*, and its Latinized form *Cainnechus*. Others derive Kennoway from *Cean-an-naigh*, the head of the den. If the reader is satisfied with a derivation which aptly describes the place, he will seek no farther than this one. Kennoway den is the marked feature of the parish. And the village, regaling itself with many a pleasant peep into the sweet seclusion of the glen, ascends the height until it reaches the top, where "Theta" cultivates his flowers and his vines, and the friendship of the muses.

Higher still the eye may ascend by Bonniebank and Baintown, and onward by Balgrie until it reaches Lalalthan, in the cot-house of which Mr Bell, in the last Statistical Account, tells us, "is said to be the highest hearth-stone in the county." Others say that it is at Bighty, which is close by, that this highest hearth-stone lies. *Bigh*, in Gaelic, signifies a post or pillar. Here some post may have been erected as a sea-mark, for Bighty is the highest house seen from vessels coming up the Firth.

Ecclesiastically, the church of Kennoway was, in the middle ages, annexed to the Priory

of St Andrews. According to the terms of the Charter "the church of Kennachin was assigned to the Priory, with all the lands belonging to it, and the property which is called Kennocheth, adjoining to Kennachin, which Merlessian bequeated." This Kennocheth is supposed to be what is now known as Kilmux. The name Kilmux of itself suggests the residence of a Culdee. This is confirmed by the neighbourhood of a hill which is still known as the *Chapel Brae*, and by the name of a hamlet by the side of a small stream, which is called *Halow Den* or *Whalley Den*—the Saint's Den—*Halow* meaning in Anglo-Saxon, a Saint.

We may select this upland parish as a specimen of the agricultural condition of Scotland in the times preceding the Reformation. The church lands might be readily distinguished by their superior cultivation. The monks studied agriculture ; and, under their direction, the improved modes of culture and the newest kind of crops were introduced. The vassals on church lands were, in general, better housed, and more comfortable in all ways, than under the other feudal lords.

In contrast to the church-lands, which pre-

sented the highest form of tillage, was the *Gudeman's Croft*, or Devil's portion—an acre of land which was given over to briars, and thorns, and nettles—as an evidence and consequence of the curse.

A scanty sowing of oats and bear furnished the principal products in Scotland in these primitive times. Hardly any wheat was sown. Barley was little known. Beans and peas were very rare. By statutes in the reigns of James I. (1426) and James II. (1457), every husbandman, who tilled with a plough of seven or eight oxen, was enjoined to sow yearly a firloft of wheat, half a firloft of peas, and forty beans. The barbarous custom of using cows in the yoke, which, to the disgrace of the continent, still prevails there, was not uncommon in Scotland then. A husbandman was reckoned rich if he possessed more than four cows. Every labourer, “ilk man of simple estate, that should be of reason a labourer,” was ordained to delve every day seven feet in length and seven feet in breadth.

Every man who had a hundred pounds of yearly rent was bound to enclose three acres of ground, and to see that his tenants planted a tree for each mark of rent paid by them.

In 1457 broom was ordered, by Act of Parliament, to be sown.

A coarse sour kale, and the white parsnip, was what was chiefly reared in the garden.

The principal food was meal, moistened with hot water. This has been for centuries the prevailing food of the working man in Scotland, and they call it *Brose*. *Brosis* is the general name for food, in Greek. It designated the common meals of plain-living Sparta. It is not unlikely that some learned monk may have discovered the resemblance betwixt the black-broth of Sparta and the kail-brose of Scotland, and thus imported the Greek word *brose*, into the Scottish vernacular.

At the Reformation from Popery, Kennoway is found connected with the honoured name of John Row. For some months in the end of 1559 and beginning of 1560, he acted as minister of the Reformed faith in Kennoway. The way in which Row was delivered from Popery, is one of the many instances in which we see God disappointing the devices of the crafty, and taking them in their own craftiness. His eyes were effectually open to the character of Popery, by means of a false miracle, whereby the priests

pretended to restore a blind boy to sight. About the year 1549, an orphan boy was employed in herding a few sheep, which belonged to the nunnery of Sciennes, near Edinburgh. As a pastime, the boy taught himself to turn up the white of his eyes, and thus to simulate blindness. The dexterous way in which the trick was done, amused the nuns, and they mentioned it to the priests. The priests saw that capital, in the shape of miracle, might be made out of it. They had the boy carefully secluded until time had completely altered his appearance, and the neighbours had forgotten him ; and he himself was trained to enter as a tool and accomplice into their scheme. Now, he is sent forth to beg through Edinburgh and the neighbourhood, as a blind lad, with one to lead him. When this was done, and he was known extensively as the blind lad, due intimation was made, that at the chapel of our Lady of Loretto, in Musselburgh, on a fixed day, a notable miracle was to be wrought, in restoring him to sight. Great multitudes assembled. The lad was produced on a platform, which was erected in front of the chapel. Many recognised him as the blind lad, who begged from door to door.

Priests and monks thronged the platform. Prayers were offered, ceremonies were performed, when, at the priestly command, the lad opened his eyes, and looked out on the astonished multitude, and expressed his great gratitude to the priests and friars.

Among the lookers on there was a shrewd and sharp-sighted Fife laird, who strongly suspected that the whole was a dexterous imposition. Getting hold of the lad, he offered to take him into his employment. The lad consented. At the inn in Edinburgh, the laird had the lad brought into his room, where, after interrogating him, he used threats to elicit the truth. The lad confessed to the trick, and explained and showed the way in which it was done. Next morning the laird took the lad to the Cross of Edinburgh; and there, standing beside the lad with his sword drawn, he denounced the lying miracle, and got the lad to tell all to the assembled crowd, and to show how cleverly he could play the part of the blind restored to sight. After this they hurried across the ferry, and the lad continued to live as his servant.

Mr Row happened to visit at this gentleman's

house. In the course of conversation, the Musselburgh miracle was talked of, when Mr Row expressed his belief in it as a true miracle. The lad was produced, and told his story. The effect of the narration was to produce a complete revolution in the mind of Mr Row, which in due time ended in his becoming the friend and coadjutor of John Knox, and one of the most distinguished of the little band of Protestant ministers at the Reformation.

It is worthy of remark, that Mr Row's studies were originally conducted, not with a view to divinity, but to law. He was a doctor of church and of civil law, and was eminent as an advocate in the Diocesan Court of St Andrews. So eminent was he as an advocate, that he was selected by the Scottish clergy to go to Rome, and to represent them there. And such was the estimate of him formed by the Pope Paul IV., that he returned to Scotland as the Pope's legate, with special instructions to oppose and repress the rising Reformation. His training and knowledge as a jurist was of great use to the infant Protestant Church. He was employed in the preparation of the old Confession of Faith, and the first and second Books of

Discipline. And who can tell how much it was owing to the judicial mind of this converted Popish Canonist, that so much fidelity to law was imported into the doctrine and government of the Reformation Church of Scotland?

There is one honourable acknowledgment that the scholarship of Scotland owes to Mr Row. He was the first to introduce into the country the study of Hebrew, having himself acquired the knowledge of that language either at Rome or Padua. I have before me, if not the earliest, at least one of the earliest, Hebrew grammars printed in Scotland. It bears the date of 1644, and was published by Mr Row's grandson and name-son—Mr John Row—who had been the head teacher of the Perth School, and who was afterwards a minister in Aberdeen, and Principal of King's College. In the preface he says, "that his paternal grandfather, of the same name with himself, is said to have been the first to have brought into Scotland Hebrew learning." "Besides," continues he, "my father, while I was yet a child of four or five years old, taught me to read the Hebrew characters before I knew the letters of my native tongue."

It is no small honour to Kennoway to have

such a name as Mr Row's associated with its history.

It was in Kennoway that Archbishop Sharpe slept the last night he lived on earth. Towards the top of the fine old caused street, there is an arch which leads into a small court. Close by that is the house of Captain Seton, where the Archbishop halted for the night. It was Friday, 2d May 1679. Sharpe was returning from Edinburgh, with an Order of Council, which had been passed through his influence, "to pursue to the death" the frequenters of Conventicles. On Saturday morning his lumbering coach carried him across the hill-road to Ceres. At Ceres he rested an hour, and smoked a pipe with the curate. Thence he drove on to meet his fate on Magus Moor.

In the first Statistical Account, which was printed in 1794, Mr Patrick Wright, the minister, records this fact: "A woman died fourteen years ago, who remembers to have seen Archbishop Sharpe at the manse of Kennoway the day before he was murdered."

A passing notice may be given of two ministers, who were connected with the Seces-

sion Church in Kennoway. The one was the Rev. William Arnot. It was as a theologian he was distinguished, and what kind of a theologian he was, may yet be seen from a volume entitled, "The Harmony of Law and Gospel in the Method of Grace, demonstrated in Six Sermons," which, by particular desire, he published in 1785. The estimation in which these sermons were held must have been very high, if we can judge from this opinion, which we have heard a venerable minister express—"Mr Arnot's volume of sermons is worth its weight in gold." The meretricious adornment of phrases and word-painting, by which the present generation are perverted, will not be found in these sermons, for the author acts on what he lays down as a fixed maxim, that "excessive refinement of style has ever been prejudicial to the simplicity and purity of the Gospel." But for precision and weight of thought, the volume, as a whole, and one sermon in particular, entitled "Pure Gospel the only true Gospel, with the legal preacher's dangers," and which was preached at the ordination of the Rev. Mr Ebenezer Brown, minister of the gospel at Inverkeithing, May

24, 1780, may safely be placed in comparison with anything which the more recent pulpit has produced.

Mr Arnot had this peculiarity in preaching, that he always kept his eyes shut. The cause of this was a ludicrous incident which occurred in his early ministry. He was officiating in London at a time when cumbrous head-dresses were in fashion with the ladies. During prayer he heard a rustling and an increasing commotion in the church. He opened his eyes, to see a gentleman standing on a seat in the area, and stretching up a stick with a lady's bonnet and wig stuck on the top of it, and the unhappy lady, with her naked head, extending over the front of the gallery, and endeavouring to clutch her head-gear. The sight upset for the moment the good man's gravity. But this involuntary smile was never forgotten, and the remembrance of it was the reason why he ever after preached with his eyes shut.

In these days the word of God was precious. It was a current saying in Scotland, that "brown bread and the Gospel was good fare." As a still further illustration of how different the state of things religiously, even so far

down as 1809, was from what exists at present, I insert here a certificate sent by a small farmer, with his servant, to the minister, when the servant went to apply for admission as a young communicant :

“Springhill, 17th May 1809. The bearer hereof, Mary Hill, has been with me since Martinmas last ; has been regular in her conduct ; both attending on family worship and public ordinances of religion ; and absenting herself from all youthful cabals and meetings in the evening, which is but too common in this place. Which is attested by me, ROBERT GRAY.”

The Rev. Dr Donald Fraser is the other Secession minister to whom we wish to call attention. He employed his leisure time in preparing Biographies of Ebenezer Erskine, the founder of the Secession in 1733, and of Ralph Erskine, his brother. Both volumes are admirably rendered representations of the two brothers. In the calm study and research, which the writing of these biographies involved, Dr Fraser was led to look at the great question of the alliance betwixt Church and State, in its positive aspect. He found that

the lofty object which the Reformed Church of Scotland had in view, by means of this alliance, was, that the little leaven should leaven the whole lump—that the power of a living Christianity should pervade the whole body politic—reigning in its halls of legislation, guiding the decisions of its courts of justice, ennobling the education of its public schools, regulating the transactions of its market-places, making its merchandise holiness to the Lord, and at length culminating in a common covenant, by which persons of all ranks engaged to be the Lord's.

With this noble ideal, the mind of Dr Fraser had a kindred sympathy. It remained with him, and from it he could not be withdrawn, even by a concurrence of circumstances to which many would have succumbed. It was his father, the Rev. John Fraser, of Auchtermuchty, who tabled, in May 1795, the paper which officially brought the question of Voluntaryism before the Secession Synod. It was in his day, and among his own brethren, that Voluntaryism assumed its broadest development; yet did his heart not forsake the hope which gladdened all the Reformers, from Knox

downwards, that "Scotland, as a kingdom, would become a kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ."

To the westward of Kennoway, reposing on a sunny slope, is Easter Newton. One cannot help regarding it with interest, for it has got connected with the name of John Lamont, the entertaining diarist. But Kennoway must make up its mind to part with the fond imagination that Easter Newton was his property. The examination of the inventory of titles, made at the request of the Rev. Mr Bell, when he prepared the Statistical Account, disposes conclusively of the claim, for it shows that John Lamont, skipper in Largo, became proprietor of Easter Newton only in 1695, by which time, it is likely, that the diarist was dead. Very likely, John Lamont, the Largo skipper, who became proprietor of Easter Newton in 1695, was the son of John Lamont, the diarist; and the diarist himself may have been the son of "Maister Allandr Lawmonth," who became minister of "Sconye" in 1585. This would reconcile the conflicting genealogies, and would explain the marked interest which the diarist always took in everything connected with Scoonie.

The village of Starr, in this parish, receives its name from an old Scotch word, *Starr*, which means a sedge. In the Swedish language, *Starr* is the word which is used at this day to designate a sedge. The appearance of swampiness, which the village of Starr still wears, which is favourable to the growth of the sedge, is a sufficient voucher for the appropriateness of the name.

Markinch.

LOOKING along the level ridge which stretches westward from Kennoway, you see the kirk-steeple and village of Markinch, built along the side of a sloping and insulated hill. *Insch*, an island, the terminating syllable of Markinch, indicates plainly enough, that the hill rose, as an island, from amidst the swamps and bogs with which it was surrounded. Every one will accept the derivation thus far. But what is the meaning of Marc? Some derive it from the Scandinavian word *Mark* or *Maerk*, a wood; others from the Celtic word *Marc*, a horse. We must be content in this, as in many things else, to miss the mark, and to leave the name in the same uncertainty in which we find it.

Our method is to approach Markinch from Kennoway, lingering at the places of interest as they occur on the way.

Maidun Castle meets us when we have left Kennoway village, by the road which leads to the south. There is in a hollow a series of

conical earth hills, partly natural and partly artificial, having the Kennoway burn running under some of them. One of them is considerably higher than the others, and from its comparative height it was called in Gaelic *Mòid dun*, the larger hill—easily corrupted by the Scottish vernacular into Maiden. Very likely it was the site of a British fort, but nothing definite is known of it. Perished with the building is its memorial.

At the time I am writing (September 1871), the British Archæological Association has been holding its yearly congress in the old town of Weymouth, in Dorsetshire. Not very far from that town is a 'Maiden Castle.' The members of the Association paid a visit to it, and the opinion of the most learned of its members was, that this Maiden Castle had been a great earth-work fortification, and that its name was of the Celtic origin, which we have given above.

Proceeding westwards, the house of Balfour is an object of principal interest. The present house is built near to the Leven, after that river has passed the Milton of Balgonie. The original house was situated considerably south and east, close by the Orr, where it unites with

the Leven. This is preserved in the name Balfour, which means the house of Orr. The streamlet of Orr also supplied a title to a branch of the family. Sir Michael Balfour was designated Baron of Strathorr.

This House of Orr is the cradle of the Balfours. It is the root-family, whence sprung the Balfours of Denmilne and Kinnaird, the Balfours of Balgarvie, the Balfours of Mountquhanie, the Balfours of Balbirnie, the Balfours of Careston and Kirkton, and the Balfours of Orkney.

The family of Balfour became connected with the Bethune or Beaton family about the end of the twelfth century. At that time Sir Michael Balfour of that ilk died, leaving one son, Michael, and Janet, an only daughter. Michael died young. Janet became sole heiress of the Balfour estates, and she married Robert de Bethune, a younger son of the Bethune family. Thus the House has displayed, for many centuries, the coat-armorial of the Balfours and Bethunes.

The eminence of the Bethunes of Balfour arose chiefly from their connection with the Church, and from the important part they

acted at the era of the Reformation. James Bethune, son of Bethune of Balfour, was the sixth in order of the Archbishops of St Andrews. Betwixt 1522 and 1539 he was

“Archbishop of St Andrews consecrate.”

He acted also as Chancellor of Scotland. It was then a necessity almost that such high offices of state should be held by Churchmen, for they alone were possessed of the little learning which existed in the country. The annals of the time tell us that “Bischope James Beaton remained in Edinburgh, in his awin lodging, quhilk he biggit in the Frier’s Wynd, for he might not pas out of the town, becaus he was Chancellour for the tyme, and satt in the seatt of Justice.” As the Archbishop was “ane wysenaturall man,” King James V., when held in uncomfortable tutelage by the Earl of Angus and the House of Douglas, had recourse, in a quiet way, to the advice of the Archbishop, as to the method he should adopt to escape from the hold of the Douglasses. The Archbishop advised the King to call in the aid of the Earl of Lennox, as “the meittest of ony man to deliver him out of the Earle of Angus’

handis." By this advice the Archbishop awakened the hostility of the Douglasses against himself, and when they gained the victory in the Battle of Linlithgow, "they fled (terrified) Bischope Beatonn so that he fled away and durst not be seine a long time ; but they could not find the bischope, for he was keeping scheip in Boynemuir with ane schepherdis' cloaths upon him." As Archbishop of St Andrews he was Primate of Scotland, and took place next to the King, and through the marriages contracted by his near relatives he allied himself to the noblest families of the land. His niece, Janet Bethune, of Creich, became, in 1527, the wife of the Earl of Arran, the King's own cousin. By natural temperament the Archbishop seems to have been a man mild and easy, and by no means of a persecuting spirit. But he came under the inspiration of his nephew, Cardinal Beaton, who was appointed coadjutor to him in the Archbishopric. It was owing probably to the rising influence of the nephew, and to his hot and decided counsel, that the "bishopes and kirkmen concludit, and gave sentence against Mr Patrick Hamilton, and condemned him to die. Which cruel act

of persecution was used againes this Godlie man at St Androis, the yeir of God 1525 yeires, in the moneth of September."

It was with the Cardinal, David Bethune, that the celebrity of the Bethunes of Balfour culminates. It was in the old house on the Orr that he saw the light in 1494, and was baptized David. This child lived to sign himself

"DAVID,

Cardinal, Sancti Andreae, Commendator de Arbroath,
Chancellor of Scotland."

Most appropriately his portrait hangs in the present Balfour House. From the oil painting he seems to have been of fair complexion. Thin, soft, sandy-brown hair appears from under his cap, and his scanty moustache and beard are of the same light colour. His eyes are blue. The countenance is elongated. The nose is prominent. The expression of the face indicates shrewdness and decision, while over it there is shed an air of smoothness, suggestive of the fact that flattery and deceit would not be awanting if they were needful to serve his purpose.

The dress is that of a Cardinal. The cap is

a baret, or Cardinal's cap, scarlet in colour, and three-peaked in shape. The tippet, or short cloak, is also scarlet, and buttoned down the front. A white down-turned collar surrounds the neck. In speaking of this Churchman's dress, the author would suggest to the reader what has occurred to himself, that the feminine nature of the garb in which Popery arrays all ecclesiastics, may account for the figure of a woman, in which Popery is described in the Book of Revelations. Scripture is throughout strikingly pictorial. It seizes on the outward appearances, which meet the common eye. And it finds in all the officials of Popery, when clothed in their appropriate vestments, from the Pope down to the begging friar, a marked resemblance to a woman. The Pope, when dressed in full canonicals, is ludicrously like an aged female, decked out in her costly and elaborately laced apparel, which is specially reserved for high days. Any one who witnessed, or has seen the *London Illustrated Times'* view of the Candlemass procession in St Peter's, in 1869, of the Bishops, who were assembled from all parts of the Popish world to declare the infallibility of the Pope, must have been

impressed with the idea that these Bishops, as they passed along solemnly, two abreast, bright with purple and resplendent with golden croziers and jewelled signet rings, with their long petticoats down to their ankles, their short aprons, their laced short cloaks, their mitres and streaming lappets, were very like a company of aged respectable ladies. "The woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls."

When weighed in the balance of righteousness and patriotism, the life of this great Cardinal, up to the very day of his death, will be found sadly wanting in all the cardinal virtues. His great life-aims can be readily summed up. They were these. To feed fat his own ambition, and ever to be acquiring those honours which his unsatisfied spirit but the more greedily desired. To involve his unhappy country in a destructive war with England. To protect and preserve the corruptions of Popery. To oppose the evangel of Christ, and to persecute to the death the saints of the Most High. Such is the inventory of his life. All the annalists of the time speak of him as

the "proud Cardinal," the "cursed Cardinal," the "wicked Cardinal."

But high and mighty as Cardinal Bethune was, he wanted not his own grievances to mock his state and greatness. The old nobility resented it as a degradation "to be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet," and to see him constantly labouring to produce discord and war betwixt them and England. "The lordis consulted and considerit that the Cardinall was the wytt of the peace-breaking betwixt Scotland and Ingland, quhair throw cam meikle hirship (plundering) and slauchter to both the realmes, and in special to Scotland. Quhairfur the said lordis concludit to put the said Cardinall in captivitie, that he sould not abuse thame any more. And whan he was sittand among the lordis, they gart officeris lay handis on him, and put him in ane quyet chamber, quhair he remained ane whyll to dantoun his proud heart; but nevirtheless he could nevir consider his dewtie towardis God, nor the common weill of the countrie."

The Cardinal's rude and wanton insolence procured for him even a more galling mortification, and that too from the military com-

missioner of France, whose friendship and alliance his heart was so much set on. Pit-scottie's account is that the Cardinal and Monsieur Lorge, "ane wyse captaine," quarrelled in presence of the Queen Regent at Stirling, regarding the manner in which the Earl of Lennox had been treated. Words ran high betwixt them. "The Cardinal answeired in ane furie, and said to Monsieur Lorge that he lied, and immediately Monsieur Lorge took up his hand and hatt the Cardinal ane sicker blow befoir the Queiné, and if thei had not beine betwixt thame the sooner, he had sticked the Cardinal. The Queine, being discontent of this altercatioun, desired the Cardinall to pas home for a quhyll, till shoe sould pacifie all thingis. But Monsieur Lorge would nevir consent to cum in the toun or pallace quhair the Cardinale was."

Some speak of Cardinal Bethuné as the *Scottish Wolsey*. But there are two important points in which the resemblance fails very eggregiously on the side of Bethune. He left behind him no Christ Church College, to witness to his love of learning, as Wolsey did; and no repentant wail, such as Wolsey's, "Had

I but served my God," was uttered by him before his death. The last utterance he gave, sounds like the utterance of doom—"All is gone."

Cardinal Beaton was only in his fifty-second year when he fell under the daggers of Norman Leslie and his associates, in 1546.

In the same room hangs an oil-painting of the Cardinal's nephew, James Bethune, Archbishop of Glasgow. He is arrayed in a bluish tippet. His head is completely bald. A thick grey beard hangs down to his girdle. He holds a wooden crucifix in his hand. His countenance wears a stupid, simple look, indeed almost that of a simpleton. The look of the man, and the wooden crucifix, tells of the stuff of which Ritualists are made. He is quite the man to miss the meaning of things, to adore forms, and to convert a church into a toy-shop. In 1551 he was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow. At the Reformation, in 1560, he retired to France, and there he remained until his death, in 1603. He reached the great age of eighty-six. His property was bequeathed to the Scots College, in Paris. It was towards him that Knox glances in passing

this fierce sentence. "Some one affirmed that the preacher was an Englishman. A prelate, not of the least pride, said, 'Nay! no Englishman, but it is Knox, that knave!' This was Beatoun, Archbishop of Glasgow. It was my lord's pleasure," says Knox, "so to baptize a poor man; the reason whereof, if it should be required, his rochet and mitre must stand for authority. What further liberty he used in defining things alike uncertain to him, to wit of my learning and doctrine, I omit. For what hath my life and conversation been, since it hath pleased God to call me from the puddle of Papistry, let my very enemies speak; and what learning I have, they may prove when they please."

But the painting which is likely to attract the chief interest, is that of Mary Bethune, in an adjoining ante-room. She looks out of the frame, a fair beauty, with light sandy hair, arranged in luxuriant curls. The eyes are bright blue. And still the blue eyes and the auburn hair linger with some of the Bethunes of Fife, as a mark of beauty. The countenance is pleasing in its expression, and fair to see. She wears an elaborately decorated dress,

with a fan and parasol in her hand, and a hat on her head. She has lace cuffs on her wrists, and a great many strings of white beads, hanging as an ornament, like a lady's watch-chain, in front of her dress. With the exception of an upright ruff, in form resembling butterfly wings, and the fan, so far as the style and form of dress goes, she looks like a lady of the present day, who has come in from an afternoon promenade.

Mary Bethune was one of Queen Mary's *Meries*. *Merie* is a Scotch word, signifying a maid of honour. In the following sentence, Lyndsey, of Pitscottie, uses it in this sense. He is speaking of the marriage of Magdalene of France to James V. "Syne the King of France called uponn his dochter Magdalene, the Queine of Scotland, and caused hir pas to hir wairdrop with hir gentlwoman and ladies, and take hir stockes of claith of gold, velvet, and satines, &c., as shoe pleascd to cloath hir and hir meries." Mary Bethune's father was Robert Bethune, of Creich. He was early attached to the Court as a page, and was much in France. There he met with his future wife, a Frenchwoman, whose name was Gresmere,

and who acted as a *Merie*, or maid of honour, to Mary of Guise, second Queen of James V.

Their daughter, Mary Bethune, was a few years older than Queen Mary, and was early associated with her, as one of her meries. Queen Mary and her meries formed a bright constellation. In age and accomplishment, in high birth and personal charms, these maids of honour approached very closely to their royal mistress, whom yet all of them bowed before, as the central star of brightness. They had the additional bond of a common name, for the Christian name of each of them was Mary. The companionship of these four noble maidens forms part of the romance which seemed spontaneously to gather round the young and unhappy Queen.

Mary Bethune, of Creich, was, in 1566, married to Alexander Ogilvie, of Boyne; and the marriage contract has the signatures of Queen Mary and of Darnley attached to it. Her grand-nephew, David Beaton, of Criech, was the last of the Bethune proprietors of Creich. He was nominated by the General Assembly of 1644, as one of the elders on the commission, to prosecute the unity betwixt the

Churches of England and of Scotland. Thus David Beaton, of Creich, the great-grand-nephew of the great Cardinal, serves as an humble elder in the Presbyterian Church.

Following the upward course of the Leven, we very soon arrive at a promontory on its banks, which the Castle of Balgonie crowns. On the left is a stretch of meadow land, which the waters of the river keep perennially green, and on the right is the projecting precipice which the river has helped to form, and around the base of which it sweeps gracefully.

As the Leven has supplied a title to a branch of the Leslies, the late lords of this barony of Balgonie, we may appropriately take occasion here to make the river the subject of a few remarks. The name of Leven is derived from two Gaelic words—*Liath*, pronounced *Leea*, which means grey, and *Abhuinn*, pronounced *Evan*, which signifies a river. *Leath-abhuinn*, pronounced *Leea-aven*, very easily passes into Leven, and means the grey river. As seen on an autumn morning, with the early frost resting on it, or with the foggy mist of a soft day hanging over it, it is just such a feature in the landscape as would supply a name. It is a

frequent river-name both in England and Scotland. In Yorkshire there is a Leven, and in Lancashire there is a Leven. The Lee of Cheshire, and the Leen of Nottingham, are abbreviations of the same name. In Scotland we have the Fife Leven, and the Leven in Dumbartonshire. The contrast and coincidence in surroundings betwixt the Fife and Dumbartonshire Levens is noticeable. In Dumbartonshire the Leven flows out of Loch Lomond, which has Ben Lomond on its margin. In Fife, the Leven flows out of Loch Leven, which is overlooked by the Lomond Hills.

This old red-sandstone Keep of Balgonie, like the other strongholds of its time, was both a prison and a palace. Its lower depths were used as a dungeon, and often resounded with the sighs of the mournful prisoner, on whom the grasp of the feudal superior was laid; while, in its higher rooms, lords and ladies held high state and festival.

Balgonie may derive its origin from *Bal*, house or town, and *Gunna*, a gun. A small piece of ordinance, in the early days of artillery, would be enough to confer consequence on the place which possessed it, and this may

have originated the name of Balgonie, or the gun-town. Such a name, at least, is not inappropriate, when we connect the barony with the distinguished soldier General Alexander Leslie, who, in the seventeenth century, became its lord. Balgonie had for centuries belonged to the ancient family of Sibbalds. By marriage with a Sibbald heiress, it passed into the family of Lundins. From the Lundins it was acquired by the old covenanting general, Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Leslie, about 1640.

Sir Alexander Leslie need shrink from no rivalry with any on the long list of great generals. His soldiership was not a matter of padding, or parade, or even animal courage. It was reached despite of his crooked figure, despite of his stomach and his many infirmities, and was the result of skill and deliberate valour, animated by the high objects for which he always drew his sword ; and these objects are thus described :—“ Certainlie our dangers were greater than we let our people conceive ; but the truth is, we lived by faith in God. We knew the goodness of our cause ; we were resolved to stand by it upon all hazards whatsoever ; we knew the worst—a

glorious death for the cause of God and our dear country.”

It was under Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, Leslie learned the art of war; and in the cause of Protestantism he fought, measuring sword and skill with Wallenstein. His marvellous defence of Stralsund, in Pomerania—a province made famous in our day as the patrimonial residence of Prince Bismarck—and the gallant way in which he drove the Imperialist troops out of the adjacent island of Rugen, won for him the admiration of the continent.

Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Leslie, by one who was often in company with him, alike in the camp, in the church, and at his table. “Such was the wisdom and authority of that old, little, crooked soldier, that all, with an incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been great Solymán. Certainly the obedience of our nobles to that man’s advices was as great as their forbears’ wont to be to their King’s commands; yet that was the man’s understanding of our Scots humours, that

gave out, not onlie to the nobles, bot to verie mean gentlemen, his directions in a verie homelie and simple forme, as if they had been bot the advyces of their neighbour and companion; for, as he rightlie observed, a difference would be used in commanding sojourns of fortune and of sojourns voluntars, of which kinde the most part of our camp did stand." Such is Baillie's account, and we would match these letters of this cannie wast countrie Presbyterian minister, for shrewdness and naturalness, and photographic word-power, against all the laboured art and spasmodic energy of Macaulay or Carlyle.

Let us add the description of the camp by Baillie. It has been often republished, but it does one good to read it anew: "Had ye lent your eare in the morning, or especiallie at even, and heard in the tents the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture, ye would have been refreshed: true, there was swearing, and curseing, and brawling in some quarters, whereat we were grieved; bot we hoped, if our camp had been a little settled, to have gotten some way for these misorders; for all of any fashion did re-

graitt, and all did promise to contribute their best endeavours for helping all abuses. For my self, I never fand my mind in better temper than it was all that tyme, frae I came from home till my head was again homeward; for I was as a man who had taken my leave from the world, and was resolved to die in that service without returne. I fand the favour of God shyneing upon me, and a sweet, meek, humble, yet strong and vehement spirit leading me all along: bot I was no sooner in my way westward, after the conclusion of peace, than my old securitie returned."

It has been recorded in the history of the Peninsular war, to the praise of the Duke of Wellington, that he made no exactions on the people of the country for the maintenance of his army, but that he paid for everything that his troops required. Field-Marshal General Leslie was not a whit behind Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in this matter. Leslie's army had been stationed in Newcastle for upwards of a year, and we reprint from one of those pamphlets which were then issuing daily from the press, "The manner of the Scots' departure and marching out of Newcastle.

Related by the best intelligence. Printed in the year 1641." "The Scots, when they marched out of Newcastle, their artillerie, being mounted upon their carriages, advanced first forth, with the cannoniers and other officers thereto belonging, and some troops of horse; then most of the regiments of foot; after them, their provision, baggage, and carriage; then, followed the rest of the foot, and all the rest taking their leaves in a most brotherly and friendly manner. Being gone some foure miles from the towne, their generall having directed them to march forwards, he returned to Newcastle, accompanied with some few of his officers, causing the toll-bell to be rung up and downe the towne, proclaiming, that if any of the towne were not yet satisfied with any thing due to them from any of his officers or souldiers, let them bring in their tickets and hee would pay them, which hee did accordingly, to the great content of the townes-men, and much applause of the generall and his whole armie. And, after a solemne taking of his leave, he followed the armie, going all the way along with them in the reere, as they marched, and not any thing

taken from any man in all their journey, to their singular commendation, and gayning the good esteeme of all that passed by."

Such is the account furnished by an English pen, and we may search the records of war and not find a finer picture of military discipline and principle, than is here supplied by this army of Covenanters.

In 1641 General Sir Alexander Leslie was created Earl of Leven. The reader may be curious to know how these things were conducted when Scotland was an independent kingdom, and the Lord Lyon King at Arms, Sir James Balfour, gratifies us by the following circumstantial description: "6 November, Saturday. Sessio. I. Rege présente. General Lesley having newly received his patent of Lord Balgoney and Earle of Lewine, was solemnly this day instaled by his Majesty's order in face of parliament. Being invested in his parliament robes, and conducted by the Earles of Eglintone on his right hand, and Dunfermlinge an his lefte, in ther robes: the Ducke of Lennox and Richmond, Grate Chamberlaine of Scotland, in his robes, going before him: in this order did they come through

the courte, and so entered the parliament housse.

“First went six trumpetts in their liveries, two and two in order.

“Then the pursuevants, two and two in order, in their coattes of office.

“Then the heralds in their coattes, the eldest of which did bear his coronett.

“Next came the Lyone King of Armes having the new Earle’s patent in his hand.

“And after him the Lord Grate Chamberlaine, in his roabes, followed by the Earle Marishall, qu ho did usher in the new created Earle, and his two assistants or conductors.

“Quhen they cam before the throne, the Lyone delivered the patent to the Earle of Levin, quho did give it to the president of the parliament, and he to the Clercke, quho opinly read it.

“Then, after 3 several low cringes, the Earle ascendit the throne, and kneeling before his Majestie, had the usual oathe of ane Earle administrat to him by the Earle of Lanarke, Secretary of Estait: after wiche his Majestie did putt the coronett one his head, and arryssing humbly thanked his Majesty for so grate

a testimoney of his favor, and withall besought his Majesty to knight the 4 Esquyres that did attend him, wich in this order, by hes Majestie's command, wer called by the Lyone King of Armes :—

JOHNE LESLEY, of Birckhill;

JOHNE BROUNE, of Fordell;

JAMES MALWEILL, of Brunt-iland;

ANDROW SKEENE, of Aughtertule;

“ Being in this order called by their names, they ascendit the throne, and kneeling, wer severally dubt knights by his Majesty, with the sword of estait; then all of them againe kneeling, had a gilt spur put on ther right heill by Sr David Crichtone, of Lugtone, knight, the anciest knight ther at hand. This done, they, still on ther knees, with uplifted hands, had the othe of a knight administrat to them by the Lyone King of Armes, after wich they severally kissed his Majestie's hand, descendit, and attendit the made Earle to his place, quher he was ranked amongst his peeres.”

After leading the Scottish army to thrice-gained victories at Newburn, Marston Moor, and Newark, Leslie, warned by the approach

of age and a growing desire to return his sword to its scabbard, applies to Parliament to be relieved from his commission. "On Saturday, 23 June, 1650, the Lord General Leslie, in a shōrte discourse for his age and other reasons, layes down his place at the parliament's feette; and so removed himselfe outt of the housse.

"The housse having takin to their serious consideration the Lord Generall's proposition and dismissione, ordaines the Lord President to tell his Excellence that they gratly blessed God, with all thankfulness to his divyne Majesty, for his happy carriage in his former conducte of ther armies, and intreatts him still to continew in his charge; and since he had so able a deput (mening the L. Generall David Lesley), they wold have a caire to lay no more upon him than he should be able to undergoe, and his grate age might comport with. In this not a contrarey votte bot Glendinging of Gelston, one of the Commissioners of Wigtonshire, a phanaticke fellow, made from the dunghill by medling with the publicke's service."

In August of 1651 the Committee of Estates was surprised at Alythe, in Angus, by Colonel Aldrich, one of Cromwell's officers. They were

stripped of all they had, carried to Broughty Ferry, and shipped to England. General Leslie, Earl of Leven, was one of them. The Queen of Sweden used her influence with Cromwell on his behalf, and in May 25, 1654, we have this comforting notice of him:—Generall Leslie, Earle of Levin, cam to Balgoney in Fyffe, having his person relaxed, his sequestration taken of, and frie of any pecunial fyne: this was done by meanes of the Queene of Swedden.”

It was the lot of the old general, as it has often been with good men, to live to see the great objects of constitutional monarchy, and of Scriptural Presbyterianism, for which he fought and longed, overborne, first by the Sectarianism of Cromwell and his soldiers, and ultimately by the returning tyranny of Charles II. and the Court. Over this he mourned, living quietly the rest of his days at Balgonie.

After studying the life and character of anyone, in connection with the place where he dwelt, the mind comes to associate the whole landscape with the person. Every time we pass on the railway, and catch sight of the

bend of the Leven disappearing among its woods, we think of the aged covenanting Lord General, sauntering by the river side, planting the woods which now overshadow its banks; or, riding along the road on some favourite charger which had served him in the wars, and now growing old like its master; or, moving slowly along in the great family coach, to attend worship at the kirk of Markinch; or, to pay a visit of ceremony to some of the neighbouring gentry; or, of that torch-light procession, which bore his remains, at midnight, to their last resting-place, in the family vault beneath the church. For this is the closing scene as chronicled by Lamont. "1661. Apr. 4. Old Generall Leslie in Fyffe, the Earle of Leven, departed out of this life at his own house in Balgonie, and was interred at Markinshe church, in his own iyle, the 19 of Apr. in the evening." All honour to his memory, for he belonged to the noble Cornelius band of soldier-saints!

The titles of Leven and of Melville were united by the marriage of the only surviving daughter of the Earl of Leven to Earl Melville, of Melville.

Our parting notice of Balgonie leads us to

look upon it in more peaceful times. Towards the end of last century, the only daughter of Henry Thornton, the rich London merchant, the munificent aider of the cause of Christ, the friend of Cowper, and Newton, and Scott, and Bull, was married to Lord Balgonie. Mr Bull accompanied Mr Thornton in a visit to Scotland, and thus the things in Balgonie and round about it, appeared to the English Non-conformist:—“Balgonie, January 29th, 1789. I came from Melville this morning to this place with Mr Thornton and Lady Balgonie. The roads were very bad—full of ice and snow; and the country has a very dreary look—mountains covered with snow and valleys streaming with floods—barren heaths and moors for miles together. But all this is compensated by the kindness and generosity of our hosts, who treat us like what they are—right generous, old-fashioned nobility. The good Earl and his Countess are both kind and excellent people.

“We return there on Saturday, and I am to preach on the Sabbath. There is great hospitality and abundance of everything that is good; but the common people got neither

meat, nor butter, nor honey, but boiled oatmeal, with some small beer poured over it. This is one dish we always see on the table. I tasted it, and found it very much like the bran and water that is stirred together to fatten chickens and to feed hogs, but the great folks seem to like it exceedingly well."

A good way higher up the river we come upon the old "ilk" of Auchmutie. A Celtic friend suggests that the name may mean, a place betwixt banks. And certainly if the mansion-house occupied the site possessed by the present paper mill, close by the river, there was the sloping bank down to the river from the north, and the corresponding *Uchd*, or ascent, to the south. We have not much to mention regarding Auchmutie. Sir James Balfour notes that, among those who "ver duded knights by Charles I. at Innerweick, 16 Julay, 1663, was Sir James Auchmutey, one of his Majestie's pensioners." Lamont records, under date "1651, Feb. 13. Whille the King's Majestie (Charles II.) lodged at the place of the Wemyss, the Lairds of Auchmontie and Kin Craige were both knighted." This, however, may have been Auchmontie of Hahill,

in the parish of Newburn. The Auchmuties, of Auchmutie, do not seem to have been prosperous. "1669, Decr. Sir David Achmowty, in the parish of Markinshe, departed out of this life att—, on the Border, having gone ther some weikes before, for fear of caption by his creditors, and was interred near to the place." "1670. About Mairtimis, the Chancelour, the Earle of Rothes, bowght the lands of Achmoutie in Fyffe, from Mr George Gibson, son to Sir John Gibson, of —, in Louthian, who had some legal right to itt from the deceasset Sir David Achmowtie, who fled leatlie to England for debt, and dyed ther. It stood him about 28 thousand merks, being estimat betwixt 14 and 16 chalders of victuall, and 100 merks yeirlie. Major Arnot and his wife about that tyme came to live at the dwelling-house of Achmoutie, and the Lady Achmoutie, Dame — Gibson, Dury's sister, went to live in Dysert."

Encircling the parish by the west, we pass the ruined tower of Bandon, one of the Bethune's wide-spread possessions in the day of its prosperity, and reach Kirkforthar, and its barony, and ruined kirk. Lindsey, of Pitscottie, relates

with the spirit of a Lindsey, and with a pardonable and graphic minuteness, the transfer of Kirkforthar by Lord David Lyndsay, of Byres, to his brother Patrick. Lord David Lyndsay had taken the side of James III., when a party of the nobles, gaining possession of the King's son, lifted up the banner of rebellion against the King. Of all the nobles Lord David was the "starkest in his opinion" in favour of the King, "and used himself most manfully in his defence, giving the King ane sword and ane horse to fortify himself." When James III. was assassinated in the miller's house at Sauchie, after the battle of Sauchieburn, 1488, the rebellious nobility, who had sided with the King's son, triumphed. The King's son was crowned as James IV., at Stirling, and the Lords, the conspirators, called a Parliament to be holden at Edinburgh, and summoned the nobles, who had taken part with the late King, to compear and answer to the charge of treason, for taking up arms against his son. Lord David was the first indicted. "Being a rash man and of rude language, altho' stout and hardy in the field, he could not answer formally to their dittay," but bluntly told them that he would do the

same thing over again, and that, if "James IV. were to have a son, who would be counselled to come in battle against him, by the counsel of false traitors, he would side with the King and fight in his ground against them." The Lord Chancellor attempted to apologize for Lord David's plain-speaking, by saying to the King, "Sire, Lord David is bot ane man of the old world, and cannot answer formellie, nor yitt speak reverentlie in your Grace's presence." Then, turning to Lord David, he said, "It is guid for you to cum in the King's will, and he will be guid to you." This soft and insidious proposal was intended to induce Lord David to put himself into the King's power, so that all the rest of the summoned nobles might do the same ; and thus, without trouble, and by a wholesale sentence, all their estates would be forfeited.

But Patrick Lindsay, Lord David's brother, who sat near to him, saw the Chancellor's crafty purpose, and tramped on his brother's foot to warn him against compliance. The tramp, unfortunately, fell heavy on "ane sair toe" which David had, "quhilk was painfull to him ;" and, as he only felt the pain of the

tramp, and did not know its meaning, in passion he broke forth against Patrick:—"Ye're our pert to stampe upon my fute, war you out of the King's presence I wold overtak you on the mouth." Patrick, falling on his knees in presence of the King, begged that he might be heard in defence of his brother. When this was done, he objected to the King sitting as judge in this case, wherein he was a party, inasmuch as by his coronation oath the King had promised that he should not come in judgment against his Lords and Barons in any action wherein, as a party, he has interest.

The Parliament judged this petition to be reasonable. Whereupon the King rose and retired to the inner tolbooth, "quhilk was verrie unpleasant to him for the tyme, being ane young prince sittand upon his royall seatt to be raised by his subjects."

Patrick's next plea was, that the summons which brought Lord David before this Parliament, extended only to forty days, and that these forty days were now expired, and therefore the summons was now null and void, and that a new summons must be issued. When the summons and indorsations were examined, it

was found to be as Patrick had contended. The Parliament was thereupon dissolved, and the summons cast. Lord David had been looking on all the time in a state of bewilderment at his brother's oratory, probably getting only very indistinct glimpses of its meaning. But when he understood that "all evil was guid at first" (that is, well delayed), and that for the present he was free, he was very blythe, and joyfully said to Patrick, "Verrilie brother ye have fyne pyatt wordis. I wold not have trowed by Sanct Marie that ye had sick wordis. For this daye's labour ye shall have the Maynes of Kirkforthar."

No lover of antiquities will begrudge going a little eastward to Pyotstoun, when he knows that this place belonged for a time to a family of Lindseys, and that here Lindsey of Pitscottie, the chronicler, was born. Here he spent his "bairnage." Latterly he acquired the small property of Pitscottie, and from this he is known as Robert Lindsey, of Pitscottie.

Returning by Kirkforthar Moss we reach Dalginche. This is one of the *inches*, or islands, which, in the days of prevailing bog and morass, were valued as upland and dryland sites. Dal-

ginche signifies the field of the island. It gave name to a barony. Along with Scoone and Stormonth, Dalginche in Fife was appointed by the old Statute Book, entitled *Regiam Majestatem*, as one of the three principal places benorth the Forth for the administration of justice. It belonged to the Earls of Fife.

Brunton is a Scottish corruption of the Burntown, and is evidently named from the burn which flows at the base of the rising ground on which the house stands. It formed part of Dalginche barony.

The church and kirk-hamlet of Markinch are more conspicuous from their position than from anything interesting, of an ecclesiastical kind, that can be told of them.

The Registry of the Priory of St Andrews says that the church of Markinch was conveyed by Maldrumus, as Bishop of St Andrews, in the tenth century, to the Culdees of Lochleven.

The tower of the church is said to be very old. Its antiquity would be more observable were it not disfigured by the modern nondescript spire which surmounts it.

From the Kirk-Session Records it appears, very much to the honour of the men of Mark-

inch, that in the great conflict of principles which took place in the seventeenth century, they ranged themselves on the side of the Covenant, and thus contended for Bible truth and political freedom. For this sacred cause they "spent lives, land, and gear." Many of them served in the army of the Covenanters. By their means they supported the Covenanters, "the Session thinking it meet yt the voluntarie contribution should be carried to ye armie by ye minister." And when the high-handed despotism of Charles II. and of Episcopacy prevailed, they were willing to suffer fine and imprisonment for the sake of principle.

These Session Records supply farther evidence of the healthy social, and church condition of the place. All the surrounding proprietors belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and most of them held office in it. All of them conjoined their influence for the promotion of the sanctity of the Sabbath, of attendance on public worship, of temperance, and of honesty. On the part of men of all ranks and conditions, there was a wholesome submission to order and authority, which is alike the dignity of the individual, and the

safety of the state, and which contrasts advantageously with the reckless liberalism, which would leave every man free "to do that which is right in his own eyes."

Dr Drew was translated from the pastorate of Markinch to be Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews, in 1708.

Mr Tullidolph, minister of Markinch, was inducted as Professor of Divinity in St Mary's College, St Andrews, in 1734.

Dr John Thomson was translated from Sanquhar to Markinch in 1784. He was father of the late Dr William A. Thomson, who ended a ministry of upwards of fifty years, as senior pastor of the Middle Free Church of Perth, and of Dr Andrew Thomson, the distinguished minister of St George's, Edinburgh. Both of his sons were born at Sanquhar. At Markinch they were schoolboys in the upper classes of the parish school. William was a steady scholar, but Andrew was a stirring boy, fonder of fun and activity than of his books. The father saw this with concern, and told Andrew one day, that unless he took himself up he would come to want. The rogue knew how to dissipate his father's gravity, if not his fears.

“ Weel, faither,” he said, “ ye ken you’re the minister; get Willie made the dominie, and mak’ me the beadle, and precentor, and gravedigger, and then we’ll a’ mak out to live, for we’ll ha’e the hail profits of the place among us.”

These notices may appropriately close with a passing paragraph to the late Dr Sievewright, while many still remember him in his double connection with Markinch, first, as minister, for many years, in the Establishment, and latterly, as minister of the Free Church. Dr Sievewright was very much a student, severely classical in his tastes, and reserved and retiring in disposition. All his scholarship and accomplishments he consecrated to the service of Christ in the gospel. He acted as tutor in the family of Dr Alexander Stewart, whose experience and labours in connection with the revival of Moulin, in 1798, had made him well known in the religious world. Dr Sievewright prepared a memoir of Dr Stewart. It is an interesting volume, although partaking of the starchiness and formality of first authorship. Upwards of thirty years ago, you might have heard Dr Sievewright spoken

of with esteem through Fife, as one whose pulpit ministrations were acceptable to the thoughtful and the educated, and whose labours had been blessed for the spiritual benefit of several in the upper walks of life.

The event which gave Dr Sievewright chief prominence, was the fact of his being Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly in 1846. During the sitting of that Assembly, Dr Chalmers died suddenly. His funeral, no one who witnessed can ever forget. It was an impressive procession, made up mostly of the ministry of Scotland of all denominations, Dr Sievewright, as Moderator of the General Assembly, walking a little apart and alone, with feeble and tottering steps, was an observed figure. His bloodless and thoughtful features, his keen eye, his jet-black wig, and his Moderator's dress, suggested to the on-looker an old wood-cut of a grave divine of the seventeenth century. He looked as if he had stepped out of the picture-frame to join in the sable gathering.

The sermon which Dr Sievewright preached on the occasion, showed the varied and available resources of his mind. The characteristic

of the sermon, as of all the Dr's writings, was the frequent recurrence of striking sentences, containing great truths, felicitously and tersely expressed, shining like a diamond set in gold, and making the reader feel that he was in the grasp of an accomplished scholar, a far-forward Christian, and a thorough theologian. When Dr Sievewright preached this funeral sermon he was in his sixty-third year, the same age at which Chalmers died. In 1852 his own death occurred, in the seventieth year of his life, and thirty-fifth of his Markinch ministry.

PART IV.



KINGHORN, BURNTISLAND,
ABERDOUR, DALGETTY,
AND
THE LOCH-LAND OF FIFE.



Kinghorn, &c.

RAILWAY trains and steam packets are still busy in keeping up their furnace fires, to carry back the returning crowds of autumnal tourists and travellers. The fern is brown on the hill. The shy field-hares are seen in scattered companies in the field. The plovers in their piebald plumage and rapid evolutions, resembling a company of the Light Lancers, are congregating for their winter flight. The noisy rooks, with a detachment of starlings intermingled, are performing their "Autumn manœuvres" in the still sky. It is the season when we resume our quiet wanderings among the parishes of Fife.

Kinghorn.

When the train draws up at Kinghorn, and the traveller looks forth from the carriage window on the forlorn station and the dingy town, little does he think, that within broad

Scotland no place of its size, had led for centuries such a varied, and thronged, and active existence, as this decaying burgh. It was the principal ferry which connected Fife and the north with Edinburgh. The manning of the ferry boats afforded employment to the young and able-bodied. A continued succession of travellers kept the numerous inns and taverns in full trade; and a motley group of hangers-on picked up a livelihood by the miscellaneous services which they rendered.

As it was from its connection with the Firth of Forth that this town derived its importance and its gains, it may not be out of place to insert here a few jottings concerning the Firth. The Romans called the Forth by the sounding name of Bodotria, which was very likely a Latinised form of the old British name, by which it was then known. In later times it was named "Scottis Watre." The Solway was known as the Scottwade or Scottis Wathe, but the Firth was known as the Scottis Watre, or Scottish Sea. In an historical map adapted to the year A.D. 1400, we find it named "Wattyr of Forth or Scottis Se." Forth is itself an old Scottish word, and means an outlet—that which

flows forward or out. The descriptiveness of the name is seen by looking at the wide opening out of the Forth, from the Queen's Ferries onward to the German Ocean. This marked feature gives the name to the river. It is the river which floweth forth with the largest outlet. Frith or Firth describes the same thing, when looked at from the opposite direction. It represents not the river running out into the ocean, but the ocean running up into the land. In fact, the two words describe the same scene, when viewed from different points. The Firth describes the sea narrowing itself into the land, and the Forth describes the river opening itself into the sea.

All hail to this beautiful Firth of Forth, and to its twin sister—the Firth of Tay! They have helped to make Fife a kingdom. They intercept the rainfall, both on the north and south, and make Fife the driest and healthiest province in Scotland. Although at times they have helped the Scandinavian rovers, and the English, to laud and pillage, yet have they, in general, served as a protection, and have brought to its coasts commerce and wealth. Then there are the little islets, which lie like gems on the

bosom of the Forth. Each of the islets has its own character and beauty; and the outermost—Blackness and the Bass—as the scenes of the imprisonment of many a worthy, remind us that Scotland, in her best days, has ever invested her national energy in the kingdom of God and of His Son.

Amid the proverbial uncertainties of a ferry, the only thing which is certain, is frequent vexation, disappointment, and weary waiting. All this must have been well known at Kinghorn. A party, after hard riding or driving, arrives to find himself only a quarter of an hour too late, and to see the boat out at sea; or, he finds that the weather is threatening, and the ferrymen wont venture out. And the land difficulties are as trying as those of the sea, for other parties have been detained by stress of weather, and all the inns and taverns are full, and accommodation is scarcely to be got for love or money.

As the power of travelling was thus closely connected with the ferries, and as all the lieges, from the king to the packman equally depended on them, the Acts of the Scottish Parliament were very explicit for their right regulation.

Here is one passed in the fifth Parliament of Queen Mary, 1551 :—

“ For sameikle as the Queenis Grace, the Lord Governour, and the three estaites of Parliamente, havened respect to the great and heavie oppression done to the lieges of this Realme, and speciallie by Ferriers of Kinghorne, Queenis-Ferry, and Dundie, in taking of their fraught for them, and that the Queenis Lieges, notwithstanding the wechtie charges and expenses debursed to sik Ferriers, ar not served, as apperteines to be done: And for remied hereof, in respect of the dearth of vivers, dispensis with the Acte maid hereupon before for one yier: It is statute and ordained, that no maner of person, owner of anie boats, at the Ferries foresaid, tak upon hand to tak ony fraught fra ony of our Sovereine Ladie Lieges for their portage, bot as after followis: That is to say, gif ony person would have ane boate be himselfe, at the Ferrie of Kinghorne, that he take for his fraught and portage, ten shillings. And quhair companie conveenis at the said Ferrie, the horse and man to pay for their portage, twelve pennies: And the man or woman be himselfe, but horse, to pay for their

portage, sax pennies ; and that the Ferriers of the Queenis-Ferrie and Dundie, gif one man desires one boate bee himselfe, to pay for his portage, four shillings: And everie ilk man and horse aucht pennies: And ilk man or woman be themselfe four pennies, under the pain of death, and confiscation of all their gudes, with certification to them, and they do the contrair, that they sall be called to particular diettes and justice courtes, and sall be punished therefore with all rigour, as breakers of the Actes of Parliament."

Stringent as were these Acts of Parliament, it required all their severity to tell upon the rough natures of the Kinghorn ferriers, as appears from this remark contained in a "Tour through Great Britain by a Gentleman in 1761"—"Many of the inhabitants of Kinghorn lett out horses, and are called hirers; they are known all over Scotland, as are their skippers or ferrymen, for their impudence and impositions."

But to speak of Kinghorn proper. The meaning of the name is easily discovered. Kinghorn is a corruption, and the real name is found in the popular pronounciation—Kin-gorn. *Ceann*

or *Kean* in Gaelic, is a head or headland, and *gorn* is green. Kingorn thus means the green headland, and the headland which gives this name to the parish is found close by the harbour of Pettycur. This headland bears at present the local name of Rossness—*ros* in Gaelic signifying a promontory, and *ness* in Scottish having the same meaning. To those who walk along the sands from Burntisland, this green headland is very prominent, and in the days of the ferry, it would be an object of vision very much longed for, by many a sea-sick passenger crossing from Leith.

An historical interest attaches to Kinghorn, as having been the scene of the tragical death of Alexander III. in 1285. The king had been returning on horseback at night to Glamis Tower, his castle, above Kinghorn. His horse shied and threw him. He fell with his head on a rock, and the fall was fatal. One fancies that the path he followed held its perilous course along the summit of the cliffs; but it seems to have been much lower down. The rock is known as the King's Rock. It is close by the side of the public road, at a little distance from a little stream which forms the

boundary of Burntisland and Kinghorn. A bramble has spread its straggling branches over it.

“He put his hand on the Earlie’s head,
And showed him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e’e.”

Well might “fair Scotland greet and grane” at the loss of the Third Alexander, for he had proved a wise and a good king. “Never,” says the old chronicler, “was ther more lamentatione and sorrow for a king in Scotland than for him; for the nobility, the clergie, and above all the gentrey and commons, bedewed his coffin for 17 dayes space with revoletts of tears.” He had conquered in war Haco, King of Norway, and had rescued from the Norseman’s sway the Western Isles. He had brought peace and prosperity to the people. His own death and the death of his grand-daughter—the little Maid of Norway—opened the way for the ambitious designs of Edward of England. Edward’s purpose was to subjugate Scotland, and to make it a dependency of England. And by 1296 he had succeeded, to a large extent. He had over-run Scotland, and had placed

English soldiers and English governors all through the land. But disasters are often linked on to deliverances. Edward's invasions occasioned the Scottish wars of Independence. The noble struggles of the patriot hero, Sir William Wallace, and the persevering ardour and masterly tactics of Robert the Bruce, achieved the country's freedom, and laid the foundation for that long series of national and social events which has made Scotland prosperous.

The burgh of Kinghorn lies in a ravine. An old, old burgh it is, with an early charter. Nothing outward remains to indicate its antiquity, for the oldest existing dates are comparatively modern. At the top of the Nethergate there is a house with the date 1668, and the initials R. B. At the foot of the Nethergate there is another, with a defaced coat of arms, bearing the date 1633, and the initials H. S., B. B. These are supposed to have been houses built by the principal burgesses, or by some of the county gentry as sea-bathing or winter dwellings, betwixt which and their country homes their stay alternated.

The church is quite a seaman's church, being

placed at the shore, within the sound of the sea-waves. "The sailors and mariners of the burgh" had the additional interest of property in the church, for they "had bigged a loft, by advice of the Session for the time." It was in this church that Mr John Scrymgeour ministered from 1607 to 1620. Of him Mr John Livingstone, in his Memorable Characteristics, has supplied this significative sketch: "He went minister with King James to Denmark when he went thither to fetch home Queen Anna, a man rude-like in his clothing and some of his behaviour and expressions; but he was of a deep reach, of a natural wit, very learned, especially in the Hebrew language, who oft wished most part of books to be burnt except the Bible and clear notes on it; one of a most tender, loving heart, especially fitted to comfort such as were cast down. His expressions in preaching seemed sometimes too familiar, but always very pressing." The following incident Livingstone gives on hearsay:—Mr Scrymgeour had a young daughter, whom he loved dearly, who was very ill of scrofula. One night he was called up to see her die. "I went out," he said, "to the fields in the night,

being in great anxiety, and began to expostulate with God in a fit of great displeasure, and said, 'Thou knowest, O Lord, I have been serving Thee in the uprightness of mine heart, according to my measure, and Thou seest I take pleasure in this child, and cannot obtain such a thing as that at Thy hand,' with other such expressions as I durst not again utter for all the world, for I was in great bitterness; and at last it was said to me: 'I have heard thee at this time, but use not such boldness in time coming for such particulars.' When I came back the child was sitting up in the bed, fully healed, taking some meat."

On the 1st of March 1620, Mr Scrymgeour was summoned before the High Commission. As he refused to conform to those measures, whereby the king was endeavouring to subvert the Presbyterian worship and government, he was, by Archbishop Spottiswoode and his coadjutors silenced and ordered to remove to Dundee. "As for Dundee," Mr Scrymgeour answered, "it is far off, and I am not able for far journies, as physicians can witness, and little wot ye what is in my purse." "Then where will ye choose your confining?" asks the Archbishop.

“At a little room of my own—Bowhill in Auchterderran parish,” was Mr Scrymgeour’s reply. “Then wait at Bowhill during the king’s pleasure,” was the Archbishop’s sentence.

The Kirk-session of Kinghorn thus record their judgment regarding the forcible removal of their minister:—“Mr John Scrymgeour, minister of Kinghorn, is now removit from the same without any fault ayther in his lyfe, or doctrine, or warrant of God in guid conscence. The mightie God link to and requyer it at all those whoever has put and jiynted them thereto!”

“A little before his death,” writes Mr Livingstone, “I went to see him at his own house in Auchterderran. He was troubled with the gravel, and was made to cry out bitterly for pain. One time when he came back to me, he saith, ‘Joannes, I have been a rude, stankard (sullen) man all my days, and now by this pain the Lord is dantaning me to make me as a lamb before He take me home to himself.’” Mr Scrymgeour died at Wester Bowhill about 1634.

The Session Records of Kinghorn were, about forty years ago, rescued from the shop of Peggy Wilkie, a green grocer in the town, by Mr

Barclay, Sheriff-Clerk of Fife. By him they were carefully pieced together, and extracts from them were edited by a genial pen. From these extracts we make a few selections, to illustrate how matters were managed in these bye-gone times.

“1608, 18 Decembris. Jonet Tod and Jonet Ayngill being callit compeirit quha for yr misbehaviour in flytting and scalding in the audience of yr ny'bours and also of uyr strang'rs cumand by to the tyd was ordainit to stand twa hours in the gougs at the trone, and the s'd Jonet Ayngill an hour mair at the cros for hir disobedience, without redemption.”

This extract given is identical in spelling and contraction with the original. The extracts which follow are somewhat modernised in spelling, so as to be more easily read. “The Session ordains the minister to pay twentie schillings of penaltie, for giving ane testimoniall to Thomas Gib contrair to the ordinance of ye Session.”

“1609, 28 May. Comperit Alex. Glen quha was rebuckit by his minister, at the ordinance of ye Session, for being full with drink in the boat coming ower the watter quilk was thoct

very slanderous, and admonished not to do the lyke agane, quilk he promisit to do."

"1609, 3 Septembris. Comperit Jhone Lambart being callit, quaha being accusit for his ignorance in not having the commands, confessit it to be ane fault, and promissit to get them under the paine of 40 ss."

"1623, 2 Feby. Comperit Robt. Downie, quaha was ordanit not to suffer his lytill bairn to go thro the town as she does."

"24 Augustii. Comperit William Allane, quaha confessit his brek of the Sabbathe and abusing of his wife upon the same: Wherefor he was ordanit to be laid 24 hours in the stocks, and thereafter to stand twa houris in the jougis upon ane markat day, and thereafter to find caution not to do the lyke again, or to inact himselve with certification if he sall be fund doing the same to be banischit the town."

"1625, 8 May. The quilk day intimatioun was maid concerning the censuring of those quaha gangis furt of the kirk before the blessing be endit."

"Tuesday, 30 August 1642. Considering the indecencie of plaides about woman's heads in church on the Sabbath, and that it is a

means to provock sleep, appoints it to be discharged, and 6 ss. be exacted of the contraveners *toties quoties*, and this to be intimate the next Sabbath."

The battle of Kilsyth, in 1644, wherein the Covenanters, under General Baillie, were defeated with fearful slaughter, by Montrose, fell heavily upon the families of Fife. Kinghorn had its own share of grief, as is seen from the Session minutes.

"October 21, 1645. Jonnet Smith, who railed on the magistrate, Wm. Tennant, baillie, calling him meikle keited carle, and wishing or saying the curse of God would come on him, who had made so manie fatherlesse bairnes in the towne by sending them to Kilsyth, appointed to be warned to compeer the next day."

"Nov. 4, 1645. Jonnet Moyes dilated, charging Patrick Boswell with the death of her sonne at Kilsyth, and cursing him as a bad man, avowing she had cursed and would do so. Appoynted to be warned against the next day."

"December the 30, 1616. Note the thinnesse of the meetings of the Session did pro-

ceed from paucitie of elders, manie of them being dead and slaine at Kilsyth since last election."

At the east end of the town is Abden—a three-storied tenement by the shore, with a large square garden attached to it. The house and lands are held upon condition of giving a night's lodging to the King or to any of the Royal Household when detained at the ferry.

Passing onwards and eastwards, we come to the five-storied square tower of Seafield. It is built upon a rocky ledge, which the waves wash, and has the broad Firth as its lawn. Prominent for situation, the eye often turns to it, and the expectation is awakened, as if it ought to be the scene of something memorable. But no legend of romance, no fact of history, no popular tradition, attaches to it. It is a ruined tower by the sea, and nothing more. Sibbald says it was the ancient seat of the Moutrays.

Upwards from this, and northwards, as the land slopes to the shore, there stood the old house of Kirkcaldy Grange. The situation is very common-place, but this is relieved by the picturesque character of the men who pos-

essed it. Stout and valiant were the Kirkaldys of Grange, and in their bearing well did they support the spirit of their ancient motto, "Fortissima veritas"—truth is most bold. Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange was Lord High Treasurer of Scotland in the days of James V. He was a firm friend of the Reformation, and an enlightened advocate of the alliance of England in preference to France. But we pass by Sir James, that we may concentrate our attention on his still more eminent son, Sir William Kirkaldy. Sir William was in the Castle of St Andrews when Cardinal Beaton was put to death, and was an abettor in the act. The castle surrendered—"the thickness of its walls in which they boasted becoming," as John Knox said, "but as egg shells"—and Sir William was sent captive to the Castle of St Michael, in the little island of Ushant, off Brest. When here, the commander of the castle used his authority to get young Kirkaldy to attend mass; but the Protestantism within him resisted in such a forcible way as to prevent a repetition of the order. "We will not only go to the mass," said Kirkaldy, "but we will even help to perform it, provided

you will let us slay the priest ; for else, sir, we will not."

In after years (1553), France, which had witnessed Kirkaldy a captive, saw him one of the foremost champions in France. He was made captain of an hundred light horsemen in the Scottish Guard by the French King, Henry II. Sir James Melville was with him in the service, and Sir James writes:—"I heard Henry II. point to Kirkaldy and say, 'Yonder is one of the most valiant men of our age.' The great Constable of France," continues Sir James, "would never speak to him uncovered." And in truthful, tender sentences thus does Sir James summarise the character of his kinsman:—"He was humble, gentle, and meek ; like a lamb in the house, and like a lion in the field. He was a lusty, strong, and well-proportioned personage ; hardy, and of a magnanimous courage ; secret and prudent in all his interprises, so that never one that he made or devised misgave when he was present himself. When he was victorious he was very merciful and naturally liberal, an enemy to greediness and ambition, and a friend to all men in adversity. He fell frequently in trouble

in protecting innocent men from such as would oppress them.”

After returning to Scotland, while the good Regent Moray lived, Sir William Kirkaldy was faithful to the Reformation. But after Moray's death, three influences combined to pervert him. He had come under the fascinating personal power of Queen Mary at Carberry Hill years before, and the remembrance of that interview was never effaced. Then the subtle spirit of Secretary Maitland, of Lethington, insinuated its poison into the honest nature of Kirkaldy, and warped itself around him, confusing the moral sense, as subtlety always does, with its skilful misrepresentation. And when Morton became Regent in the place of Moray, the whole antipathies of Sir William's nature were up in arms against the man, whom he regarded as the enemy of his family. Thus perverted, Kirkaldy held the Castle of Edinburgh in the interests of Mary and Popery, against the Lords and cause of the Reformation.

It is affecting to notice how, under these circumstances, the heart of Knox still clave to Kirkaldy. When on his death-bed, Mr David Lindsay, minister of Leith, came to visit him,

and on inquiring how he was, Knox answered —“ Weel, brother, I thank God. I have desyred all this day to have you, that I may send you yit to yon man in the Castell (Sir William Kirkaldy), whom ye ken I have loved so dearly. Go, I pray, and tell him that I have sent you to him yet once, to warn and bid him in the name of God to leave that evil cause and give over that Castle. If not, he shall be brought down over the walls of it with shame, and hung against the sun. Sae God has assurit me.” Mr Lindsay went, saw Kirkaldy, and delivered the message. At first he seemed somewhat moved; but after retiring for a little, and conversing with Maitland, he came back and returned a contemptuous reply. Mr Lindsay went direct to John Knox, and reported that after conferring with Maitland, Kirkaldy did not receive the message well. “ Weel,” said Knox, “ I have been earnest with my God anent these twa men : for the ane (Kirkaldy) I am sorrise that sae should befall him, yit God assures me there is mercie for his saul : for that other (Secretary Maitland) I have nae warrant that ever he shall be weel.” This took place in November 1572. In May 1573, Edinburgh

Castle was reduced. Kirkaldy, the Governor, "was seen to surrender, and to come down the ladders over the wall." He and Maitland were closely warded. All hope of life was taken from them. Maitland anticipated his ignominious doom, and poisoned himself. Kirkaldy awaits it more courageously. Mr Lindsay was with him by nine o'clock on the day of his execution, and "taking him to ane fore stair of the lodging apart," told him that all efforts to spare him had failed, and that it behoved him to die. "O, then, Mr David, for our auld friendship, and for Christ's sake, leave me not." Lindsay remained. Pacing up and down the cell, he came to a window, and seeing the day fair, and the sun clear, and a scaffold preparing at the Cross in the High Street, Kirkaldy changes countenance and colour. Mr Lindsay observing this, asked him what was troubling him. "I perceive well now," he said, "that Mr Knox was the true servant of God, and that his threatening is to be accomplished;" and asked Mr Lindsay again to repeat what John Knox had said. Mr Lindsay did it, dwelling upon the assurance which Knox expressed—"that there was mercie for his soul." The

quhilk he would have repeated ower again to him, and thereupon was greatly comforted, and began to be of guid and cheerful courage. He dined moderately. And when Mr Lindsay promised to accompany him to the place of execution, he said, "Take heed; I hope in God, after that I shall be thought past, to give you a token of the assurance of that mercie to my saul, according to the speaking of that man of God." At three o'clock in the afternoon, Kirkaldy was conveyed in a hurdle, and Mr Lindsay with him, to the Cross. About four o'clock, the sun being west about of the north-west neuk of the steeple, he was thrown off the ladder, and his face first fell to the east. But within a little while he turned about to the west, and then remained against the sun. "At this time, Mr Lindsay says, he marked him when all thought he was away, to lift up his hands, which were bound before him, and lay them down again softly, which moved Mr Lindsay with exclamation to glorify God before all the people."

This account James Melville had personally from Mr Lindsay, and we have given James Melville's narrative almost in his own words,

and in all its minute details. History supplies few episodes so touching. Sir James Melville tells us, that when James VI. came to age, he ordered Kirkaldy's bones to be taken up, and buried honourably in the ancient burial-place of his predecessors at Kinghorn.

In a field at Glassmount, in the north of the parish, there are two rough standing stones, the dumb witnesses of some forgotten event. Sibbald thinks that they mark the graves of some Scottish Chiefs, who fell in battle, when under Sueno, King of Norway, and his brother Kanute, the Northmen invaded Scotland about the year 1030. Their fleet landed at Kinghorn. They were overcome with great slaughter by Macbeth, Thane of Falkland. It was among the last of the Scandinavian invasions.

Balmuto, which lies at the north-west extremity of the parish, deserves a passing notice. It stands on the side of its own hill, embowered amid trees, and presenting the substantial home-like aspect of a mansion-house of the last century. Among the signatures to the Confession of Faith, which were appended "in the year of God fifteen hundred four score and yeir," at the head of the list is that of "John

Bosswall, fear of Balmouto," and of "Andrew Bosail wt my hail hart and hand." The mention of the name at once reminds us of two cadets of this house—James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, and of Sir Alexander Boswell, author of several of the popular songs of Scotland, such as "Auld Gudeman ye're a Drucken Carle," "Jenny's Bawbee." Among the Balmuto family papers, is a letter written by James VI. to the then Laird of Balmuto, asking for a private loan to enable the king to give fair entertainment to the Danish nobles at the time of his marriage. "We have laid our count upon you," writes the king, "as one of the first of our guid willing, and to that effect have sent the bearer to you to desire of you the loan of a thousand merks in this our urgent necessitie." James was accustomed to borrow from his loving subjects, promising "thankfullie to pay and content everie ane of their persons that have advanced us with sick soumes." He often applied for small loans to his neighbours about Falkland. And these small loans were the occasion of the introduction of the breed of cow which is known as the Fife breed. James could not repay these small

debts. But in going through Yorkshire, on his way to the Crown of England, he saw a superior class of cows. He bethought himself of his Falkland friends. Expressing great admiration of the cows he saw, the men of Yorkshire were happy of the opportunity to show goodwill to their future monarch, and offered him a present from their herds. James gladly accepted what was offered, and despatched them forthwith to Falkland, to show that he had forgot neither his friends nor his debt. These Yorkshire cows are the ancestors of the trig black crummies, which in hundreds are now chewing the cud in the grass fields of Fife.

Nor must we forget Inchkeith, for parochially it is connected with Kinghorn. There it lies moored in the middle of the Forth, and when looked at from the west, it is seen spreading itself out into a square, as if anxious to moor itself more firmly in the water. When seen from the east at certain points, it presents a miniature outline of Arthur Seat and Salisbury Craigs. The island ascends to a summit, on which gleams the lighthouse, with its circle of whitened wall. Inchkeith is named from the

family of Keith, who distinguished themselves by acts of heroism in the wars with the Northmen, about the year 1000, for which they had this island assigned to them, and were appointed Earls Marshall, or Marischals of Scotland, having the chief command of the cavalry. The island figured in the struggles which occurred at the beginning of the Reformation, when the Protestant Lords of the Congregation endeavoured to secure the alliance of England, and when Mary of Guise strove to maintain the influence of France. It seems to have been for the most part in possession of the French. "In March this year 1560," writes Balfour, "the Englishe navy arrive in the Forthe, wherupon the Frenche that wer in Fyffe runs to their holdes of Leithe and Incheithe which they had fortifid and victualled."

The French, who retained Leith and Inchkeith as the base of their operations, have left their mark on Kinghorn. Pettycur, is named from *petits crops*, because small companies of French soldiers were accustomed to disembark there. A small farmstead, at the top of Kinghorn, still wears the French name of Belle-isle. At "the brae bewest Kinghorn called Petti-

curr," the French defeated a detachment sent forward by the Lords of the Congregation, and took Kinghorn, where they lay and wasted the country round, not sparing even their own confederates, Seafield and Balmuto, whom Knox denounces as "enemies to God, and traitors to their country." But the French had it not all their own way. Retribution soon overtook them. Kirkaldy of Grange, whose house of Grange they had burned, watched his opportunity, and setting upon them about a mile from Kinghorn, while out on one of their marauding excursions, defeated them, drove them within the precincts of Glamis Tower, and slew their captain, Le Battie, or Labast, or Le Bastie, for Scotsmen have all along been better up to the conquering of the French, than to the spelling or pronouncing of their unmeaningly lettered names.

Under date "1649 March," Lamont has this entry—"My Lord Scotstarvet bought Inchekeith from my Lord Glams, and a mile of Kinggorne, with soome akers of land there about; the wholle bargain amounted to twentie thousande marke Scots money, or thereby."

Burntisland.

A glance of the eye discovers at once the reason, why the name of Western Kingorn should have been given to the parish of Burntisland; for many *caen gorns*, or green-headed knolls and slops, appear alternating with the dark molten rocks. Equally obvious is the origin of the name of Burntisland, which, for the sake of distinction, was substituted about three hundred years ago. The black, burnt, lava-like aspect of the rocks, all through the parish, evidently suggests the name. The contraction by which Burntisland would be written Brtland, accounts for the form in which it often occurred as Bertland and Bertiland; and the use of the definite article "the," Scottice ye, explains the subsequent and present edition of the name Burnt-ye-land, Burntisland. The prevalence of this name would be greatly aided by the presence of the little black rocky island which lies near the harbour, which is incorporated into the west sea-wall, and which the generality of people would accept as the plain visible explanation of

Burntisland. Probably "the sophism of gentility" might also have something to do with the matter, as Burntisland sounds more euphonious and polite than Bruntland.

But with so many objects before us of acknowledged interest, we need not waste time on a subject, which, after all, will continue conjectural and disputable.

This parish is wealthy in fine views. One might travel far, and not find any to surpass what may be supplied from a point on the old Burntisland road at the Elves or Delves Craigs, which a footpath to Dodhead will conduct you to. It was in early summer, "when the day was drawing towards evening," that we saw it. The sun was going down behind the Trossach hills, and was brightening with its farewell beam the course of the Forth. The wooded bays of Aberdour were left in deep shade. The woods of Rosebery were suffused with a rosy radiance. Inchcolme was partially illuminated with the glow. The vessels at anchor in the Leith Roads and at Granton, were burnished as if on a sea of glass. Transparency was imparted to every column of steam, as it ascended in the landscape. The evening fires of Edin-

burgh sent up their light smoke, reminding the spectator, that this evening smoke was the signal for evening worship at Durham's of Largo, for, looking out from his front door, the good man summoned his household, saying—"It is time for the books, for Auld Reekie is putting on her night cap." Thus, they tell that Edinburgh got the name of Auld Reekie. The name is known to many, and it is a pity if the consecrated origin of the name were not associated with it, and so kept in remembrance.

If the historical life of a burgh can, in some of its most salient points, be reproduced, it will be found to reflect, to a large extent, the life of the nation. This, we are enabled in some measure to do; for the late Mr James Speed, merchant, who died in 1867, a man of sagacity and of good information, with a laudable partiality to the burgh, over which he presided as Provost for many years, employed his leisure hours in compiling from the Burgh Records, a few notes of leading events. These notes the Rev. Dr Coupar has kindly placed at our disposal.

Burntisland was, as early as the twelfth century, connected ecclesiastically with the powerful Abbey of Dunfermline. As the place grew

in importance, it came to be recognised as a barony or burgh of Royalty of the Abbey. In the year 1541, James V. acknowledged this, by giving to the Commendator of Dunfermline certain lands in exchange for the harbour of Burntisland, and "sax acres" of land adjoining thereto, called Greffland and Cunningaland, or rabbit warren, and these the king erected into a Burgh Royal. But the burgh was not allowed to enjoy its royal privileges in peace. The Commendator of Dunfermline always continued, in various ways, to renew some claim or another. And in this he was abetted by the Lord of Rossend Castle, who claimed as his private property, some ground, which the burgh asserted was theirs by the Royal Charter. For years this contention continued. In 1585 a new charter was obtained from James VI., recognising "the erection of Burntisland into a great civil community," and re-asserting "its liberties, privileges, and immunities." In 1633 this new charter was sent to Sir John Hay, "with three pieces of gold for himself," to have it confirmed by Act of Parliament. The Act of Parliament was passed, and the Act "was ordered to be put into the Black Kist

and Amorie," thus ending all strife, and making security sure for all time to come. In this way it was that the Burghs of Regality, which were vassals of the nobles and of the church, and the Burghs of Royalty, which were vassals of the king, counteracted each other, and betwixt the two the balance of power was preserved, and the progress of liberty advanced.

The affairs of the burgh were managed by a Council, consisting of twenty-one members. The Provost was generally a nobleman or landed gentleman, whose influence it was thought useful to have. The members were required to attend the Council Meetings "in honest hats and clocks, and not in bonnets and other unseemly wear." A meeting of the Council was held weekly at eight o'clock in the morning. Every meeting was opened and closed with prayer. Those absent or departing before the last prayer, were fined in twelve shillings Scots. All the members were enjoined "to sit gravely and in silence, till their opinions or vote was required by the moderator. Strict secrecy was enforced. Those who used profane language were to be fined in thirty shillings." Sometimes stronger measures were

obliged to be resorted to. In 1598 a Town Councillor abused the Bailies in the Council-house, and on being ordered to go to ward, refused, draws his whinger, throws down his glove, challenges them to single combat, and then betakes himself to his own house, from "the windock" of which he continues his abuse. For all which offences he is brought before a head court, fined in ten merks, ordained to behave well in future, and to ask pardon of the Council on his knees in the church, after the Wednesday's preaching. The Council had two officers to attend them. These were clothed in the town's livery—viz., four-tailed red coats, with white linings.

Every burgess was to be of good character and of the true religion, able to bear the king's fine, to reside, to bear scot and lot, and watch and ward, and to be owner of a rood of bigget land.

The principal inhabitants were sea-faring, navigating their own vessels in foreign and coasting voyages. These constituted the "Primo-Guild."

The lights and shadows of life fell upon the town. This is the way in which "the plague"

was met. The town was strictly watched day and night. Any of the inhabitants suspected of being infected were "enclosed," that is, shut up in their own house. Inspectors were appointed to examine the suspected. The breaking out of boils on the body was regarded as a decided symptom. Poor persons, when attacked, were taken from their own houses, and placed in "ludges" on the south side of the Links. If they appeared to recover, they were removed to "ludges" on the north side. Sanitary precautions were adopted. The streets were ordered to be cleared of "middings red and refuse." Paved gutters were ordered to be made to carry off the standing water. Cats and dogs and swine were ordered to be killed. Some kind of kilns were built to purify the air, and cauldrons were provided for cleansing "the foul gear." Two loads of white bread were received as a gift from the inhabitants of Kirkcaldy, and £30 were taken from "the Tuesday's box" for the support of the poor. "Cleangers" were brought from Kinghorn "to tack order with this sickness," and to bury the dead. These cleangers were a lawless set. So soon as they could be parted with, they "were con-

veyed to Kinghorn, and delivered to the authorities there at the West Port thereof." As the history of all plagues shows us, so it happened here. Recklessness prevailed. The Magistrates lost all authority, and crimes and offences of various kinds prevailed to an unwonted extent. This account refers to the year 1608.

So soon as the plague disappeared, the Council passed resolutions for the better observance of religious ordinances, both as an expression of gratitude to God for deliverance, and as the most effectual means of restoring order and good government. They ordain, that all persons absent from the church on Sabbath, shall be "warded in the Iron-house for twelve hours, without meat or drink, but bread and water, or pay a fine of 20 shillings for the first offence, 30 for the second, 40 for the third, all without prejudice to the Kirk-Session." They also ordained that the whole inhabitants, "as well man as wife," shall be present at the Tuesday's preaching, and that "the hail booth doors be closed at the ringing of the third bell, under the pain of 40 pennies unlaw, *toties quoties*, as often as they failzie."

This is the way in which the Council prepared to welcome Charles I., on the first visit which he paid to Scotland after he had become King; "July 9, 1633. The King crossed the Forth from Leith on his way to Falkland. The Council order the town officers to have a new suit of clothes; and wine, comfits, and other eatables to be provided for his Majesty and his attendants; the streets to be cleared of middings and red; women and children to keep within doors from morning to night on the day of the King's arrival; twa boats with sufficient crews to ferry the King across; and lastly, they resolve to admit the King and his attendants free men of the Burgh."

A piper was appointed to go through the town with his pipes morning and evening. In 1679 the piper was exchanged for a drummer, who was to beat his drum daily through the town at 7 o'clock morning and 4 afternoon. There was also "a town violer." In 1679 he complains, that the violers living without burgh, come and "play on bass and triple viols to his prejudice." These external violers are forbidden to play within the burgh.

The church stands out as a prominent and

characteristic feature of the town. It is square, buttressed at each corner, and the unfinished tower, rising from the centre of the four-sided sloping roof, suggests the idea of a clumsy candle-extinguisher. It is associated, as are most of the church steeples on the coast of Fife, with a continental model, and is said to have been built in imitation of the North Church of Amsterdam. Above the entrance porch is the date 1592, with an anchor carved beneath. The church is probably the oldest building in the town.

The interior of the church is more imposing than its exterior. Four massive pillars support the arches on which the roof rests. The pulpit leans on one of these pillars, and around the pillar, right across, is the Magistrates' seat, with a canopy overhead, bearing the date 1606, and suggesting the days of bob wigs and shoe-buckles. The pulpit thus faces the Magistrates' seat, and the minister preaches across the church. There is a tradition, that when Archbishop Laud crossed with Charles I. in 1633, he looked into the church, and never having seen a church of this form before, his ritualistic mind was perplexed with the question, as to where the altar should be placed.

At first private individuals, with the consent of the Council and Kirk-Session, erected their own seats. A part before the pulpit was occupied by moveable seats and chairs, which were used by the burgesses' wives and their families, the men sitting apart in the seats appropriated to their respective crafts.

The galleries were erected in the year 1613. A handsome stone stair, on the outside, leads up into the compartment which belonged to the Primo-Guild of the seafarers, and the lintel of the door bears the date June 6, 1672, and the very same inscription, which is found on the plague-protected house at Chester, "God's providence is our inheritance." On the front of the sailors' gallery were rude representations of antique ships, and of men with sextants. The merchants' seats bore the inexplicable figure 4. The other craft sects had the insignia of their trades and texts of Scripture, which were meant to apply to their occupations. It is a matter of regret, that when the church was repaired in 1822, all these innocent and interesting memorials were removed. Only two remain; one of the shoemakers, on the south wall below; and the other that of the hammermen, on

the north wall of the gallery. The inscription on the latter is—

“1592. With hammer in hand
All arts doth stand.

Prosperitas, felicitas, et concordia fratrum.”

On the 12th of May 1601, this church had the distinguished honour of entertaining the General Assembly of the Scottish Church. It was the sixty-fifth General Assembly. The Assembly was to have been held at St Andrews, but as King James, while hunting, had a fall, and had hurt his left shoulder, for his convenience it was transferred to Burntisland. Along with the king's majesty there were present the commissioners of the nobility and of the burghs.

With a view of providing for the accommodation of the Assembly, there is the following minute in the Council Records:—“Apud Burntisland, March 1601. The Baillies and Council being conventit togidder in counsale, ordains ane convenient house to be providit for the convention of ye Ministerie with his Majesty and his Commissioners to be halden within ye burgh, and ordains cules (coals) to be providit

to serve for fyre for ye said house, during the said convention, and all in ane voice thinks Mr Andro Wilson his lodging most convenient for yt purpose, and requires him to spare ye same to that effect." Mr Speed adds this note—"The Mr Andro Wilson referred to was common clerk, and his lodging was at the South Hill. This house would probably be for lodging the members. The meeting of the Assembly would likely be held in the New Kirk."

The Burntisland General Assembly is memorable for the first suggestion of a work, which has powerfully affected the religion not only of Scotland and England, but of the whole English-speaking population of the world. The idea of a new translation of the Bible was then launched by the Scotch Presbyters, who were there convened. Here is the minute of what was done:—"Sess. ultima, Maii 16, 1601. It being meinit (mentioned) by sundrie of the brethren that there was sundrie errors that meritit to be correctit in the vulgar translation of the Bible and of the psalms in meter, in the quhilk heids the Assemblie has concludit as follows—First, anent the translation of the Bible, that every ane of

the brethrene, wha has best knowledge in the languages, employ their trevils in syndrie parts of the vulgar translatione of the Bible that needs to be mendit, and to confer the same together at the next Assemblie. As for the translatione of the psalms in meter, it was ordeanid that the same be revised by Mr Robert Pont."

It was honour enough to the Church of Scotland to have been the first to propose a new translation of the Scriptures. But there were weighty reasons for delaying the accomplishment, which arose at once from the wise providence of God, and from the petulance of man. Had a Scottish translation of the Bible been made, it would have taken rank only as a provincial translation. The Scottish language, both in its spelling and its words, was only acquiring shape, and even at its best would have been unsuitable for England. Most wisely do we see this design delayed until the year 1611, when the Bible was retranslated in a style and form, which has fixed the standard of the English language, and which serves as a common heritage to Scotland and England and America, and to all the English-speaking

colonies scattered throughout the globe. But while holy Providence, for wise ends, thus deferred the execution of what the Burntisland Assembly suggested, the petulance and wilfulness of James are not to be overlooked. He knew that in a translation conducted by Scotch Presbyters, no place would be found either for "prelacy" or the Royal "supremacy;" for even at this Burntisland Assembly, he informed the Hampton Court bishops, that "Mr John Black, a beardless boy, told him, that he would hold conformity with his Majesty in matters of doctrine; but every man for ceremonies was to be left to his own liberty." "But," adds James, "I will none of that." Well did he know that with English translators his favourite aphorism, "No bishop, no king," would meet with all acceptance, and that in their rendering, by a skilful but unjust interchange of different English words for the one Greek word, there would be a surface and popular advantage given to Episcopacy. It is this bias which is the great disfigurement of the present authorised version. Yet does time bring with it its own remedies. The Revision Committee, who hold their present meeting,

will, it is to be hoped, by an honest and impartial scholarship, not only remove "the sundry escapes of the common translation," but will also put to right those unfair un-English advantages, which, under Royal pressure, were taken of the original Greek. Then will they have the praise of all good men, when they fulfil aright their "hard, heavy, and holy task," and make it plain, that "a good translation is an excellent comment."

Like all the other burghs, Burntisland declared for the Covenant in 1638. The inhabitants had their wapinschaws (weapon showing) and drills daily, under drill masters. Every eighth man is ordered out for the wars, and every person worth 200 merks is called on to furnish a horse for the service. Any one who had failed to join the army, or who had deserted, were apprehended, and compelled to stand at the kirk doors with "rock and spindle in their hands," and with a paper on their heads, bearing an inscription in large letters, which set forth "their infamy." The Council sent a deputation to the minister, Dr John Michaelson, to learn whether he will subscribe the Covenant, and allow it to be read in the

kirk. Dr Michaelson's answer was a very emphatic "No." The Council then applied for advice to the Presbytery. The Presbytery recommend that those in Burntisland wishing to sign the Covenant repair to Kinghorn, where the minister would preach, and give them the opportunity of subscribing. The Council "think it not meet to agree to this." After various dealings, Dr Michaelson came to consent that the Covenant be read in the kirk by the reader, *but not on a preaching day*. This, however, the Council refuses to accept. At last, the Presbytery enjoins that the Covenant be read in the kirk by the reader of the Evangel, and be subscribed by the inhabitants—burgh and landward. Dr John disregards this injunction. The Presbytery summoned Dr Michaelson to appear and answer for his contumacy, and appoint Mr John Smith, minister at Leslie, to preach, and to receive the oath and subscription of the people. The Council employ the good offices of Orrock of Orrock, Orrock of Balram, and Ged of Balridge, to persuade the minister to comply with the Presbytery's order. "He assented, though, as he says, against his will."

- With Oliver Cromwell, Burntisland had a very direct connection, and the remembrance of this is perpetuated in the name of "Cromwell Road," which is given to a principal thoroughfare. Here are two or three scraps of information taken from the "Perfect account of the *Daily Intelligence*," a paper printed in these times to keep the people of England acquainted with the exploits in Scotland of his Excellency, the Lord General Cromwell:—
"16th April 1651, troops employed upon a design for Burntisland with the boats." 19th, from Hamilton a military correspondent writes:—
—"We heard the great guns go off apace from Burntisland, our men with the boats made two attempts upon it." 20th, "The ships with Leith forces continually alarm Burntisland, making shews to attempt the taking of it, or landing forces." On 29th July 1651, the Lord General himself pens the following letter dated from Burntisland:—

"SIR,—The greatest part of the army is in Fife, waiting what way God will further lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in Brunt Island, which is indeed very conducing to the carrying on of our affaires. The town is well

seated, pretty strong, but marvellous capable of further improvement in that respect without great charge. The harbour at a high storm is near a fathom deeper than at Leith, and doth not lye commanded by any ground without the town. Wee took three or four small men of war in it, and I believe 30 or 40 guns. Commissary Gen. Whaley marched along the sea side in Fife, having some ships to goe along the coast, and hath taken great store of great artillery and divers ships. The enemies affaires are in some discomposure, as we hear, surely the Lord will blow upon them.

“Your most humble servant

“O. CROMWELL.”

If the reader put the question, what business had Cromwell to be in Scotland at all? he will find himself face to face with one of the great perplexing passages in history. There is no doubt, that the Scots in proclaiming Charles II. to be their king, immediately on the execution by Cromwell of Charles I., adhered to the letter of their National Covenant, but missed its spirit, for the Covenant never contemplated a person of the type of Charles II. to be king. But here, as often happened with

the Scots, their logic and chivalry were stronger than their reason. They might, with great advantage to the cause of righteousness, have been less zealous for Charles II., and have come to some understanding with Cromwell, whereby war and bloodshed might have been prevented. If the Scots acted ill-advisedly, much more did Cromwell. By this time his personal ambition was enkindled. He had before him the stirring temptation of supreme power, and he was already a far way on the paths of usurpation. He was obliged to acknowledge that the Scots were godly—that they had valiantly contended hitherto in the cause of civil and religious liberty, yet did he not hesitate to draw his sword and embroil it in the blood of a godly and upright nation.

There is a confused tradition, which has often been repeated, and which consequently is believed, that the streets of Burntisland were causewayed, and that the harbour was repaired, by Cromwell. It is true that this was done in 1652, when Cromwell was in possession of the town, but from the Records of Council it is understood that what was done was done chiefly by the town itself. “The strong men

and women were called out to labour at these works by turn." By assessment on the inhabitants, £584 was raised. Neighbouring burghs assisted by their contributions. And all that can be shown as being granted by Cromwell or his Government, was only £33 sterling.

It is easy for Thomas Carlyle, sitting quietly in his study, to collect from the letters and despatches of Oliver Cromwell, such utterances as give an imposing idea of the greatness of the man and of his "good ruling." But the people of Burntisland did not find that his government contributed either to their peace or prosperity. The town was in possession of the army of the Commonwealth, and was garrisoned by two, and sometimes three, companies of soldiers, of about 100 men each. The community lived under the despotic sway of Colonel Lilburne. The magistrates were subordinate, and were employed in little else than raising supplies and providing lodgings for his soldiers. So severely were the inhabitants oppressed by the presence of the military, and by the heavy assessments, that many of them left the town and took up their abode at

Aberdour. Almost all the craftsmen did so. Among the emigrants to Aberdour was the Town-Clerk, who refused to return unless security was given that he would be exempt from "quartering and watching and warding."

The less we examine into the connection of Cromwell with Scotland and its condition during his sway, the better for his credit. Probably the only good thing he did for it was when, the ministers involved the church and the land in the wild and unwarrantable controversy betwixt Protesters and Revolutioners, he quietly marched the members of the General Assembly out of Edinburgh, and gave them the hint not to come back again. The years in which the meetings of the Assembly were suspended, enabled the Ecclesiastics to recover their senses, and most assuredly his forcible interferences prevented what otherwise was sure, and would have been unspeakably disastrous, a disruption in the church.

If the times of Cromwell were the times of whips, the times of Charles II. were the time of scorpions. Soon after the restoration of Charles, there came out "the Declaration."

This Declaration acknowledged the king's supremacy in all matters, and over all persons, civil and ecclesiastical. The king's supremacy and religion was thus set in opposition to the sole supremacy of Christ. The question was again forced upon Scotland, which do you choose, the king's supremacy or Christ's supremacy—for you cannot serve two masters. And the reply was resolutely returned by the church and people of Scotland, God helping us, we will adhere to the sole supremacy of Christ. And this matter of supremacy soon took practical shape, for it at once proceeded to force Episcopacy upon the country by fine, imprisonment, and death.

The Government enjoined that "the Declaration" be subscribed by all Magistrates and Councillors. It is interesting and touching to trace through the burgh records the reluctance of the Bailies and Councillors of Burntisland to subscribe "the Declaration," and the many cautious and ingenious methods which they took to evade subscription. They do not at first directly and formally refuse; but all manner of obstructions and excuses are resorted to. "Oct. 6, 1662.—The Council, in

respect of the infrequency of the meeting, defer the consideration of this matter." "Oct. 19.—The Declaration read in the face of the Council by the clerk, but none would subscribe it, whereupon he took instruments." "Dec. 7.—The Declaration sent by the Privy Council to be subscribed. The Council, in respect they are not frequently met, ordain the whole Council to meet this day eight days." The eight days passed and no subscription was made. Letters from the Chancellor and the clerk of the Privy Council were sent urging subscription. Still subscription was deferred. But despotic governments know how, by a base persistence, to "wear out" what is honourable and high-principled in man's heart. "The Declaration" at last got some subscriptions; but even these subscriptions bore that they were given, "not in testimony of the belief of the subscribers in the truth of the principles set forth, but only in testimony of their loyalty." The effect of all this was to deprive the burgh of the public services of the worthy men, who were accustomed to hold office. The once coveted position of Magistrate and Councillor went a-begging, and the

legal number of the Council could not, for many years, be made up.

The affairs of Scotland were put under the management of Sir George Mackenzie, of the Earl of Lauderdale, and of Archbishop Sharp, all of whom were apostate Presbyterians. The tender mercies of these men were cruel, and the pressure in connection with "the Declaration" was increased. In 1673 the Lord Chancellor Lauderdale intimated that the Lords of the Secret Council had laid on him to discover who of the Magistrates and Councillors of the Five Burghs had taken, and who had not taken "the Declaration." He also requested the Council if they have not subscribed "the Declaration," to meet together, and do so, and then transmit it to the Laird of Balbie this day, or to himself to-morrow at Edinburgh before twelve o'clock. He also desired that the names of such as are absent or refuse to give obedience to this order, be transmitted to him."

In 1676 four persons were fined in 100 pounds each for refusing to accept office in the Council on account of the obnoxious "Declaration." In 1677 a charge of horning was served on the Council collectively, at the instance of His

Majesty's Advocate, because the members had refused to take the Declaration.

The Magistrates had received strict orders to prosecute all frequenters of conventicles. In place, however, of exacting the prescribed fines in money from those convicted of such offences, they took bonds for the amount, with the intention of not exacting payment. For this offence the Bailies were called before the Commissioners of the Privy Council at Cupar, and informed that if they neglected to prosecute conventiclers, or took bonds in place of money, they would be concussed by the Privy Council.

In 1678 an act of the Chancellor was served on the Council, enjoining all noblemen, gentlemen, Magistrates and Town Councillors, to subscribe a bond engaging not to hold conventicles or private meeting for worship. The Council defer the consideration of this till next meeting. Soon an additional bond was presented, demanding that they should not commune with forfaulted persons or ejected ministers. This bond was subscribed by the clerk, the schoolmaster, and eleven Councillors. One present refused, and three were absent.

In these days of terror, a new device was

fallen upon to give additional attraction and strength to the anti-national and unpopular Episcopal Church. The Magistrates were to be paraded to the church, preceded by the town officers bearing halberts, and the whole Town Council were ordered to accompany the Magistrates. Their material presence and countenance was thus secured. From the Reformation downwards no such custom existed. It was sufficient for the Reformation Church, that the heart of the nation was with her. But when Episcopacy was set up, heart was withdrawn, and halberts were substituted. This was the cunning invention of Sharpe. His own mind was dazzled by the attractions of show and pomp. He loved to ride in his arch-episcopal carriage, to be attended by liveried lacqueys, and to be accosted as "My Lord." And what had attractions for himself he thought would tell upon the public. Such was the origin of the procession of the Provost and Bailies to the church—a custom which is fast falling into desuetude throughout Scotland, and in the few burghs where at present it is still observed, appears with diminished splendour and significance.

Immediately following on this account of the Magistrates and Council going in state to the church, there is inserted the observation, short but suggestive—"Up to the time of the Restoration there were prayers at the opening of each meeting of the Council. But after that time there is no reference to that custom."

The historical reader will be interested in the subjoined miscellaneous notices:—"April 1679.—Half a barrel of powder ordered to be bought wherewith to compliment the Duke of Monmouth on his return from the Wemyss."

"1684—King James VII. orders his own birthday to be celebrated by the setting out of bonfires and the ringing of bells."

1686.—The Convention of Burghs complains to the king that every cause between one Royal Burgh and another must now be taken before the Privy Council, in place of being referred as formerly to the friendly arbitration of neighbouring towns. Viscount Melfort writes in answer that the king will commit the relief of their grievances to Parliament, and says that he hopes that they in turn will support "the best of kings and benefactors."

Here is the notice of the birth of the Pretender:—"1688.—By order of the king, bonfires were set out and the bells rung to congratulate the birth of an high and mighty prince—the Prince and Stewart of Scotland."

Soon does the scene change. After a few intervening entries the dynasty disappears. "The best of kings and benefactors" was declared by an outraged nation to be the worst of tyrants, and in his place appears the name of William, Prince of Orange. "Jany. 8, 1689.—The declaration of the Prince of Orange read at the Cross with much solemnity. Bonfires ordered to be set out and the Tolbooth bell to be rung."

General history has made us acquainted with the great blessings which the glorious Revolution under William, Prince of Orange, has under God conferred on this country. The Burgh Records of Burntisland supply us with a special illustration of the great evil to the interests of religion and of the Church of Scotland, which the settled purpose of William for a comprehensive Union, produced. He determined that all the curates who chose to conform to Presbytery, should at once be continued in

their livings, and take their part in the government of the church. Bishop Burnet has given us a description of these curates, and if his description is true, the wholesale reception of a class of such ignorant and careless and worldly ministers, was sufficient to have destroyed the vitality of any church under the sun. It is to the curates, who were then received, that all ecclesiastical historians of discernment trace the rise of the party of the Moderates in the Church of Scotland. The following extract throws a side-light on this subject:—

“1690. The minister of the parish—Mr George Johnstone—being of Episcopal ordination, the Council request the Presbytery to inquire into his doctrine, which being complied with, he was ejected. In 1691, the inhabitants address the Town Council, setting forth that for too long a space they have wanted the preaching of the gospel, whereby they expect the salvation of their souls, and the great increase of crime among them from the want of public worship, and the need they have for the Scriptures being inculcated in their ears, and pray that the Bailies and Council, their patrons, desire the concurrence of the landward heritors

and Kirk-session in calling a godly minister. The Council meet with the heritors accordingly. But on the 25th September, Mr George Johnstone is restored to his office by virtue of a letter from the king."

On November 1695, we have the Council lamenting, that the profanation of the Lord's-day, profane swearing, absence from public worship, prevail to the dishonour of God, and the disgrace of the Protestant religion; therefore they strictly prohibit all persons within the burgh to labour on the Lord's-day, or to be found in the streets, or to go in companies, or "to vage" to the shore, or Castle Brae, West Shore, or fields, on that day or any time thereof, or to go to the alehouses or taverns except for travell; and that no person shall bring more than a pint of water from the wells on Sabbath.

They also prohibit all persons from going to the houses of deceased persons, though invited, to eat, drink, or smoke tobacco before the funeral.

In 1700, the Earl of Leven enjoins Bailie Ged, Commissioner to the Parliament, to behave himself better at the ensuing session than he

did at the last, and to vote with the Court party. Bailie Ged answers, that he had voted in the last session as he had been instructed by the Council, which was to vote, among other things, for securing the Protestant religion, and that the settlement of Darien was a rightful and lawful establishment, and to consent for the granting of a supply to carry it on.

In 1700, the Council find it an expensive affair to get ministers to preach on Sabbath, and resolve, with the concurrence of the landward heritors, "to call a grave and pious man to be permanent minister." Mr Thomas Halyburton, who afterwards became Professor of Divinity in St Andrews, was named, but they failed in obtaining him.

The year 1712 is memorable for the passing of the Act restoring patronage, by the Parliament of Queen Anne. In this year Ebenezer Erskine, minister of Portmoak, and father of the Scottish Secession, had a call to Burntisland. But it was set aside by the Commission. It is tempting, although it is vain to speculate, as to the effect which this call, had it been carried out, might have had upon the life of Ebenezer Erskine, and upon the ecclesiastical

history of Scotland. Had Mr Erskine been settled in Burntisland, he might have remained contentedly in that important parish all his life. He would have continued a member of the Synod of Fife. The famous sermon against patronage, which, as minister of Stirling, he preached to the Synod of Perth and Stirling, and which was the immediate cause of the Secession, might never have been preached, or if preached before the Synod of Fife, that Synod might have been less hot and hasty than the sister Synod of Perth, and thus the Secession, in its present form, might have been avoided.

However, a very different person was appointed to Burntisland. A Mr William Duguid, or, as Wodrow calls him, a Mr Doucat, received a presentation to the parish, one of the first, if not the very first presentation issued under Queen Anne's Act. This gentleman, if his name was Duguid, certainly belied his name, and did much evil, causing great fasherie and strife to the parish, the Presbytery, the Synod, and Assembly. "He is the tool of the Jacobite party in Fife," writes Wodrow, "and the town of Burntisland being managed by Jacobites, have rabbled the ministers sent to supply.

Three ministers have been rabbled, and last Saturday a fourth." The case came before the General Assembly. Mr Duguid was strong in the faith of the virtue of his presentation. He bore himself insolently before the Assembly, taking instruments in the hands of a public notary, and declaring as he went out, "I'll either break the Church of Scotland or be broken myself." Finally, he obtained ordination from the Bishop of Carlisle, and officiated for a time in Arbroath, and afterwards for two years in the parish of Burntisland.

Of education and its interests the Council was not unmindful. There is, however, more of Scottish caution than of zeal manifested in the matter. "In 1598, the Council declare that no person shall be allowed to set up a school without their leave."

In 1602 a schoolmaster was appointed, and an assistant, under the appellation of the SCHOOL DOCTOR. The school doctor was to be taker up of the psalm, keeper of the kirk records, and reader of the prayers in the kirk. Very likely the prayers of which the school doctor was to be reader, were those in the Book of Common Order, "received and used in the Reformed

Kirk of Scotland, and ordinarily prefixed to the Psalms in metre.”

In 1620 six roods of land were bought at the South Hill, on which to build a school-house and dwelling-houses for the master and doctor. These remained until the beginning of this century. The place near which they stood is still called “the Scholars’ Brae.” The present school buildings, on the Broom Hill, were erected in 1803.

In these early days it was the custom that once a year the keys of the school and dwelling-houses were delivered up by the master and school doctor to the Council, in acknowledgment that they held office during the pleasure of the Council. The keys were regularly returned, with an admonition “to be more diligent than hitherto.”

There was some need for mutual admonition, if the following be accepted as an indication of the kind of upbringing which was agoing :—

“1630, Mr Thomas Christie, schoolmaster, complains to the Council that the school doctor went from house to house with his scholars playing ‘at carts’ till twelve o’clock at night. The Council advised them to patch up the matter, shake hands, and drink together.”

“1635, The schoolmaster, Mr Thos. Christie, complains that Mansie Macfiggan and Bessie Davidson keep schools to the injury of the Grammar School.”

“1657, Mary Malpas allowed a free house and school house for teaching young lasses.”

Rossend Castle, sometimes styled the fortalice of Burntisland, has above its gateway the old dates of 1119, 1382, 1563. The ancient tower was built as a residence for the Comendator of Dunfermline Abbey. This office was hereditary in the family of Durie, of Durie, and for generations they were possessors of the castle. Afterwards it came into possession of Sir John Melville of Raith. From him it passed over to Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange. Again it returned to the Melvilles, and from its connection with the burgh, supplied to one of them the title of Lord Burntisland. The title of Lord Burntisland was also worn at a later date by Sir John Wemyss, of Bogie. Very generally the proprietor of the castle acted as Provost of the town.

A ray of romance was communicated by Mary Queen of Scots to every thing she was in any way connected with. At times she lodged in

the castle while journeying in Fife. Her state-bed chamber is inspected with eager interest.

In strolling through a back street the eye of the stranger is caught by the following inscription on the door-lintels of two houses nearly contiguous :—

BLIS BE GOD
FOR AL HIS
VAEGIS

The last word is probably vageis—pledges or promises.

IASA—1720.

O LORD. THOU. ME. DEFEND. FROM.
SUBTILE. SORTS. OF. THOSE. THAT.
FRIENDSHIP. ME. PRETENDS. AND.
ARE. MY. MORTAL. FOES.

Let the passer-by take a steady look at No. 14 Craigholm Terrace. It is a pillared door, with "Craigholm" chiselled on its lintel. This was the residence of Dr Thomas Chalmers in those years, when the church was eagerly negotiating with the State, and when the State was in its infatuation forcing things onward to the Disruption. This house was the scene of

much serious counsellings with God and with his own thoughts, and of much and earnest spiritual remonstrance on the part of Chalmers with the statesmen of the day, if so be that the impending evil might be averted. One passage has been preserved by Dr Charles Brown. The Bill of Lord Aberdeen appeared on 5th May 1840. This Bill, from which Chalmers had expected much, in fact gave nothing, for it only allowed the people to state all sorts of objections against the presentee, and it gave power to the Presbytery merely to judge of the objections. Many of the ministers of the church were afraid lest Dr Chalmers, from his strong Conservative leanings, might be induced to judge favourably of the Bill, and to accept it. Dr Brown was commissioned by his brethren to wait upon Chalmers. To No. 14 Craigholm Terrace he repaired. On entering the parlour, Dr Chalmers, by one of his own direct and open-hearted utterances, put all fears to rest, "This Bill, sir, will never do." The disappointment which Dr Chalmers felt at the action of Lord Aberdeen's Bill, was one of his sorest experiences, for he had put confidence in Lord Aberdeen. A friend happened, years

after, to spend a day with him at Burntisland, and alluded to Lord Aberdeen's Bill. Dr Chalmers was sensibly moved. With excitement he said, "It was too bad; we were deceived."

We leave the burgh, by recording that to Burntisland the distinction belongs of being the home, during her bairnage, of Mrs Mary Sommerville, one of the most remarkable women that Europe has produced. She was born at Jedburgh, 26th December 1780. Her published works: "The Mechanism of the Heavens," "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," and "Physical Geography," established her fame as one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers of the century. She died at Naples on the 30th November 1872.

A walk to the top of Dunearn Hill will terminate our recordings of the parish. If you mean to profit by the excursion, and to enjoy it, go alone, or take with you only one congenial companion, who knows how to practice social silence. Avoid the clatter of a party. When you reach the summit, and in the quietude of the mountain, look into the dark

lake you find there, and see all around the sides of the hill, the fragments of rocks telling of some great convulsion, you will find that the works of God are best expressed in the words of God—"The mountains shall be molten, and the valleys cleft as wax before the fire, and as the waters that are poured down a steep place." Or, as you stand by the flagstaff, reflect on the days of the Romans in Scotland, when, as they say, Agricola and his soldiers encamped here. The Roman empire was doing for Britain then, what Britain is doing for India and other heathen lands now, bringing civilization and Christianity in the tread of the Roman soldier to us. Or, if you shrewdly question whether Agricola was ever here or no, you cannot fail to see around you marks of one of the vitrified forts of the Scandinavian Northmen, which they used as places of strength to themselves, and of safety for their plunder.

Aberdour.

THE combination of present natural beauty and of an historical past, is what imparts a lasting charm to a place. Aberdour possesses both of these to a large degree. It is environed with its old woods. It has the Dour flowing with a lively stream through its boundaries. It looks forth from its bordering rocks and smooth sand, upon the changing waters of the Firth. It has ever around it

“The music of the sea,
The murmur of the wood.”

Amid these natural beauties there are not a few mementoes of the past. The old castle shows its yellow walls, and the decaying church its ruin. Inchcolm draws the eye to itself with a never failing fascination.

The very waters are responsive to song. They seem to repeat in their murmurs—

“Half ower, half ower, to Aberdour,
Fule fifty fathoms deep,
There lies the gude Sir Patrick Spens,
And the Scots lords at his feet.”

The whole scene is before us. It was in the deep waters outside, that a trim, high-sterned ship was riding at anchor. Sir Patrick was sauntering on the bright reach of sand, amusing himself with watching a seal, at intervals disappearing and again raising its bald dark head in the smooth waters of the little bay. A true son of the sea was Sir Patrick. He was of the house of Wormieston, in Fife. It is very generally reported that his portrait hangs in Craigsanquhar House, in the north of Fife, for the Spens of Craigsanquhar are of the house of Wormieston. But the Craigsanquhar portrait is one of Admiral Sir James Spens, painted on oak by Hans Holbein. Sir Patrick might not have been, as was Wood, of Largo, his relative, some centuries after, a sea-lion warring with Scotland's foes, and keeping her coast clear of them. But he was in his day the best sailor

"That sails upon the sea."

A messenger arrives from Dunfermline Palace, where the King Alexander III. was staying, and hands to Sir Patrick "a braid letter," sealed with the royal arms. The letter summons Sir Patrick to convey to Norway the

king's eldest daughter, Lady Margaret, the affianced bride of Haco, King of Norway.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem,
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou must tak her hame."

Sir Patrick sees the danger "at this time of the year to sail upon the sea," but like a good sailor and dutiful, he prepares at once to obey orders.

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem."

He carried the bride safe to her destination, but during their short stay the Scottish lords and the lords of Norway contrived to get up a quarrel.

"They had na been a month, a month,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—
Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's gowd,
And a' our Queen's fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar's loud,
Sae loud as I hear ye lie."

Now that the Northern blood is up on both sides, an immediate departure alone can pre-

vent a violent rupture. Sir Patrick issues the command—

“ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’,
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”
 They hadna sail’d a league, a league,
 A league, but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And guriy grew the sea.
 The anchors brak, and the top-masts lap,
 It was sic a deadly storm;
 And the waves cam’ o’er the staggering ship,
 Till a’ her sides were torn.”

A bolt sprung, and “ the salt sea it came in.”
 Like Paul’s mariners, they tried to undergird
 the ship. But all expedients failed. The
 gude ship went down, and all perished.

“ O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
 Wi’ their fans in their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand.
 And iang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi’ their goud kaimes in their hair,
 Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they’ll see nae mair.”

Balfour mentions that among the chiefs who
 accompanied this expedition, were Walter,
 Earl of Monteith, and his Countess; the Abbot

of Balmerino ; and Sir Bernard Mouat, Knight ; with divers others.

The old Castle of Aberdour is chiefly notable as having been the residence of Sir James Douglas, afterwards James, fourth Earl of Morton. He was known in the language of his day as "the Carle of Aberdour." And a strong, greedy carle was he. He was in his character hard of feature and tough of fibre. One who would not willingly relax his grasp when once it had laid hold on anything. His love of money was great, and his "yird-greed," or love of land, was insatiable.

It was to this man's influence, and to his covetous rapacity, that Prelatic Episcopacy owes its existence in Scotland after the Reformation. He determined to enrich himself and his fellow nobles with the "Kirklands." And his scheming mind devised the notorious Tulchan system. A Tulchan is a calf's skin stuffed with straw, and placed near to the cow, to induce the cow, when it is milked, to yield its milk freely. In correspondence with this, Morton's plan was to get some temporizing minister to accept from the crown or patron a presentation as bishop. A person thus pre-

sented, when inducted, had the power of drawing the fruits of the benefice. By a private bargain, this time-server had bound himself to surrender two-thirds to the patron, and to retain one-third to himself. Thus, as the Tulchan, or stuffed calf-skin, he stood as an apology for the fruits of the benefice being rendered, and, after drawing them, which a noble could not do for himself, he handed over the lion's share to "my lord." It was a pure swindle, and it is on this, as its foundation, that Post-Reformation Episcopacy rests. As its author, the Earl of Morton watches over its birth, for we find him present in St Andrews, and causing affix upon the kirk door and Abbey gate, on February 3, 1572, an edict for the election of a bishop of St Andrews.

This covetousness of riches and heritages, which made him the author of Tulchan Episcopacy, was Morton's besetting passion. He clothed himself with it, as with a garment. Sir James Melville writes of him—"He bent his whole study how to gather riches." And yet there was a poor account of all at last. "His gold and silver was transported by his natural son, James Douglas, and one of his servants,

called John MacMowan. It was first carried in barrels, and afterwards hid in some secret parts." Part of it was afterwards found "under a braid stone before the gate of Aberdour." The most part thereof fell into bad hands, and himself was so destitute of money, "that when he went through the streets to the Tolbooth to undergo his assize; he was compelled to borrow twenty shillings to distribute to the poor, who asked alms of him for God's sake."

John Knox had, on his deathbed in 1572, given to Morton, when he was to become Regent, this faithful monition—"My Lord, God hath given you many blessings. He hath given you wisdom, honour, high birth, riches, many good and great friends, and is now to prefer you to the government of the realm. In His name I charge you, that you will use these blessings better in time to come, than you have done in time past. In all your actions, seek first the glory of God, the furtherance of His gospel, the maintenance of His Church and ministry; and next, be careful of the King, to procure his good and welfare of the realm. If you do this, God will be with

you; if otherwise, He will deprive you of all these benefits, and your end shall be shame and ignominy."

Morton did prove the friend of the king and country, by adhering tenaciously to the friendship of England. He was an able ruler, "holding the country in an established state under great obedience, better than for many years before or since." But James VI. feared and disliked him "when he was in the height of the wheel." And the knowledge of this led Morton to resign for a time the Regency. He retired to Lochleven, "making the walks of his garden even, while his mind in the same time was occupied in crooked paths." Again he got hold of the reins of government, but it was only to fall before the arts and intrigues of court favouritism. In June 1581, he was brought to the scaffold, and his head fell under the axe. "He died resolutely," says Sir James Melville. What is better, he died penitently. Being reminded of John Knox's admonition to him, and being asked if he found it to be true—"I have found it indeed," he said, "yet I doubt not but the Lord will be merciful to me. I now willingly lay down my life in the pos-

session of the Evangel, which this day is taught and possessed in Scotland. And howbeit I have not walked according thereunto as I ought, yet I am assured God will be merciful to me." When the jailer told him "all things are ready now, my lord," he replied, "I am ready also, I praise my God." He had the sincerest ministers in Scotland to confer with him and counsel him. And this is their joint testimony, "And so whatever he had been before, he constantlie died the true servant of God."

We now repair to the old kirk and old kirkyard. Standing before it we see an ornamented gravestone. It is headed with the motto, "Mors Janua vitae"—death the door of life. The simple inscription follows:—

Hic reconditae jacent
 Mortales exuviae
 D. Roberti Blairii
 s. s. Evangelii apud Andreaopolin
 Predicatoris fidelissimi
 obiit Aug 27, 1666 act. 73.

One is naturally led to put the question, which the buried one suggests in some Latin lines, which he wrote in the near prospect of death,

“Quæris quis Blarius, quæ vita, quis exitus?” You ask what Blair is this, what was his life, what was his death? The general reader is acquainted with “Blair’s Grave,” a poem which has enriched the English literature with the oft-quoted line, “Like angels’ visits, few and far between,” and whose author, the Rev. Robert Blair, lies buried in his own parish of Athelstaneford. The Robert Blair, whose grave is before us, wrote no poem, but he lived one, and a noble epic it was. In an age of great preachers, he ranked amongst the foremost. His probity made him valued in the Court of Charles I., and by Charles himself, whose chaplain he was. A good minister of Jesus Christ, he laboured zealously in word and doctrine in Ireland, and latterly in St Andrews. He guided the counsels of the church in days of trial, and in the defence and confirmation of the gospel, he meekly suffered. At Meikle Couston, in this parish, he lived for several years “an ambassador in bonds.” There this silenced minister might be seen sunning himself on a fine day, an old man bowed down and broken by the torture of the stone, and with gout and rheumatism in his knees and feet.

Pitiful and depressing truly all this was. Yet amid it all the hidden consolations of God upheld him. While creeping along in the by-paths of Meilke Couston, his spirit was regaling itself in the heights of Zion. His own words are "Vivo, Agnumque sequor Vivum hic celsa sionis." Mr George Hutchison, a prominent minister in Edinburgh, visited him in his last illness, and this is the impression which the visit left on his mind: "To be thrust from the work of the ministry, that was his delight and comfort; to be worn and wasted with heaviness and sorrow for all the injuries and wrongs done to the Lord's people, covenant, and cause; to be driven to this unwholesome place, to dwell on a loch-side, being surrounded with water and marshy ground! Let others think what they will, I say Mr Blair is dying not only a persecuted minister, but also a faithful martyr of Jesus Christ."

Dalgetty.

AMONG the crowds of passengers that cross by the Burntisland ferry, the interest and curiosity of many of them are attracted by the island of Inchcolm. Its island heights are beautiful, and the old Abbey tower, looking modestly over the shoulder of the hill, brings up to the imagination the mediæval times.

When Iona resigned its honours as the chief seat of the Culdee religion, it was succeeded by Abernethy. Abernethy in its turn gave place to Dunkeld. For long, Dunkeld flourished as the headquarters, and most distinguished institution of Culdeeism. This accounts for Inchcolm, Dalgetty, and Aberdour being ecclesiastically connected with Dunkeld. Hence it is that all the bequests mentioned in the Register of Inchcolm, are witnessed and confirmed by the Bishop and Chapter of Dunkeld. This translation may serve as an example:—"To all the faithful in Christ seeing or hearing this writing—The Dean and Chapter of Dunkeld, saluting in the Lord, know ye that we with

our common consent and assent, have given and by this our charter have confirmed, to God and St Columba, of the island Aemonia, and the canons of the same serving God, that donation of twenty shillings, which our venerable father Richard, Bishop of Dunkeld, gave to them in the church of Crammond, for the providing of twenty wax candles, burning before the great altar in the said island on the vigils and day of St Columba yearly. Given at Dunkeld the Wednesday next before the feast of St John the Baptist, in the year of grace 1256."

The two names of Inchcolm and Aemonia indicate the great ecclesiastical changes to which this island has been subjected. Very likely at first it was used as a Desertum, or place of secluded meditation, by some of the disciples of Columba, and hence its name, Inchcolm or Saint Colms Isle. Alexander I., when driven upon its solitary shores by a storm about 1120 A.D., found a Culdee devotee there, by whom he and his attendants were supported for three days. A monastery was erected by Alexander, whose tastes were towards ecclesiastical architecture and towards the Church of

Rome—the church of the English Margaret, his mother. This building was taken possession of by a fraternity of monks, and hence came its second name of Aemona or Aemonia, the island of the Monks.

It is not to be forgotten that while these ruined cloisters were occupied by the monks, there lived Walter Bowmaker or Bower, whose writings have reflected some honour both upon the island and his order. He was Abbot of Inchcolm, and died about the year 1449. The leisure which as Abbot he enjoyed, was employed in continuing the *Scotichronichon* Volumen, or *Scottish History of Fordoun*. *Venerabilis Vir. D. John Fordoun, Presbyter*, received his name from Fordoun in Kincardineshire, famous as the burial place of Palladius, whose church to this day is corruptly called Paddy-Kirk. The *Scotichronichon* begins with a description and revision of the whole world. It traces the commencement of the Scottish nation to Gethelos, the son of a Grecian king. This Gethelos was banished by his father into Egypt, and married Scota, a daughter of King Pharaoh, who perished in the Red Sea. As Moses led the Israelites eastward, Gethelos led

his followers westward, and landed in Spain, where Gethelos died. His son Hyber conducted the colony into "a fair island to the northward," which some say was called Hybernia from himself; others that he called it Scotia from his mother. Fordoun traces the Scottish history in five books down to the reign of Malcolm III., A.D. 1057. Reverendus in Christo, Petrus Dominus Walterws Bowmaker Olim Abbas, S. Columbae, carried down the Scottish History to the death of James I.

Connected with this monastery also is the martyr name of 'Thomas' Forret, Vicar of Dollar, and Canon of Inchcolm, who was cruelly put to death in 1538 by the Popish powers for preaching the simple truth of Scripture.

Let us look without regret on these ruins, for it is on the ruins of Popery that the foundation of Scotland's wellbeing—material, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—rests. And Italy, and Germany, and Spain are beginning to find out the same truth for themselves.

Of course, this Abbey of Inchcolm had a temporal baron for its protector. About the time of the Reformation this was Lord Doune.

He was Commendator of the Abbey, for which he was amply remunerated out of its ample wealth, and he resided at Donnibristle. His son married the daughter of the good Regent, Lord James Stuart, Earl of Moray, and through her the honoured title of the Earl of Moray was connected with Donnibristle.

It is this title which sheds renown on the house and woods of Donnibristle. The Earl of Moray is a great historical title, and the dignity of the title was made, and almost exhausted by him who first wore it. The good Regent did worthily in Ephratah, and may well take rank with the three mightiest of Scottish heroes. Wallace fought and died for Scottish independence. Bruce established it by the right of conquest on the field of Bannockburn. It was a national civil independence which was thus won. There was yet lacking a religious and spiritual independence. And "James, Earle of Moray, Regent to this realm and Liegis," was the great agent by whom, under God, this was effected. It was in "the first Parliament of King James the Sext," held at Edinburgh, the 15th day of December 1567, under the Regency of Murray, that "of new it was statute

and ordained by ane perpetual law, that the jurisdiction and authority of the Bishop of Rome, called the Pope, used within this realm of times by past, has not only been contumelious to the eternal God, but also very hurtful and prejudicial to our sovereign authority and common weal of this realm, and, therefore, the Pope shall have no jurisdiction nor authority within this realm in ony time cumming."

The motto of the Moray family, still exhibited on their escutcheon, has the clear ring of Reformation times. "Salus per Christum Redemptorem." Salvation through Christ the Redeemer.

Well might the Scottish nation, and the Scottish Church, repeat over the grave of the good Regent, the words which the Carthaginians wrote over the tomb of Hannibal, "We have vehemently desired him in the day of battle."

With the second wearer of the title, a bloody local tragedy is connected. A proclamation had been issued against Bothwell, wherein every one was charged on the pain of treason, neither to lodge nor relieve Bothwell. On the plea, that the Earl of Moray had recently shown

some kindness to Bothwell, the Earl of Huntly set forth to Donnibristle, surrounded the house, and set fire to it. Dunbar, the Sheriff of Moray, was a guest in the house, and in his attempt to escape he was slain. The Earl followed, and in the darkness got away, but his knapskull (the silken tassal attached to his head piece) caught fire and discovered him as he fled toward the sea shore. Thither he was followed and put to death by Gordon of Buckie, an adherent of the house of Huntly. The murder occasioned great commotion in the county. King James himself was suspected as being implicated in it, for Calderwood says, "He hated that house for the good Regent's sake." "I have been," are James' own words in a letter to Huntly, "in such danger and peril of my life, as since I was born I was never in the like, partly by the grudging and tumult of the people, and partly by the exclamations of the ministry, whereby I was moved to dissemble."

The old ballad of "the Bonnie Earl of Moray," opens with an expression of wonder at the apathy of the whole country, it acknowledges that James was privy to Huntly's ex-

pedition, and it insinuates the motive of royal jealousy as a reason of the foul deed.

“Ye Highlands, and ye Lowlands,
Oh, where have you been?
They hae slain the Earl o’ Moray
And laid him on the green.

Now wae be to you, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi’ you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant
And he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray,
Oh, he micht ha’ been a king.

He was a braw gallant
And he rade at the gluve;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray,
Oh, he was the Queen’s luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look ower the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o’ Moray
Come sounding through the town.”

A very pleasant surprise meets the visitor of Donnibristle, when he lights unexpectedly on the roofless kirk of Dalgetty. No situation could be more peaceful. The kirk, with its silent graves, stands at the head of Dalgetty

bay, and is embowered among the solemn woods. The bay opens to the south. When the tide is out, the long stretch of sand and mud is studded with boulders, and enlivened with the shrill sounds of sea birds in search of their food. When the tide is in, a sea gull may be seen floating on the still waters; and the sea, calmly filling the bay, seems afraid to break the silence, and suppresses its sound to an almost imperceptible murmur.

The church of Dalgetty (*Ecclesia de Dalgathin*) can date as far back as 1178. It was afterwards incorporated with Aberdour and Beath. Here is a note connected with it when thus united—"April 9, 1641.—The deplorable estate of a great multitud of people living in the mids of such a reformed shyre, as verie paganes, because of the want of the benefit of the word, there being three kirkes far distant under the care of ane minister, to wit, Aberdour, Dalgetie, and Baith, the remeid whereof the Synod humblie and earneslie recommends to the Parliament."

A good man—Mr Andrew Donaldson—was appointed minister of Dalgetty, when in 1643 it was erected into a separate parish. He held

fast his integrity, and refused to adhere to Episcopacy. For a time the Earl of Dunfermline, whose dwelling was not far from the church, used his influence to shield Mr Donaldson. But as the Court became more persecuting, this failed; and a party of soldiers was sent, on a Sabbath day, to eject him. This took place in 1664. "It is reported," says the old Statistical Account, "that he lived in a building on the west end of the church, which is now partly used as a session-room, supported by presents from the parishioners." For eleven years the favour of the Earl of Dunfermline, and the attachment of his people, enabled him to preach the gospel, notwithstanding the opposition of Archbishop Sharp. Letters of intercommuning at length put an end to this. In 1676 he was obliged to remove from the parish. He betook himself to Inverkeithing, where he continued to exercise his ministry on Sabbath evening in his own house. This also was brought to an end, for a company of soldiers seized him in his bed, and carried him to the prison of Linlithgow. There he lay until he was liberated in 1679, through the application of the heritors and parishioners of

Dalgetty. For years he was silenced. At length comes the blessed Revolution of 1688, and this worthy minister of Jesus Christ was brought back, amid the rejoicings of many, to his much-loved parish and work. He died in 1693.

The old Castle of Fordel is surrounded with many charms. It has its beech tree avenue, and its waterfall, and its dark wooded glen. Long have the Henricksons or Hendersons possessed it. In 1223 the Abbot and Canons of Inchcolm joined Henrickson and his dependents in perambulating the marches of Fordel; and on that occasion three ploughgates of land was granted by Henrickson to the Abbot. These three ploughgates include the present site of Donnibristle House and the ground around it. In 1494, Henderson of Fordel was King's Advocate. But, if Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, and afterwards principal minister of the Word of God at Edinburgh, and chief Commissioner from the Kirk of Scotland to the Parliament and Synod of England, be a cadet of this house, the honours of the house culminate in him. An oil painting of him hangs in Fordel. In Banff House, the Earl of Fife's, we have seen another.

A third used to adorn the walls of the Divinity Hall, in the venerable High Street University buildings of Glasgow. In the Historical Gallery at Versailles we saw a fourth, and our Scottish blood warmed when, amid the world-famed celebrities that were there gathered together, we recognised the grave features of this great Scotsman. Few of his distinguished countrymen are there represented with him. More than any man did Alexander Henderson give cast and character to his own times. It was he who devised and who penned the Solemn League and Covenant, and the Solemn League and Covenant gave, at the time, and for years afterwards, a new aspect to England and Scotland. Burns saw to the heart of this subject, when he wrote this verse :

“The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears;
But it secured fair Freedom's cause—
If thou'rt a slave indulge thy sneers.”

When the reader has the opportunity let him gaze stedfastly on the likeness of this great man. Grave, unpretending, learned, with the piety of a minister of Jesus Christ, and with the capacity of a statesman, he takes his

acknowledged place among the illustrious leaders of men. In the following weighty sentence he modestly sums up his labours and services, ascribing all to the working of God, which wrought in him mightily : "Most of all am I obliged to the grace and goodness of God for calling me to believe the promises of the Gospel, and for exalting me to be a preacher of them to others, and to be a willing though weak instrument in this great and wonderful work of Reformation, which I earnestly beseech the Lord to bring to a happy conclusion."

Alexander Henderson died 19th August 1646, aged 63.

We mean to conclude these notices by a rapid run through what we think might be well designated

The Loch-land of Fife.

"THE Loch-land of Fife is a true name," writes an artist. "It has the real Scotch breezy freshness about it." Putting aside the Black Loch, Loch Glow, and Loch Fitty, as being beyond our route, we have gleaming within this range, and fed by the bigger burns and smaller

rivulets which run among the hills, Otterstone Loch, Kinghorn Loch, Camilla Loch, Lochgelly Loch, Lochore Loch, and Loch Leven, the queen of them all. There are few districts in Lowland Scotland so limited and so be-studded with lakes.

The low winding range of the Cullala Hills is on our left. They signify in Gaelic the back-laying (cul) wild (alla) hill. Their position will ever verify the first part of the designation, but now that they are covered and beautified with trees, the character of wildness has left them.

On the right, under the shadow of the rock of Orrock, is Knockdavie Castle. It is now only the fragment of a ruin. Two patches of blackened wall are all that show its site. *Knock* a hill and *dabhoch*, pronounced davoc, a farm, the hill farm, is evidently its derivation, and its appearance exactly corresponds to this.

Passing onwards we reach the parish of Auchtertool. The chief object of interest is the old baronial house of Halyards. All that remains is two or three lines of broken wall, built on a little height. In its day of strength it had been water-guarded. A loch, which was

a continuation of Camilla Loch, had surrounded it. But all is now drained and converted into cultivated fields. A few old trees, which marked the approach, still stand. The rocky eminences called in Gaelic *ard* or *ardan*, look down upon the ruins unchanged, as they did in the day of its prosperity. Camilla Loch, with its two elevations, like crouching lions defending it, continues to gleam in its hollow.

Camilla in its softness sounds almost as an Italian name. *Cam* is in Gaelic a bend. The termination *illa* is the same as that in Cullala. It signifies the wild or lonely winding loch. Halyards is evidently a corruption. We must look to the same word "alla," which the Celt aspirates as "halla," for the commencing syllable of Halyards. The concluding syllable is evidently "ard," a height. So that Halyard means a wild height.

This old house of Halyards is memorable as having been for a night the resting place of James V., after the defeat of his army at the Solway in 1542. When the tidings of the defeat reached the king, "he grew wondrous dollorous and pensive." "He began to remord his conscience, and thought his misgoverance

towards God had the wyte thereof." "He called to mind how he had tint the minds of his nobles through evil counsel and fals flattere of his Bishops." He passed out of Holyrood and came to Halyards. Halyards was then the property of the Kirkaldys of Grange. The laird was absent, "but the King," wrote Knox, "was humanlie received of the Lady Grange, ane ancient and godly matron. The Lady at supper, perceiving him pensive, began to comforte him, and willed him to tak the word of God in good parte." "My portion of this world," replied the King, "is shorte, for I will not be with you fyveteen days." His attendants asked him where he would have provision made for his Yule (Christmas). "I cannot tell," he said, "but this I can tell you, on Yule day you will be masterless, and the realm without a king." In this mood he left Halyards, rode to Lordscairnie Castle, and after staying a night there, pushed on to Falkland to die.

The property of Halyards passed into possession of the Skenes of Aberdeenshire. He who bore the designation of Skene of Halyards, in 1680 took his place among the persecutors

of God's people; for thus spake Archibald Stewart, of Borrowstounness, one of the Cloud of Witnesses, in his dying testimony when he suffered at the Cross of Edinburgh—"I leave my testimony against the oppression, tyranny, and robbery done against the people of God, and especially by these wretches Earl of Glencairn and John Skene, of Halyards, whose names shall be recorded for generations to come as robbers of the widow and fatherless; who had lain in wait against the dwellings of the righteous, and have spoiled his resting-place, and have turned many a widow and orphan out of their dwelling."

By a remarkable coincidence, one of the fellow sufferers with this Archibald Stewart, was James Skene, brother to the laird of Skene, and a near relation of this Skene, of Halyards. This James Skene was related to some of those who were his unjust judges. The bloody Sir George Mackenzie came to him quietly during his trial, and whispered to him, "I know your relations and mine are sib, be ingenious and I will save you from torture." The Duke of Rothes, the Chancellor, was also related to him. During his examination Skene said to Rothes, "I was

a gentleman that had blood relation to his relations, the Earl of Mar's mother and I being sisters's bairns (cousins)." Mr Donald Cargill wrote to Skene during his imprisonment, and this is the lofty and tender language which this sternest of covenanters breathes—"Forgive and forget all private injuries, and labour to go to eternity and death with a heart destitute of private revenge, and full with zeal to God's glory." "As for yourself, whatever there has been, either of sin or duty, remember the one and forget the other, and betake yourself wholly to the mercy of God and the merit of Christ." "Farewell, dearest friend, never to see one another any more till at the right hand of Christ. Fear not; and the God of mercies grant you a full gale and a fair entry into His kingdom, which may carry you sweetly and swiftly over the bar, that you find not the rub of death."

Skene enjoyed all that Cargill desired for him. He wrote from "his delectable prison above the Iron House in the high Tolbooth of Edinburgh that the Lord allowed him his peace and presence, and comforted him with this, that he shall reign with him eternally."

The mind that has wisdom asks this question, Wherefore did these men suffer? And the answer is, for the same reasons that Great Britain, at the Revolution in 1688, rose in revolt against the doomed house of Stuart. They would not make "wolves the keepers and feeders of the flock." They would not acknowledge the profligate and persecuting Charles II., nor his corrupt underlings, by whom the *leges regnandi* were violated, and the country misgoverned.

Let us call up another and a very different kind of person, who was connected by birth with Auchtertool. This is the amiable and eccentric Andrew Donaldson. Andrew went from his native village to Dunfermline, and there in the Burgh School became a successful teacher of Latin and Greek. He afterwards became deeply learned in Hebrew, and removed to Edinburgh. His appearance and dress made him conspicuous there, for his studies had inspired him with a preference to every thing Oriental, and when all the other citizens were clean shaven, Andrew displayed a venerable beard, and walked about with the loose and flowing garments of the East. This

was but an indication of the strange and out-of-the-way views which by turns took possession of Andrew, but withal he was a sincere fearer and worshipper of God. This his fellow-citizens knew, and they regarded him as one of "God's crotchety bairns," and in a kindly way many of them took means quietly to supply him with what was needful for daily wants. Andrew thought it would add to his comfort to have a wife. With this view he had fixed in his own mind on a suitable person. He held no consultation with the lady, but went direct to her father, a wealthy citizen. The gentleman took the thing good naturedly, and objected to the proposal, that Andrew had no income to support his daughter. "True," said Andrew, "but that need be no drawback, for you have plenty to support us both."

Whether it was that Andrew had himself experienced the healing skill of Provost Low, of Dunfermline, or had seen it exercised in the case of others, he was always ready to uphold the obligation of the public to this great bone-setter. This allows me here to introduce a memorial sentence to this family of Lows. No family ever contributed more directly or more

extensively to the relief of pain. Bone-setting was their speciality. That sentence of St Paul might appropriately have been adopted by them as their motto, "Let not that which is lame be dislocated, but let it be healed." From the three counties of Fife, Kinross, and Perth, those whose bones were put out of joint or broken, were at once carted or coached to Mr Low, and few were the cases in which they did not return cured. The Lows possessed the property of Meldrums Mill, and more latterly the property of Fordel, in the parish of Arngask, of which they were the patrons. Their labour was of pure benevolence. One thing they would not do, and that was to receive any payment or present from any that applied to them. And to all that came to them they were ready to give relief, whether to the poor labourer or to the titled sufferer.

We have seen the last laird, a grave, modest, kindly man, rise from the company of his friends, when called out by the arrival of some unfortunate. A sharp cry would be heard, and in a few minutes the good man would return and resume the conversation as if nothing had occurred. An only son had devoted him-

self to the study of medicine, and when at college was cut off by fever. The shadow of this great loss lay upon the laird to the last. This short notice is due to a race which is now extinct, but to whose beneficence and skill, plied gratuitously and ungrudgingly for successive generations, thousands upon thousands were indebted for relief from suffering.



Auchterderran.

PASSING from Auchtertool into Auchterderran, the first and chief object which engages the eye, is the glimmering of the Loch—Loch-gel, the bright or white Loch—pronounced by southern tongues—Lochgelly.

All around, the wealth of the district is buried deep down in the coal and iron. The surface is comparatively poor, and as agriculture is slow in overtaking what does not immediately repay labour, the fields about were left bleak and hungry. It was this circumstance which drew the Egyptians or gipsies, to this locality, and made Lochgelly, at the end of last century, the principal gipsy settlement in Fife. The

chief of them had houses in the villages, others lived in tents.

"A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,"

a cart and horse, picking up a scanty meal upon the common, crowds of blacklegged ragged children, and a sound of tinkering marked out the encampment.

A mysterious race, leaving Egypt, as many think, at the time of the Israelitish exodus, travelling eastward through Arabia, settling down in Hindostan as a separate caste, and after remaining centuries there, emigrating to Europe about five centuries ago, reaching Scotland about three centuries and a half ago, and then continuing a separate people in the presence of the other inhabitants. A strange language, which their youngest children knew, and which they vigilantly kept concealed from the outer world, served as the masonic word to keep them welded together in their exclusive brotherhood.

Among the Lochgelly gipsies there were men of name. Charlie Graham was one of them. We have heard a Brae laird of Kinross quote and apply, with great humour, one of

Charlie's well-known answers when brought up for acts of theft before the Justice. "Weel, Charlie," asked the Justice, "what has brought you back here again?" "The auld thing, my lord," replies Charlie, "but there's nae proof."

Charlie's son was also famous. He had received kindness at the house of a widow woman. The widow fell back in her means, and was not able to pay her rent. Graham advanced her the money, and then watching his time when the factor came round to draw the rent, he waylaid him, and reimbursed himself with interest.

We have heard an old minister, many years ago, relate this gipsy story: An expert one knew of a traveller who was expected to pass by with a large sum of money. The gipsy provided himself with a great red wig—extra large and extra red—and when the traveller had got a good way out of their country, congratulating himself that all danger was now over, out starts the robber from a thicket of whins, arrayed in his red wig, seizes the bridle of the horse, and demand's the rider's purse. The traveller, seeing that resistance was hopeless, handed over a good portion of what he had.

The robber pocketed what was given, and took his road across the fields. Meanwhile he divested himself of his red wig, throwing it away and getting into his own byepaths. A poor countryman happened to pass where the wig was, and finding it, took it home with him. The hue and cry was immediately raised regarding the robbery, and the red wig having been found in the possession of the poor countryman, he was arrested and laid in prison. The day of his trial came round, when the real robber attended the assize. The poor countryman was brought to the bar, and was ordered to put on the red wig. The traveller was put in the witness-box, and at once pronounced the prisoner to be the man that had robbed him. All the time, the gipsy was watching the proceedings with great interest, and, touched with something like compunction for the innocent countryman, he got the prisoner's advocate to request the Judge that, for a time, both witness and prisoner should be removed. The gipsy then asked that he should be placed at the bar, and that the red wig should be given him. He put the wig on, and desired to be confronted with the man who had been

robbed. The traveller was called in. The Judge directed him to look again at the prisoner, and to say whether he was sure that that was the man who had robbed him. The traveller did so, and said that that was the very man, and the more he looked at him the surer he was. Whereupon, the gipsy lifted the wig off his head, and holding it out toward the bench, said, "My Lord, take you the wig yourself, and put it on, and the witness will declare that it was your Lordship that robbed him." The bold stroke succeeded. The Court was overcome with laughter. The innocent countryman was acquitted, and the gipsy was not detected.

The progress of industry and order in Scotland is rapidly exterminating the scattered remains of the gipsy race. But in the continent, they still show symptoms of numbers and vigour. There was a Gipsy Conference held in 1872, in the town of Constadt, near Stuttgardt, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. It consisted of delegates from all the tribes of gipsies scattered throughout Europe—the Gitanos of Spain, the Cignani of Italy, the Ziguner of Russia, and our own familiar tribe of

gipsies; and the interests of this nomad race were there formally discussed.

From the tent of the gipsy let us transfer ourselves to the study of the divine. The Rev. David Greig, of the Secession Church, Lochgelly, was, in his day, widely known and respected. Every one that is acquainted with Secession affairs is familiar with the signature, "D. Greig, Synod Clerk." Mr Greig was of the family of Lethangey, from which all the Kinross-shire Greigs trace their descent. He studied divinity under John Brown of Haddington, and spent an unbroken pastorate of fifty years in Lochgelly. Often did he assist at communions in the south of Scotland, and there he was designated "the Star of Fife." It was a significant attestation, which a young man of intelligence, but of dissipated ways, gave of Mr Greig's power as a preacher, when he said, in a company where the merits of ministers were spoken of, "There is none of them a' that can rake the conscience like auld Mr Greig, of Lochgelly." We have heard a lady, who was accustomed to pass her holidays at the manse of Lochgelly, tell that Mr Greig spent almost all his time in his study. Except

at family meals, or when he went out on pastoral duty, he was in his study. There he read and wrote, and meditated, and prayed, having power with God, and in consequence prevailing with the people. Thus did all the old ministers of these times. Mr Aitken, of Brechin, had a leathern study chair, and about the middle of the back of it was visible a round glazed mark, which his head had formed from the frequency with which he had knelt in prayer, seeking blessings for himself and for the Church of Christ. The daughter of the late Dr M'Crie writes thus regarding her father's study: "He was constantly in it with his books and parchments. Oh, could the walls of that obscure room speak out, what a tale could they unfold of toil and weariness—night watchings and day fastings! What bursts of impassioned feeling, what animated eloquence, what sublime devotion, what prostration of soul, did these walls re-echo!" It may be that these ministers may have lived too much apart. What would they think if they saw the lives which ministers live now-a-days. Many of them, leaving the study unoccupied, keep on the trot from Saturday to Saturday, hunting

out delinquent hearers, or calling unprofitably on exacting ones; many go from platform to platform; many act as purveyors of pleasure, organizing entertainment for the older members and amusement for the young. It would be a happy thing for Scotland if, with our Presbyterian divisions, the temptation to this state of things would cease, and ministers would be left to give themselves wholly to the proper work of the ministry.

The late Rev. Dr Murray, of Auchterderran, wrote the notice of the parish published in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account in 1791. He lived to write, about 1840, the Parochial Narration for the Second Statistical Account. Probably it is the only instance of the two notices being prepared by the same writer.

Ballingry.

The old Statistical Account gives this account of the origin of the name :—“Ballingry signifies the village of the cross. It is a compound of the Gaelic word *Bal*, which is a village, and *inri*, being the initials found on those crosses erected

often in the fields in honour of Christianity, in which were inscribed I.N.R.I., Jesus Nazerenus Rex Judaeorum, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." This derivation is very ingenious ; but like most clever things, it is more clever than true. Ballingry is evidently compounded of *Bal* town, *lin* and *re* loch, kingly, or grand, and signifies the town of the great loch. The situation of this parish, within view of Lochleven, gives significance to the name.

In this parish is Lochore. It used to be one of those lakes which gave character to the district. It is now drained. The water of Orr flows where the lake once stood.

Lochore designated at one time an extensive barony, and included the parishes of Auchterderran and Ballingry. It belonged to the family of Lochore, whose residence was the ruined Castle of Lochore or Inchgall. For a hundred years the Lochores were of high account in the times of Alexander II. and III., holding some of them the position of Sheriff of Perth, and others that of Sheriff of Fife. Afterwards the property passed over to the Wardlaws of Torry. Above the chief entrance is the fading letters of Robertus Wardlaw.

To Lochore antiquaries assign the celebrity of having been the scene of a battle, betwixt the Caledonians and the Roman Legion of Agricola. After crossing the Forth somewhere about Cariden, Agricola's fleet skirted the coast of Fife, the land army marching within sight of them. Their line of march seems to have been towards Aberdour and Dunearn Hill. Thence they penetrated inland, and encamped at Lochore. At the time when the first Statistical Account was written, "the camp was still remarkably entire, although in some places it is levelled and defaced. Its form is nearly square;" and its extent is above 2000 feet.

It was in this camp that "the vanguard of the Roman legion" was attacked by the Caledonians, and nearly defeated. Agricola learned that the Caledonians were approaching in great force. Lest from their great numbers and their knowledge of the country, they should succeed in surrounding him, he divided his army into three. The Caledonians got notice of this, and changing their tactics, they threw their undivided force upon the Lochore camp. The attack was made in the night. The sentinels were slaughtered. The entrenchments

were forced. The battle was carried on in the camp, while the Roman soldiers were confused with sleep and consternation. The Caledonians were carrying all before them, when Agricola dashed in at the head of a detachment of light horse and infantry, and attacking them in the rear, discomfited them. The poor Caledonians fighting bravely, retreated to their woods and marshes.

“The short and simple annals” of Ballingry are very much made up of negatives. For instance, about the beginning of last century, under the pastorate of Mr Wardroper, for seven years there was neither a birth, nor a baptism, nor a marriage, nor a death, nor a burial, in the parish.

As secluded Ballingry supplies us with no eminent church passages, we shall select a spot for a closing survey. Passing onwards by the road which leads north and east, we come to the woods which surround the old house of Kirkness. It was on this road, on September 23, 1713, between seven and eight at night, on the way home towards the twilight a little after sunset, that Ebenezer Erskine saw the moon appearing in the east about the full, and

felt his soul moved to adoration of the power and glory of God. The good man attempts no gushing description. There is nothing of affected ecstasy. There is no elaborate description. It is the passing and wholesome recognition of the God that is above, on the part of a plain soul, seeing the moon walking in brightness. "I wondered that there could be an atheist in the world that looked on this glorious creation, wherein there appeared so much of the wisdom and power of the Creator."

The house of Kirkness belonged to the once all-powerful family of Douglas of Morton. Then it had a prosperous village in its neighbourhood, and a church close by whence it took its name. Cardinal Beaton is said to have appropriated this house as one of his many summer residence. Oliver Cromwell spent a night in it on his march north to Perth. In 1745 it was visited by Charles' rebel troopers. They stabled their horses, and gathered stooks for their provender from the field which surrounds the house; and from that day to this the field has lain in unbroken pasture.

Let us take the road which leads down to

Findaty, near where the river Leven flows out of the loch. Thence let us ascend the shoulder of Benarty Hill, and feast our eye and thoughts with the fair scene which lies out before us.

Down below us, enclosed by the hill and bending along the loch, is a reach of bright, green, grassy land. A few trees and a farmstead are there. This place was named, in the proper tongue of the Celts, "*Uaine*," green, from the verdure of its pasturage. "*Uaine*" has, by Saxon speech, been converted into "*Vane*," by which the place is at present known. There dwelt here a family of the bone-setting Lowes. The family had connected themselves with "the Relief," when Thomas Gillespie, of Carnock, was so cruelly deposed for refusing to take part in a forced settlement at Inverkeithing. Ever after they remained true and trusty to the cause. Every Sabbath did the old laird and his family, and whoever of the neighbours as chose to join them, travel all the way to Dysart, and worshipped with the Relief congregation there.

It was a distance of full thirteen miles, yet they walked it, for they did not think it right to deprive their horse of its Sabbath rest.

Seldom was their seat empty. On their return from church the men walked first and in a body. The women walked behind, or by the side of the men. So soon as they got to the open road they commenced recalling the sermon, and discussing its separate parts. Each one contributed his portion, and before they reached home, the whole subject was fully mastered. Twenty-six miles of foot-travel was what they paid for each sermon they heard, and on these terms they considered themselves to be the gainers.

Out a small way in the loch is the island of St Servanus or St Serf, a Culdee worthy who, on invitation of his great master Columba, chose this as his island home A.D. 440. Like all the other Culdee establishments, it was absorbed by Rome, and erected into a priory. Here lived about A.D. 1400, Andrew Wynton, who was prior, and here he wrote his original chronicle of Scotland, translated into the Scotch language at the desire of ane honourable gentleman, David Weems. To show how things are connected with each other, it is interesting to record, that in the opposite village of Kenneswood, there lived for many generations a family

of the name of Birrel, whose employment it was to supply the priory with vellum or parchment. The writer knows that about 40 years ago, this family carried on the hereditary employment, and probably they may be doing so still. A more tender interest invests Kinnesswood, for here Michael Bruce, the poet, was born in 1746, and here he sang in the opening of 1767, the pathetic dirge of his own death :—

The spring returns ; but not to me returns
* The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Nestling near to Kinnesswood is Balgedie, which a lingering traditional story connects with Oliver Cromwell. His army was stationed here for a short time. One of his soldiers oppressed a poor widow, by coming to her cottage at milking time, and exacting with threats as much milk as he could consume. The widow went to the General and lodged her complaint. Oliver caused his soldiers to form into line. The widow at once recognized the soldier. Forthwith he was ordered out and shot. The stomach was inspected, and the curdled milk testified to his guiltiness.

When the eye travels south it lights on the site of the old manse, church, and burying ground of Portmoak. Portmoak was to Ebenezer Erskine what Kilmany was to Thomas Chalmers, the scene of his great change; and in both, the personal change was the basis of the great church change, which each conducted. It was the spiritual force, which in Erskine led on to the Secession of 1733, and which, in Chalmers, led on to the Disruption of 1843.

Close by is Scotlandwell. Doubtless it was the monks of the priory who, in admiration of the well here, boasted that there was no better water in all broad Scotland, and who bestowed on it the high-sounding title of "Fons Scotiae," the well of Scotland. We know that the people of the place ascribe the origin of its name to Oliver Cromwell. Neither Oliver nor his soldiers were much accustomed to deal in classical epithets. However, it will be well to avoid the controversy, by acting in the spirit of the cannie Scotch proverb, and "let well alone."

Looking north-west is seen Queen Mary's Isle, and the roofless square tower, in former days the strength of the powerful Douglass,

and the scene of Mary's captivity. Sir Walter Scott pronounces her, "in every sense one of the most unhappy Princesses that ever lived." This little island, with its lonely tower, is an historical memorial of the means of defence to which Scotland was driven, to protect itself against the wiles and the wickedness of Queen Mary. The latest talk from Rome says that the infallible Pius IX. is to include her in the Calendar of Popish Saints.

Ever prominent in this landscape is the West Lomond. Its bulk and eminence secured for it, in the days of Episcopacy, the name of the Bishop Hill. In the distance is visible the twin top of the East Lomond. Across the valley the view stretches to the Ochils, and away over the parts of Fifeshire, and Kinross-shire, and Clackmannan, which were comprehended in the old district name of Forthrer.

It was in a wintry day of January, that we last looked on this Loch Leven landscape. The sky became grey and leaden, and blotted out the sun. The wind shivered sharp through the leafless woods. The earth was mottled with snow, and the villages looked out dingy and joyless. The lake was *blae*. The hills

were silent and forlorn. Yet did the associations of the country-side come up warm, and glowing, and genial. On a summer day when the sun shines, and the birds sing, and trees and fields are green, to a Scottish mind that can enjoy homely, unpretending Scottish scenery, and to a quiet and thoughtful eye that can gather pleasure from the variety and freshness which nature is ever scattering abroad, THE LOCHLAND OF FIFE will ever supply charms of its own for a quiet ramble, and all the more that it lies secluded from the highway of the tourist.

Conclusion.

ISAAC WALTON tells us that Richard Hooker, of Episcopal celebrity, when a student, in passing through Salisbury, waited upon Bishop Jewel, who had been his benefactor. The Bishop asked young Hooker to dine with him, and on parting with him, gave him good counsel, and his benediction. But remembering he had given him no money, he sent after him, and brought him back. When Hooker returned, the good Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease." Upon this he gave him a walking-staff, with which himself had travelled through many parts of Germany, and added, "Richard, I do not give but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the College. And so God bless

you, good Richard." Travelling on foot, says Isaac Walton, was then more in fashion, or want of money, or humility, made it so.

It was by lingering on foot that the scenes touched upon, in this and the previous volume, have been seen and enjoyed. And now the writer stables, for the present, his walking-staff in the lobby, and begs to say to his reader, vale. "And so God bless you, good Richard."



APPENDIX.

Conjectural derivation from the Gaelic of some names of places, chiefly in the south of Fife.

Aberdour, the mouth of the water. *Aber*, the mouth; *dour*, water.

Aemonia, the island of the monks. *Oe* or *Ay*, an island; *manach*, a monk.

Auchtertool, the sloping land which lies on the side of the Tool or Tiel. *Uchdach*, the side of a hill; *Tool*, the water of Tool or Tiel.

Balbie, the town of the birch tree. *Bal*, house; *beith*, pronounced *be*, a birch tree.

Balbairdie, the town of fences. *Bal*, town; *baird*, a fence.

Balmule, the town of the mill. *Bal*, town; *muilean*, grist-mill.

Ballingry, the town of the great loch. *Bal*, town; *lin*, loch; *rae*, of the king, or large.

Balmuto, the town of the wedders. *Bal*, town; *muilt*, wedders.

Balwearie, the new town. *Bal*, town; *ur*, new, or comparative, *uire*, newer.

Benarty, the high hill. *Ben*, hill; *ard*, high.

Banchory, the place of the heron. *Bhan corra*, a heron.

Balfour, the house of Orr. *Bal*, house; *Orr*, water of Orr.

Buckhaven, the stormy sounding haven. *Buck* or *beuc*, sounding or roaring; *haven*, a harbour.

Cambcase, from *camb* a bend, and *cas* a bend, a place on the river Tay, where there are two or three insignificant small bays.

Cardon, the fort-hill. *Caer*, fort; *don*, a hill.

Culalla, back-lying wilds. *Cul*, the back; *alla*, wilds.

Cameron Bridge is a corruption of *Cambron*, which means, the murmuring bend of the river. *Cam*, a bend or bay; *bron*, murmuring or wailing.

Camilla, a wild bend. *Cam*, a bend; *alla*, wild.

Cockcairnie, a very stony place. *Co*, so. *Carnach*, a stony place.

Caskie berren, the foot of the pinnacle. *Cas*, foot; *bear*, a pinnacle.

Dalgetty, the field with the gate. *Dal* or *dail*, a field; *geata*, a gate.

Donnibristle, the hill of the beacon fire. *Dun*, a hill; *braitseal*, the beacon fire.

Dunearn, the westward hill. *Dun*, hill; *iar an*, westward.

Durie, water, from the old British *dur*, which signifies water.

Dunnikier, either the hill of the fort, *dun*, hill; *caer*, a fort; or, the dark brown hill, *dun*, a hill; *kiar*, pronounced *kèir*, dusky, brown.

Finglassie, the end of the leyland. *Finid*, the end; *glasach*, leyland.

Finnity, the end-house. *Finid*, end; *tigh*, house.

Fisk. There is a river of the name of Flesk,

which flows into the Lake of Killarney. This river Flesk flows through Glen Flesk. The writer visited Glen Flesk, and saw the same characteristics of scenery as mark Flisk, in Fife—the hills on which the mists gather, and the river flowing at their foot: thus suggesting *fliche*, wetness or vapour, and *uisge*, the river. *Fliche uisge* easily passes into *Flisk*.

Fordel, the front field: either from the Teutonic *veur deal*, that which goes before; or, from *dal*, field, and *for*, a common prefix, which signifies before.

Forth. From the Gothic *firda*, the mouth of a river.

Glenshie, the glen of peace. *Glean*, a glen; *sith*, pronounced *shhe*, peace.

Halyards, the wild heights: *alla*, asperated *halla*, wild; and *ard*, height.

Inch colm, the island of Columba. *Inch*, island; *colm*, contracted form of Columba.

Invertiel, the mouth of the Tiel. *Inver*, mouth of; *Tiel*, the water of Tiel.

Kinglassie, the head of the leyland. *Cean*, head; *glasach*, leyland.

Kilrie, the cell of the King. *Kil*, cell; *rioh*, king.

Kinninment, the head of the moor. *Cean*, head; *monadh*, moor.

Kirkaldy, the Kirk of the Culdees. *Kirk*, a church; *Cuilteach*, a Culdee.

Kennoway, the head of the den.

Loch gelly, the clear or bright loch. *Loch*, a lake; *geal*, white, clear, or bright.

Lumphinnan, the bare land. *Lom*, bare.

Leven, the grey river. *Liath*, grey; *abhuin*, pronounced *avon*, a river.

May—the island of May. *May*, in the ancient Gothic, signifies a green island.

Navity, a consecrated place. *Naom*, pronounced *nav*, holy, consecrated; *ait*, a place.

Ochil, high, from the British word *uchel*, high.

Orrock, a rock standing in water. *Orr*, water; *roc*, sunk rock.

Pittenchar, the hollow of the hen house. *Pit*, hollow; *tigh cheare*, hen house.

Raith, circular ground: *rath*, a circle.

Scoonie, a ravine. *Sgain*, pronounced *Skoen*, a rent or ravine.

Tay. Different derivations may be assigned to *Tay*. It may be derived from the British word *taus*, which signifies an estuary. It may be derived from *tabh*, water. It may be derived from the simple primitive *av* or *aa*, which means *water*, with the *t* prefixed, which is customary in Gaelic before a vowel. *Taa*, the water.

Weymss er *Weems*, a cave: *uam*, a cave.



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| THE VOICE FROM GALILEE, - - - - - | <i>Kirmair.</i> |
| 14. THE FIRST AND THE LAST, - - - - - | <i>Schubert.</i> |
| ECCE HOMO, - - - - - | <i>Mozart.</i> |
| 15. A CHILD OF DAY, - - - - - | <i>Spohr.</i> |
| THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS, - - - - - | <i>Haydn.</i> |
| 16. THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED, - - - - - | <i>Polish Melody.</i> |
| STRENGTH BY THE WAY, - - - - - | <i>Weber.</i> |
| 17. THE BATTLE SONG OF THE CHURCH, - - - - - | <i>Colville.</i> |
| THE DAY AFTER ARMAGEDDON, - - - - - | <i>Hummel.</i> |
| 18. SABBATH HYMN, - - - - - | <i>Dr Miller.</i> |
| MARTYR'S HYMN, - - - - - | <i>Hindustanee Melody.</i> |
| 19. HE IS COMING, - - - - - | <i>Himmel.</i> |
| LIVE, - - - - - | <i>Handel.</i> |
| 20. SUMMER GLADNESS, - - - - - | <i>German Melody.</i> |
| LINKS, - - - - - | <i>Spohr.</i> |
| 21. USE ME, - - - - - | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| SMOOTH EVERY WAVE, - - - - - | <i>Hering.</i> |
| 22. BEGIN WITH GOD, - - - - - | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| HOMWARDS, - - - - - | <i>Mozart.</i> |
| 23. THE DESERT JOURNEY, - - - - - | <i>Hastings.</i> |
| LAUS DEO, - - - - - | <i>Bost.</i> |
| 24. THINGS HOPED FOR, - - - - - | <i>Pleyel.</i> |
| HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL, - - - - - | <i>Beethoven.</i> |

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